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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dr 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

JANUARY 22, 1916 5c. THE COPY

Beginning **A Western Warwick**—By Samuel G. Blythe

SAXON

Strength-Economy-Service

Winning the Faith of the American People

A CAR rolls silently and smoothly along the city street. Its flexibility in weaving through the massed traffic—its beauty—win attention from all sides.

A passerby, turning to identify the make, sees on the radiator the trademark shown above.

Over a rough country road comes a car—climbs the steep, winding hill on high, pulls easily through the heavy bog at the bottom, and fades swiftly into the distance with scarcely a sound to mark its flight.

The trademark on the radiator bears the great name "Saxon," and this name typifies: *Strength—Economy—Service.*

From Maine to California—in city, town and country—thousands upon thousands of Saxon cars are making good this pledge to the American people: *Strength—Economy—Service.*

Two years ago our trademark pledge was mere words—no more. Today—in the minds of countless men and women these words form a significant symbol. For they identify the Saxon. They epitomize its virtues. They are the corner stones of Saxon success.

* * * *

Starting production two years ago the Saxon Motor Car Corporation built and sold more cars during its initial year than had any other automobile company.

Strength—Economy—Service earned credence quickly—but only after its sincerity had been tested, its truth proved.

In two years' time the Saxon Motor Car Corporation rose from last to a leading place among the automobile companies of the world. It now ranks among the first ten in number of cars produced annually.

Last year the demand for Saxon cars caused doubled production. And for the coming year twice even this output will be marketed.

Strength—Economy—Service has won its merited reward—the faith of the American people.

* * * *

New Series Saxon Six—$785

Here is a finished example of the modern quality car. It will meet fully your ideals—in beauty, in luxury, in comfort, in strength, in speed, in power.

It typifies—in every feature, in every detail—the newest developments in fine automobile construction. And the price—$785—is a new price for a class car.

Here are resistless attractions

If you seek the utmost in present-day automobile value—then this Saxon "Six" at $785 will surely win you.

It has **lightness**—gained through costly materials and ablest design. So it is strong and rugged, too.

It has **power**—of fluid smoothness and flexibility. No car of like price can compare—we believe—in acceleration and all-around performance under all conditions. And this Saxon "Six" high-speed motor develops greater power per gallon of gasoline.

It has **beauty**—unrivalled yacht-line grace. Its finish is of superb and lasting lustre.

It has **comfort**—it is a big, roomy car. All five passengers have ample space. The wheelbase is 112 inches.

It has operative **economy**. Saxon "Six" high-speed motor saves greatly in fuel cost.

It has a **two-unit electric** starting and lighting system—silent, efficient, reliable.

It has **Timken axles**, with full **Timken bearings** throughout the chassis. Even costly cars have no better.

It has **helical bevel driving gears**. Thus the noise and friction common to many cars are eliminated in Saxon "Six."

It has **linoleum covered, aluminum** bound running boards and floor boards—and nearly a score more of further refinements. Go to your local dealer—see this new series Saxon "Six." You'll find it the top-place car of the times—at anywhere near its price.

* * * *

New Series Saxon "Four" Roadster—$395

Roadster buyers last year paid $4,250,000 for Saxon "Fours." You men and women who seek the truth about motor car values should bear this in mind. For if the verdict of buyers is to be accepted, then the Saxon "Four" must be given top place in the field of high-grade two-passenger cars.

No other roadster—of like price—can measure quality with this Saxon "Four" at $395. Feature for feature, it clearly outclasses all price-rivals.

Note these refinements

Three-speed sliding gear transmission—a feature on all high-priced automobiles. Insures marked flexibility. Only Saxon "Four"—among standard roadsters under $400—has three-speed transmission.

Modern high-speed motor—of noteworthy power, smoothness, quietness, flexibility, operative economy, and ability to cool under all conditions.

Timken axles. No better can be had on any car.

Honeycomb radiator—admittedly the best type of radiator made. Assures perfect cooling.

Streamline body. Among low-priced roadsters—no one, we believe, doubts the supremacy of the Saxon "Four" in the matter of distinctive beauty.

Dry-plate clutch—same type as used on $2000 cars. Vanadium steel cantilever springs—unquestionably the easiest riding type of spring suspension.

Ventilating windshield, Signal lamps at side, Adjustable pedals, and fifteen further improvements.

Saxon "Four" costs one-half cent per mile to run.

Before you buy any roadster—see this Saxon "Four" at the nearest Saxon dealer's. Dealer's name on request. Also copy of "Saxon Days" with full information about the New Series Saxon Cars. Address Dept. C.

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"Six" Touring Car	*$785*
"Six" Roadster	*785*
"Six" Touring Car with detachable all-season top, touring top included	*935*
"Four" Roadster	$395
With detachable coupé top	$455
Delivery Car	$395

Saxon Motor Car Company, Detroit

Big Ben
baby Ben

—to *ring off* your sleep

BIG BEN for the man who gets up in the morning to keep his date with his job, who likes the clear, deep toned, manly call that's *punctual* as a factory whistle.

baby Ben for the woman who wants a clock that's feminine in its daintiness, businesslike in its performance, with an alarm whose gentle call reaches *her* ear only.

baby Ben learned his trade from Big Ben and knows it well. Both are handsome, well designed, well made, well finished. They're as carefully made inside as out, keep excellent time, and call at the hour set.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, has 4½-inch dial, rings you up with one steady five-minute call or ten half-minute calls at thirty-second intervals. Wind him every night, give him reasonable treatment, and he'll last years.

baby Ben is just as near Big Ben in quarter size as anything could be. Stands 3½ inches tall and does every stunt his big brother does.

Big Ben or baby Ben, $2.50; in Canada, $3.00. You'll find them at your jeweler's. If he does not stock them a money order to the factory will bring either to you postpaid.

Western Clock Co.

La Salle, Ill., U.S.A. Makers of *Westclox*

Note the entire absence of germs where the New-Skin was applied.

Germs that were killed!

An experiment with "New-Skin"

There is a laboratory in New York where live germs are kept in bottles. It is a miniature zoo. They are used for scientific purposes.

Here is an account of an actual experiment made in this laboratory:

Two shallow earthen dishes, about four inches in diameter, were filled with a kind of beef-broth jelly on which germs thrive. Some of the live microbes* were then placed in three long parallel rows on the jelly in each dish.

On half of one dish "New-Skin" was applied. It dried and formed an irregularly shaped covering.

Then the dishes were put in a warm place, at the same temperature as the human body. After a time they were taken out, examined and photographed.

The germs along the original rows on both dishes had multiplied to millions and were so thick that they were visible, like mold, except where the New-Skin had been applied. There, there were no germs at all. The New-Skin had killed them. See illustrations above.

This experiment has been repeated often. Every time the result has been similar. It can be duplicated in any bacteriological laboratory. It is a striking demonstration of the actual germicidal power of New-Skin.

*Pathogenic micro-organisms: Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus

(How New-Skin is Applied)

Germs have killed more men than bullets. They are the deadliest foes of mankind.

If you knew how dangerous they were you would not neglect cuts or scrapes or the slightest injury to the skin, for through little breaks in the skin germs may get into the blood.

It is these germs that make the trouble. In countless cases they have produced infection and inflammation, and sometimes death.

It is possible to put them out of business, but you must know what to use and you must have it with you at the time, so as to use it immediately.

New-Skin is especially for minor surface injuries to the skin. It is a "first-aid" for use at the time of the accident.

It performs a double function. It is an antiseptic and it is a covering. When applied to a wound it kills the germs already there with which it comes in contact, and then it prevents other germs from getting in.

It is not sufficient merely to cleanse a wound—you must protect it in some way.

"A germ can't do any harm if it's killed." "It can't do harm if it's kept out." Obvious truths when so stated, but the key to the whole wound-infection problem.

It is literally true of New-Skin that "a ten-cent bottle may save your life."

New-Skin has received the "star" rating of *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, showing that it has been tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

It is also included in *McClure's Magazine* Bulletin of Pure Food and Toilet Preparations that have been investigated and approved by Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, chemist for the Westfield Board of Health.

It has been fifteen years on the market, and is sold all over the world. 10c. and 25c. sizes. (In Canada, 15c. and 35c.)

Be careful about getting the genuine. If a druggist says that anything else is "the same thing" as New-Skin, he is not a safe man with whom to trade. Go somewhere else. Or send to us 25 cents in stamps for the larger size by mail.

But it is worth any pains for you to get the genuine New-Skin somehow, to be prepared for an emergency.

And to get it today!

NEWSKIN COMPANY
98-100 Grand Avenue Brooklyn, New York

Genuine New-Skin looks like this—

10c. size 25c. size
(Illustration reduced about one-half)

(A metal container for carrying the ten-cent size in the pocket will be supplied to any user of New-Skin free on request.)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 22, 1916* *Number 30*

A WESTERN WARWICK

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

OLD Ezra Carson was in his shirt sleeves, on one knee before a grate fire in his committee room in the Capitol, when I came in one afternoon late in February. He was poking with the ferruled end of a gold-headed cane at papers blazing in the grate. There was a big smudge on one of his sunken cheeks. Both his shirt sleeves were sooted. His hands were black. His thin hair was grimy. He didn't look like a statesman—he looked like a stoker.

"Ezra," I asked, "what are you doing?"

He poked a few times before he answered. Then he pulled a reddened eyelid down over a watery eye into a long-drawn wink.

"I'm burning the evidence to conceal the crimes," he said.

"That will be quite a conflagration."

Ezra poked some more.

"Even so, Bill, even so—holocaust, if you like, but we must have it."

Ezra Carson wasn't more than sixty-six or sixty-seven at the time, but he had been known as Old Ezra for twenty years; albeit his party press spoke of him as the Pillar of Protection, which he was, the pillar and also the pillow, for Protection always found a soft resting place on Ezra, and it was exceedingly soft for Ezra, too—a sort of an equable, well-distributed, coöperative softness, as you might say.

Ezra was to finish his third and last term in the Senate on the following fourth of March. It wouldn't be generous or kindly of me to say that the proletariat of Ezra's state had finally assayed Ezra at his true valuation as a tribune of their liberties, but that is about what happened.

After eighteen years of loyal service—to himself—they threw a switch on Ezra, and he was on the verge of going back to his home town and spending the remainder of his days in recounting the glories of the past, the beatitudes of the palmy days in politics when the organization was sacrosanct and a reformer or a mugwump was a villain and a traitor to the state.

"I'm Burning the Evidence to Conceal the Crimes," He Said

Ezra hated to go, but there was no alternative. He was all through, finished. He knew it, and he was preparing, on that February afternoon, for his exit. I sat down and watched him.

"Bill," he said, poking vigorously at the burning papers and chuckling, "there are a good many episodes in my political past that I wouldn't care to have bruited about, not to any great extent. Likewise there are a good many episodes in the political pasts of some of our colleagues, both here and gone to their various rewards, that are open to the same objections as to publicity."

He threw some more papers on the fire.

"We always played a liberal game, Bill, as regards the Constitution and Revised Statutes of our highly prized United States, and it has occurred to me that in some cases our liberality might be construed as license in these disturbed days if the documentary proof could be adduced."

He glanced at a bundle of canceled checks, laughed and dropped them into the blaze.

"So I'm taking a few trifling precautions for my own sake and for the sakes and memories of those who have labored along with me in the vineyard of the dear and common people. What the honest workingmen, the horny-handed sons of toil, and the bone and sinew of the nation don't know about what has been done to them in the past won't hurt them any. Do you follow me?"

"I do," I said, and that was the truth. I was right on top of him so far as the eternal verities in this case made and provided were concerned; but I soon found Ezra was too much occupied with his job to be interesting, so I left him still poking and burning, and smudged like a chimney sweep.

The point I have in mind in telling about this experience is here. Ezra didn't finish his job that afternoon. That night he had an attack of vertigo and fell down the stairs in his house. When they picked him up Ezra, if what the preachers used to tell us is true, had departed for a place where other things than papers are burned. Somehow, a year or so later, a portion of Ezra's undestroyed papers relating to the rebonding and refunding of a certain railroad and the legislation whereby that was accomplished got into print, and by the time that publication had been spread on the minutes of the public press the revered memory and upright character of the late and Honorable Ezra Carson were more smudged than Ezra was the last time I saw him in the flesh.

That set me thinking. Owing to circumstances over which I did not have the control I fondly imagined I had, I was pushed—to be conservative about it—into private life some years after Ezra passed away. With me, coincidentally and conjointly, the Honorable James Jason Rogers, President of these United States, also was retired. We fell at the same time, and I haven't recovered from the jar of that fall yet. James Jason Rogers never will recover from it. He was convinced he was entitled to a second term. I was convicted for trying to get it for him. A majority of our fellow citizens refused to coincide in the appraisement we placed on James Jason's services to his beloved country. Wherefore here I am sitting in my library with no other occupation than the daily attempt to keep my muscles reasonably hard and my liver reasonably soft, while James Jason Rogers has assumed a prerogative common to all former presidents and has become a sort of voluntary adviser-in-chief to the public in general, a viewer—with alarm—of the acts of the man who beat him, a writer of long and dull essays on what is to be done to keep the republic off the rocks, a sort of combination of a National Voice and a National Scold.

I am now a philosopher, but in common with my kind I became a philosopher too late. Most men do. In its broad, general terms philosophy consists in recognizing and applying the truth that the trend of the event is not half so ominous or consequential as the event of the trend. I had been correct in my political alliances and assumptions so long that I had come to think my real name was Dexter instead of Paxton. It wasn't and it isn't. My name is William Henry Paxton—President Maker, the Man Behind the Chair, Warwick, Boss, and forty other things, most of them not so seemly, as set forth in innumerable cartoons and illimitable columns of newspaper and magazine political writing, to say nothing of some books, wherein mostly my loudly proclaimed vices always appear to have a strangle hold on my few and inconspicuous virtues. I may add, though, that the affix "Retired" follows all my titles at the present time.

However, I made James Jason Rogers President of the United States. I controlled James Jason Rogers, to some extent, while he was in the White House. I did a good job for Rogers and a good job for myself. I was tracksore on the Senate, tired, bored over the smallness of it that we insiders knew, the intrigue, the fierce combat for patronage and pork. I had been there for many years. I wanted to expand. I saw an opportunity for playing the only game that interested me—politics—in an imperial instead of in an intermediate way; and I took it, literally took it. I shouted "I am the boss!" and they all believed it and assented to it. I had imagination and the practicality to make my dreams concrete. I went into it for the power of it—that most of all; for the fun of it—not always apparent; and for the profit of it—which was considerable.

I had my tremendous innings and I am content. I made no public complaint over the abuse and misrepresentation that were poured on me. I make no complaint now. But before I burn my evidence—as I shall burn it—and in order that the bonnet of truth may be kept reasonably straight on the six-and-seven-eighths head of our democracy, I purpose to write out a story of that deed of high political emprise, for my own satisfaction if for no other reason, and mayhap print it.

I am not trusting my memory, although that is keen enough. In my safe there is a row of small, leather-covered books, fifty of them. Each book is a diary wherein is put down in a shorthand of my own contriving the events of every day in the year that

Pliny Peters Was a Sort of Twelfth Carbon Copy of Machiavelli—as Discreet as He Was Noiseless and as Bold as He Was Cautious

book represents. I know the important men I talked to and the important talks I had with them. I know the important steps I took and all the detail of that busy half century. My enemies would give much to have those books and be able to read them. My friends would give just as much to have them destroyed. To me they are an amusing and instructive commentary on the politics I have known, a sort of private and personal listing of men and events. I regret to say that though they show some men were greater than the people held them, they show most men were smaller; and when I look over those fifty years and figure up what I got out of them, aside from the pleasure an active career gives an active man, I am forced to the uncomfortable conclusion that I wasn't so much myself, nor was the game I played.

II

THE late, historically elaborated and terrifically trite G. Washington dropped the remark one day, "In time of peace prepare for war," as we impressively are informed every time the navy wants a new battleship, or the army a new gun, or a patriotic statesman desires to have a drydock built on his district's creek or an army post established in his local metropolis for the benefit of the merchants of the place. What Mr. Washington should have said, had he had any political prevision, was this: "In time of war prepare for peace." That thought has hit me strongly often, but never with such a punch as on a Wednesday morning early in November some nine years ago.

The day before was election day. The party of which I had the doubtful honor to be one of the leaders had adventured to the polls with an impeccable candidate for president who had the misfortune to be in an impossible situation. I had gone to bed the night before knowing we were beaten, but until I arose that next morning I did not know we were slaughtered. One look at the headlines in the papers was sufficient. There was no need of going into the detestable details. I sent a few telegrams of condolence, bought a box of cigars and locked myself in my room to think it over. It didn't take me ten minutes to arrive at a general estimate of the amount of wreckage. It was a catastrophe, viewed in any light I could bring to bear on it, and as time wore on and minutiæ accumulated I discovered there was no occasion to revise my first opinions. Our particular charges, our particular wards, our particular and former reliances, the common people, for whose amelioration and uplift we had for long years labored unceasingly, had risen and reneged. My friends and myself were once again in the minority, which is a place of no nourishment, no matter what you may hear about the minority always being right. The man who declaimed that he would rather be right than president knew, before he said it, that he never could be president.

Before I had smoked one cigar I had figured out what would happen. For years the opposition had been chattering about a tariff for revenue only, while we had protected everything, ourselves and our friends included. We had in our shielded incubator the grandest collection of infant industries the world has ever known, infant industries that mostly had deep bass voices and long whiskers, but that we kept in short clothes and fed with protection pap for the beneficent purpose of keeping full the dinner pail of the workingman, and enabling our struggling manufacturers to pay high wages to horny-handed sons of toil and preserve the sanctity of the dividend rates at the same time. Every time we felt it necessary to exhibit our infant industries we had to shave them.

It was as simple as simplicity. The opposition would revise the tariff. That would have many effects, but the most important effect it would have would be to drag our infant industries out of the protection incubator, put them in long trousers and make them hustle for themselves. Correlatively with that it would install a crimp in the highly protected gentlemen who had been operating and accumulating for many years with the aid of the protection we had given them. It would reduce dividends. Now in the course of a long political experience I have come to know this thing—the gravest injury you can do to a captain of finance is to take money away from him. When you cut into his bank balance you hurt him mortally.

I knew this. It had been proved to me many times. So, putting the election result on one side and that truth on the other, it was clear to me that but one procedure was open to us: We must help to make the situation as distasteful to the protected interests as possible, and then we must shred them to the last available dollar for a fund to put ourselves back and in power to reëstablish the fruitful conditions that existed before the tariff was revised. Nominally, of course, we would fight the tariff revision to the last ditch; but that was the public and politically *pro forma* side of it. In reality the politics of it was to aid and abet a tariff revision—not too much, but enough to let our producers know that their only money salvation was to contribute to us.

To that end I wrote a few telegrams and sent them—about a dozen. I asked certain senators and certain state leaders to meet me in New York early in the next week to have a talk. I summoned none but important men, none but tried men, none but seasoned men, none but men who played the game as I played it. It was to be a practical conference of practical persons. I didn't bother with the West. That would come later.

I sent for the sterling representatives of conservative and tariff-loving New England, of New York—particularly of New York—of Pennsylvania and Ohio—where the war chests were.

They came gathering, statesmen all, and all horrified at the disaster that had overwhelmed their beloved party and their still more beloved selves. They were dolorously dismal. A statesman doesn't like to be deprived of sustenance any more than a captain of high finance or a captain of industry—less, if possible.

III

WE HAD sneaked—I hate that word, but it describes our various entrances—into a big uptown hotel so the reporters wouldn't find us. All of us had been interviewed, and all of us had made our excuses and claimed victory four years hence. The saddest spectacle in politics is to be observed on the day after election when a defeated leader tries to invent some plausible exoneration for his defeat, knowing, in his inside, that he deserved more than he got. As soon as you begin explaining a political defeat you turn it into a rout. You might as well try to explain away a red nose.

I called the conference for eleven o'clock in the morning, and it was about ten minutes after that time when I went into the room. They were all there. I looked them over. There was Whispering Lemuel Sterry, a little wraith of a man who had ssh-ssh-sshed himself into the Senate, who wore rubber heels on his shoes, and who made less noise in getting about than a dusty miller does on a pane of glass. He was a symphony in the inconspicuous. He dressed in gray, his hair was gray, his eyes were gray, his voice was gray. He had large, flapping ears and an Adam's apple that rose and fell with his sibilants. He had achieved a great reputation for sagacity because he was so mystically mysterious. He was cabalistic when he drew you aside and asked you what time it was. He was cryptic when he went to luncheon. He never had an opinion or an emotion in his life, save a thrill of pleasure induced by the sight and possibilities of a pair of felt slippers; but he had a lot of brains, for all that, and he also had strong connections with certain of the interests, which was more, far more, to the point.

Whispering Lemuel sat ss-sshing into the furry and commodious ear of Horace Walpole Hutt. H. W. Hutt was another necessary evil. He was the Prominent Front in the Senate. He was the lad who arose and bellowed, on occasions, for the return to the sanity and conservatism of our fathers, for the strict adherence to the tenets of the dear old Constitution, and for the careful conservation of the rights of the vested investors. Privately, the reason for H. W. Hutt was the fact that he looked out for a group in Wall Street that needed more looking out for than any set of men I ever have encountered. Hutt had a deep bass voice, a deep bass eye and a deep bass conscience. He could go down farther and stay under water longer than any man I ever knew, and could blow bigger bubbles about himself when he came up. He wore superior whiskers with a superior air. He took his stand on the Constitution, and the only time his foot ever slipped was when he saw something in it for himself.

Then there was J. A. Bancroft, who was in his fifth term in the Senate and who was the Great Compromiser. He had a record of compromising everything in this world except himself. He was a rotund little man with a calm eye and a soft voice. He never expressed himself openly on any subject, and attributed his long service in public life to the fact that no opinion concerning a result ever escaped his lips before he knew what the vote would be. He had his great value in his knowledge of legislative processes, the mechanics of legislation. He could put over a rider that tore the trimmings off the dear, common people in a way that made it appear he was adding a new article to the Westminster Confession.

Marco Polo Pawkins sat next to Bancroft. Pawkins was a wonder. He could reach farther into the pockets of the captains of finance in his state and drag therefrom more increment than any man whatsoever in any part of the country. He had attained a grand seigneur air toward the protected industries in his state. They were his. He controlled

"All of Them Dead Ones! Get a Live One. Why Rob the Catacombs?"

the schedules, gathered the usufruct, fought like a wildcat if anyone tried to trespass in his preserves, and was cordial and complaisant toward any little scheme that did not involve his own perquisites.

He helped others, he helped himself and he helped the party.

Among others sitting about the room was Charles Augustus Freeman, who kept the textile schedules under his guidance and control and milked the textile manufacturers until they screamed for mercy. Freeman was reputed to know more about the tariff than any other legislator. Whether he did or not is immaterial. What he did know about more than any other legislator was the compelling art of shaking down the men in whose benefit we legislated. He was a big, bony man with a hawk nose and a hawk eye, and he never overlooked a bet. William R. Masters was there, the man who invariably took the four-o'clock train from Washington to New York on Fridays when the Senate was in session, and got back on each Monday with the same sort of a smile on his face that the historical cat exhibited after she had eaten the equally historic, but unfortunate, canary.

"Hello, Bill," He Said. "Glad to See You"

Joseph G. Jenkins was present and Arthur W. Gainer, the two astute persons who kept the iron and steel schedules under their personal supervision. They were most important men. By a series of convoluted maneuvers they had maintained themselves as the guardians of iron and steel and the makers thereof. They looked tractably on rebating, and saw to it that no marauding hand disturbed the exquisite harmony of the arrangement whereby their friends, the iron and steel manufacturers, could export steel rails, for example, and sell them a considerable number of dollars cheaper to the ton abroad than they sold them at home, thus doing much for the workingman, much for the manufacturers, and not a little for the legislative combination of Jenkins and Gainer. Jenkins was a red-faced, burly citizen, who made a specialty of statistics and his own bank account; and Gainer was a little, pot-bellied chap who held the iron industry to be his ingot, and who, so far as collecting for benefits conferred, was on all fours with the complacent person who considered the world his oyster.

In addition there were John P. Major, a handy man who reared heavenward and protested shrilly when the woolen schedule came up, and Henry Clay Custis, who looked after sugar, both for himself and for the manufacturers. Henry Clay Custis was a so-called typical Southern gentleman, who was so conscious of that fact that he took his high sense of honor and chivalry out each day and polished it in order that all might observe. But he did not let his high sense of honor interfere during business hours, and as a shucker of monetary sugar from his saccharine friends he was without an equal. Some minor but dexterous persons also were present. All in all, it was a representative gathering of the proponents of protection and the beneficiaries thereof.

The reason I go into this detail concerning the men I asked to meet me that morning is this—they were absolutely necessary to the furtherance of the plan I had in mind. They were component and important parts of the wheel within the Senate wheel. For years there had been maintained in the Senate a hard-and-fast combination which used the tariff for its own purposes. It was a strict and jealous organization. To each man who was in the combination there had been allotted certain schedules. For example, one man had wool and lumber, two men had iron and steel, one man had textiles, one man had sugar, and so on. Those schedules were his personal property. The tariff on these articles was fixed in revision time at the figures he provided. He was supreme in his allotment. What he said went.

It takes only rudimentary knowledge of finance and politics, which are quite cohesively connected, to see that if one man has control of lumber and wool, for example, or of iron and steel, the men who reap the benefits from the protective schedules are beholden to him and to none others for those benefits. He represents the party so far as those items go. Therefore, he collects for the party and for himself—from the beneficiaries under the schedules he controls. It is a mutual arrangement and profitable to everybody concerned. It provides campaign funds, and it helps keep the wolves from the doors of deserving statesmen who give their very valuable time, to say nothing of their preponderating intellects and pure patriotism, to the service of the people for a small, almost insignificant remuneration. I trust you get the drift of my remarks.

"Howdy, boys," I said as I entered the room.

It was plain they were largely of the opinion that the election was a total loss and no insurance. I never saw so many pessimists gathered together at one and the same time—save once when I attended a meeting of a Sunshine Society.

I took a chair at the head of the table, for I had no intention of allowing any other person to run that meeting. I had my own ideas, and I felt that these men were so frazzled by what had happened to them they would consent to leadership, at the start, at any rate, and if I began as leader I knew I could continue so. I had been wise enough to send up a bottle of Scotch and a box of cigars. I took a cigar, lighted it with some elaboration and made a sort of a general survey. They were all looking expectantly at me. It was my move.

"Boys," I said, "I observe you have all spoken your little pieces about what happened last week, and we shall consider the post mortems closed. The object of this meeting, as I conceive it, is to look ahead a bit and make some preparations for getting back four years from now what we lost last week."

"We've got to have a candidate," broke in Pawkins.

"We'll have a candidate in due time, make your mind easy on that. There never was and never will be any scarcity of candidates in this country for anything from doorkeeper to president, all good men and true. A candidate is a secondary consideration. There is one other thing we must have first."

"To what do you refer?" asked Hutt.

"I refer, Senator Hutt, to money."

Whispering Lemuel Sterry made a noise that sounded like the tweet-tweet-tweet of a sparrow. He was giving three cheers.

"How much?" asked Freeman, who was a practical person.

"Wait a minute. I want to say a few words more before we go into details. I assume you have all figured out the situation as I have figured it out ——"

"How much?" barked Freeman again.

"About a million to begin with."

"You don't expect us to put it up, do you?" asked Bancroft.

That made everybody laugh. Bancroft hadn't separated himself from a cent for forty years. He never spent a dollar in politics. He made others pay for him.

"I do not. What I called you men here for to-day was to impress on you the necessity for getting right to work, for putting the squeeze on our old friends, the infant industries, and so forth, and for shaking the captains of finance down for the wherewithal for a campaign of education and instruction to the end that we may get control of the government again."

"As for that ——" began Pawkins.

"Hold on, I'm not through yet. We all know that the first thing the opposition will do, after they get in, is to revise the tariff, and they will revise it to the limit too. They have been outside so long they are vicious. I have frequently told some of our biggest producers that it would be the part of wisdom for them to hand a few dollars now and then over to the opposition as a sort of an insurance against future difficulties; but you can't beat any political sense into the head of the average business man. He is deaf, dumb and blind when it comes to that. They all refused on the ground that the American people were wedded to the policy of protection. Well, if the American public was wedded to protection the said public got a divorce last Tuesday, and already some of the highly protected boys have been round to see me, squealing over the ruin that faces them and asking me to do something. I presume you have had the same experiences. Am I right?"

They all admitted vocally that I was, except Lem Sterry.

Sterry only nodded.

"So our game is plain enough and simple enough and practicable enough. There are three things to do: One is to make a loud public howl over the ruin that is coming; another is to cash in for a campaign fund those who are to be ruined; and the third is to give such aid and comfort as we can to our friends in the opposition so they may not relax in their plan to cut the stuffing out of the tariff, and thereby make it easier for us to collect from our frightened constituents. Do you follow me?"

They followed all right. Indeed, I could see by the expression on the faces of those assembled statesmen and friends of the plain people that they preceded me.

IV

I HAVE been in politics a great many years and I know this—the basis of all politics is money, just as the aim of all politics is power. I have read, sometimes with amusement and sometimes with contempt, miles of writing wherein men were given credit for great political strategy and all that sort of thing. Now let me say right here, the greatest political strategist in the world is a dollar. I don't necessarily mean a dishonest dollar either. Politics is founded on publicity. Parties must advertise their wares, just as soap makers must advertise their soap. There is no way to get publicity, either legitimately or illegitimately, except by using money, and no way to play politics without money. Even a reformer must have a bank account or a drawing fund. So we talked money.

As I have explained, each man in that room had his pet and particular producing schedule or schedules. I made it clear to all of them that the case was desperate, and that the woes to come must be painted in big, bold, black strokes. We must scare the tariff barons and captains of industry and finance, and scare them now for fear that time might make them less afraid. We decided to meet

"But the Common People Came Marching to the Front and They Stuck Us In"

(Continued on Page 54)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Scotland Yard Men Putting a Prisoner Aboard a Transatlantic Liner

THE MAN HUNTERS

Scotland Yard

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

WE CANNOT get rid of an impression of mystery when we think about Scotland Yard. Some of the wonder of Bagdad clings to the name. The mystery stories of our youth radiated from this point. It was the delightful center of all the detective acumen of our romances—not more definitely located than the court of Arthur. Somewhere in the British Islands this fabulous seat of mystery existed.

As we thrilled with the "shilling shocker" it never occurred to us that Scotland Yard, from which the infallible sleuth issued on his wonderful adventures, was anything so commonplace as the headquarters of the London Police. Old Scotland Yard was located at Whitehall, and is said to have taken its name from the early residence there of the kings of Scotland. The headquarters of New Scotland Yard is now on the Thames Embankment. Its detective division is merely the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police.

In its investigation of crimes Scotland Yard does not follow the German system of specialization. Unlike the latter it keeps no division of highly trained experts to investigate each particular sort of crime. For example, it has no murder commission, like Berlin. Scotland Yard maintains, in fact, four divisions: the Special Branch, which looks after the secret-service matters relating to the protection of the king and his ministers; the Criminal Registry; the Convict Supervision Office; and the Finger-Print Branch.

The English Detective's Simple System

IN ADDITION to these special departments there is a Central Office Squad, which will take charge of any extraordinary case that may occur in any of the divisions of the Metropolitan Police and, for that matter, anywhere in England. So that if a baffling criminal mystery should occur outside of London the local authorities could immediately have the benefit of a Scotland Yard man from this division.

It would not be exact to say that there is no specialization in Scotland Yard in any way parallel to the detective experts of the Continent. There are individuals in these divisions who become skilled in certain lines and are detailed to handle cases in which particular features are involved. But, as a rule, the whole organization is a rough, matter-of-fact, common-sense system for the investigation of criminal mystery.

The method is illustrated by the manner in which the police went about to discover the assassin of Lord William Russell.

This distinguished person was found dead in his room. The silver plate in the house was scattered about, various articles were tied up in bundles, as though burglars in their work of looting the place had been suddenly interrupted. The valet said that on the night before he had left his master reading in bed, as was his custom, the truth of which was established by the fact that the candle had burned down in the socket. And on one of the outer doors leading into the court were marks indicating that it had been forced open.

The first step in this investigation was to examine the burglar theory.

Scotland Yard reasoned roughly that the crime was either done by someone from the outside or someone already in the house. The one exit from the forced door was into a court. This court was surrounded by a wall. The detectives examined the top of this wall carefully. They found it coated with dust. At no point was this dust disturbed. This showed conclusively that no burglar had entered or escaped by this route.

They then examined the marks on the door, and by the direction in which the bolts were driven they were able to establish the fact that the violence had been applied from the inside. Having disposed of the obvious theory, they abandoned the investigation and began to look for the missing articles. Some of these were presently located in the keeping of a friend of Lord Russell's valet, and the police were presently able to demonstrate that the valet had committed the crime.

It will be seen from this example that the English method is to strike at certain prominent essentials in the solution of its man-hunting mysteries, and not to follow the minute deductive method relied on by the criminal investigator of certain Continental centers.

For example, when the warehouse of a firm of tailors was burned and the tailors claimed insurance on a thousand pairs of trousers the method which Scotland Yard took to ascertain the fact was to search the scene of the fire for trouser buttons. As no trouser buttons were discovered they were able to say, in the direct English fashion, that the claim of the tailors was false.

And where the attempt was made to assassinate a certain unpopular minister they observed where the bullet had entered the window and the panel in the opposite wall where it had finally lodged. From these two points they drew a line extending indefinitely outside until it entered a window in a little house on the opposite side of the square. They arrested everybody lodging in this house, discovered what ones of them were identified with former crimes, and presently determined on their man.

In comparing the English system with that of other great detective centers it is important to remember this distinguishing characteristic: Scotland Yard follows only the essential clew.

In the Muswell Hill mystery they found that the criminals had left behind some housebreaking tools, together with a child's bull's-eye lantern. Scotland Yard immediately seized upon the lantern as the distinguishing clew. The detectives examined it carefully and discovered that the wick was made of a piece of tartan of a peculiar color and pattern. They now abandoned everything else and endeavored to determine whether such an article or piece of tartan stuff of that character could be connected with any old offenders known to the Metropolitan Police force. Bending every energy on this one clew, they ran it down in the family of a bad crook named Millson, whose wife had just finished a dress of this particular sort of tartan stuff.

The Germans say that dogged adherence to this one plan is the reason why Scotland Yard never was able to solve the extraordinary mystery at Battersea Park Road.

Here, on the sixteenth of July, 1910, Thomas Anderson, a strolling player, entered an unoccupied flat at nine-thirty in the evening. Some persons at supper in a neighboring flat heard two reports of a pistol. They looked out of the window and saw a man climbing over the dividing wall and disappearing into the next garden. The police were summoned. They entered the empty flat on the ground floor. There was no disorder anywhere about the flat; but on the mantelpiece of the dining room were a pair of heavy boots and a small hand bag. On the sill of the door opening into the garden Thomas Anderson was found shot to death. He wore a pair of carpet slippers and in his coat tail pocket was a deadly weapon known to the police as a life preserver. An examination of the garden wall showed that a man had climbed over not only one garden wall but four, in order to get out that way.

When the System Falls Down

NOW this case presented a wholly detached mystery. Why did the strolling player Anderson go to this unoccupied flat with a deadly weapon, there remove his boots, put on a pair of carpet slippers, and endeavor to prepare himself for some extraordinary adventure? Why did his assassin climb over four garden walls when he could just as well have entered the flat and gone out of it by the open door? Who killed Anderson? Whom did he go to kill? The thing was a vicious circle.

And there was the Waterloo Bridge mystery, with its sinister carpet bag. There was no clew, no crime, no event known to Scotland Yard that this bag related to; nevertheless it sat there on a buttress of the bridge on an October morning, the conclusive evidence of a ruthless, deliberate, cold-blooded criminal mystery. But it sat alone, like a single track in a desert. Scotland Yard never could advance. Finally an agent from the Sûreté, in Paris, connected it with the death of an Italian police spy at the hands of revolutionists in a house in Cranbourne Street, Soho.

These cases lacked the distinguishing clew without which the English method of man-hunting could not be set on its way. And for this reason Continental authorities maintain that a certain class of mystery cannot be unraveled by the English system. Scotland Yard could never get started on these mysteries, and consequently they were never solved.

There used to be a picturesque old constable about London named John Shore. He was to be distinguished anywhere by his Quaker dress and his broad-brimmed shovel hat. He was one of the experts of Scotland Yard—an old-thieves man. These experts were for a long time the only means which the department had for identifying criminals. There were certain of these persons in every division of the Metropolitan Police. It was their business to know personally all the thieves and crooks operating in that part of London.

For many years the old-thieves man was wholly relied on. If a crime was committed an essential clew was picked up in the theater of the act and the detective worked on that clew in connection with the old-thieves man of his division. Putting together characteristics of the crime and characteristics of the criminals known to the old-thieves

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Scotland Yard

man, a correlation was established and the mystery solved.

But crime began to be an international profession. It became a career. Various departments of it required experts, and these experts were cosmopolitan in their habits. The old-thieves man was no longer useful when the bank cracker and the assassin came on the mail boat from Paris or Holland, or on the P. & O. from India.

The finger-print system is now generally relied on. This system was invented by Robert Galton and was forced on Scotland Yard by the present commissioner of police, Sir Edward Henry. It is now almost wholly relied on in the identification of criminals, not only by Scotland Yard but by every other detective department of any standing in the world.

Finger-print impressions are taken by placing the bulb of the finger on a slab that has been thinly spread with ink. The finger is rotated, coating the ridges to the edges of the nail. After the finger has been thus inked it is rolled over white paper, beginning on one side of the nail and ending on the other. All the fingers are taken, beginning with the right thumb. To check this, plain impressions are taken by inking the four fingers and placing them all at once on a sheet of paper. It is a very simple process and can be done by anybody.

When finger-print impressions are looked for it is remembered that any smooth surface or any surface with a high polish will retain the imprint of those who touch it. In order to develop these prints, if the surface of an article is black it is treated with mercury or chalk powders; if it is white it is treated with graphite or lampblack. These powders are sprinkled over the surface and brushed gently with a delicate camel's-hair brush. For this reason criminal investigators are very careful to see that no article at the scene of a crime is touched.

In the High Street mystery Scotland Yard found a small cash box with a japanned surface. On one side of it was a blurred mark that had the appearance of a finger print. It turned out, however, that a detective sergeant had touched the box. Nevertheless, Scotland Yard experts went ahead and developed the finger prints on the box. And they were able not only to locate where the sergeant had touched it but also where the unknown assassin had touched it; and by comparing the unknown finger prints, according to the system of classification invented by Sir Edward Henry, they were able to put their hands on the assassin.

A recent chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard says that on Derby Day they took the finger prints of fifty-four men at Epsom, who were arrested on the race course for various offenses. These men were arrested up to six o'clock in the evening and were to be disposed of by the court at nine-thirty the next morning. Within that time Scotland Yard detectives compared all finger prints with their files at headquarters, and when they appeared before the justices next morning they were able to show that twenty-nine of these persons were old offenders with criminal records.

Old Sleuth Outdone

HE ADDS that on one occasion he saw a criminal on his way to Brixton Prison excoriate the papillary ridges of his thumb and fingers with a metal tag attached to his boot lace, so that his hands were awfully mutilated. Nevertheless this heroic treatment did not save him. One of the inspectors of Scotland Yard examined his hands with a magnifying glass and was able to make out all the identifying ridges on every finger. He was detained; and a little later, when his hands were healed, impressions were taken that established his identity as a notorious criminal.

The chief cites a further instance as gruesome as any to be found in the Old Sleuth Series:

At daybreak a constable in Chesswell Street saw a man's finger impaled on a spike of a fence. It was evident that someone had attempted to scale the spiked fence and a metal ring on his finger had caught on one of the spikes. The man had fallen and the finger had been severed. Scotland Yard took a finger-print impression of this human document and an old impression of the fingers of the hand to which it belonged was located in the files.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Scotland Yard's Method of Arrest Is Always Direct; It Is Never by Ruse or Finesse

Some weeks later, near the Elephant and Castle public house, two men were taken up in the crowd as suspected pickpockets. One of them had his hand bandaged. He pointed out that with an injured hand such a vocation was impossible to him. But his uninjured fingers corresponded to the old impression in the files, his identity was established, and he got a year at hard labor.

In addition to this system a Tattoo and Deformity Register is usually kept by the great detective centers. This register lists criminals according to distinguishing marks on the face, hands, arms and body, but especially on the face and hands, as these are more likely to be noticed. This register has a connected index to the finger-print file. This helps to identify suspects and to locate criminals reported as having some peculiar mark of deformity. A Nickname and Alias Register is usually kept with this, in order that the police may be advised of the names by which criminals are distinguished in the underworld. Dago Frank and Lefty Louis are indicatory names perhaps more valuable for detective purposes than the correct ones.

A weekly list of habitual criminals is published by Scotland Yard, describing convicts about to be released from prison, with the names and descriptions of habitual criminals. These lists give a convict's physical aspect, his name and aliases, specialty in crime, office number, record file and finger-print form in Scotland Yard; so that a complete record of the entire criminal class is available everywhere to the police in England.

However, the descriptive method of identification is not to be relied on. When Doctor Crippen and Miss LeNeve attempted to escape from England, Scotland Yard had information that a father and son had taken passage on the Montrose at Antwerp. But the description sent in from that city did not in any way correspond with the correct description of these two persons. Nevertheless the mysterious father and son were Doctor Crippen and Miss LeNeve.

And in the celebrated Beck case fifteen out of seventeen persons who had been defrauded identified Beck as the individual. He was convicted on these identifications. He was not guilty and was not the person who had accomplished the swindles. It is interesting to remember that when the English authorities released him he was paid twenty-five thousand dollars by the government as damages for his improper imprisonment—a system of compensatory justice unknown to the American courts.

Scotland Yard reminds us that it is not alone in detective fiction that one finds a striking coincidence leading to the identification of a criminal. When Mr. Briggs was killed in a compartment of a train somewhere between Fenchurch Street and Hackney a hat was picked up on the floor of the compartment. This hat was found not to fit the head of the dead man and was stamped inside with the name of a shop in Marylebone. The assassin, in his hurry to escape, had by inadvertence taken his victim's hat and left his own.

Perhaps the most incredible coincidence—too improbable for even a shilling shocker—occurred before the German Embassy, on Carlton House Terrace, in January, 1897. An assassin from the Continent, who had determined to kill one of the attachés and had made the journey to London for that purpose, appeared in the street as the attaché was leaving the embassy and began to shoot at him with a pistol. A constable on duty rushed in, whereupon the man turned about and fired.

The bullet struck the constable in the chest. But it happened that, as this day was particularly hot, the police force had been ordered to wear their summer tunics instead of their heavy coats. The constable was consequently carrying his notebook in the breast pocket of his tunic instead of in the tail pocket of his heavy coat. The bullet lodged in this notebook and his life was saved. Thus, as the writers say, truth is not required to adhere to probabilities.

In the celebrated railway tragedy in 1897, known as the four-minute murder because it was done between Putney and Wandsworth, two stations four minutes apart, the assassin had used a chemist's pestle as the deadly weapon. This he attempted to get rid of by throwing it out of the window of the compartment into the River Wandle; but by accident it struck a telegraph pole and bounded back on the railroad embankment, where it was afterward picked up by the police. This furnished Scotland Yard with the distinguishing clew upon which it always relies in the investigation of crimes.

The Rising-Sun Postcard

THIS unvarying rule of Scotland Yard to seize on the prominent clew and disregard all others is continually ridiculed by the Continental criminologists. They point out that even in the famous Crippen case the chief at Scotland Yard reported that he had two clews, where any Continental criminal investigator would have had scores.

Instead of following one or two lines Continental departments would have followed every possible line. They hold that a criminal mystery is a sort of web of indicatory clews; one or two coarse lines do not exhaust the evidences. The number of remaining lines to be discovered will depend upon the degree of minute inspection. The eye of a constable will see only the obvious one, while the trained investigator will discover the innumerable faint and inconspicuous evidences. They say that the crudity of the English system was shown in the Camden Town mystery. Here, in the room in which the assassination occurred, the police picked up a postcard that slipped out of an old newspaper found folded in the bottom of a drawer. It was addressed to a fictitious name and contained these words:

"Phylis darling, if it pleases you, meet me at eight-fifteen at the " Here the writing ended and the cartoon of a rising sun was drawn on the card, signed: "Yours to a cinder, Alice."

Scotland Yard took this as the dominant clew. It was known all over England as the rising-sun postcard. The method of Scotland Yard was to photograph this postcard and have it printed in all the newspapers in the hope that the handwriting would be identified. Naturally the criminal was located at every corner by a thousand cranks, as

(Concluded on Page 48)

Once a Scotchman, Always

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"She Makes Little Putty Statues of Them Both"

TERRIFIC sound waves beat upon the Arrowhead ranch house this night. At five o'clock a hundred and twenty Hereford calves had been torn from their anguished mothers for the first time and shut into a too adjacent feeding pen. Mothers and offspring, kept a hundred yards apart by two stout fences, unceasingly bawled their grief, a noble chorus of yearning and despair. The calves projected a high, full-throated barytone, with here and there a wailing tenor, against the rumbling bass of their dams. And ever and again pealed distantly into the chorus the flute obbligato of an emotional coyote down on the flat. There was never a diminuendo. The fortissimo had been steadily maintained for three hours and would endure the night long, perhaps for two other nights.

At eight o'clock I sleepily wondered how I should sleep. And thus wondering, I marveled at the indifference to the racket of my hostess, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill. Through dinner and now as she read a San Francisco newspaper she had betrayed no consciousness of it. She read her paper and from time to time she chuckled.

"How do you like it?" I demanded, referring to the monstrous din.

"It's great," she said, plainly referring to something else. "One of them real upty-up weddings in high life, with orchestras and bowers of orchids and the bride a vision of loveliness ——"

"I mean the noise."

"What noise?" She put the paper aside and stared at me, listening intently. I saw that she was honestly puzzled, even as the chorus swelled to unbelievable volume. I merely waved a hand. The coyote was then doing a most difficult tremolo high above the clamor.

"Oh, that!" said my enlightened hostess. "That's nothing; just a little bunch of calves being weaned. We never notice that—and say, they got the groom's mother in here too. Yes, sir, Ellabelle in all her tiaras and sunbursts and dog collars and diamond chest protectors—Mrs. Angus McDonald, mother of groom, in a stunning creation! I bet they didn't need any flashlight when they took her, not with them stones all over her person. They could have took her in a coal cellar."

"How do you expect to sleep with all that going on?" I insisted.

"All what? Oh, them calves. That's nothing. Angus says to her when they first got money: 'Whatever you economize in, let it not be in diamonds!' He says nothing looks so poverty-stricken as a person that can only afford a few. Better wear none at all than just a mere handful, he says. What do you think of that talk from a man named Angus McDonald? You'd think a Scotchman and his money was soon parted, but I heard him say it from the heart out. And yet Ellabelle never does seem to get him. Only a year ago, when I was at this here rich place down from San Francisco where they got the new marble palace, there was a lovely blow-up and Ellabelle says to me in her hysteria: 'Once a Scotchman, always a Scotchman!' Oh, she was hysteric all right! She was like what I seen about one of the movie actresses, 'the empress of stormy emotion.' Of course she feels better now, after the wedding and all this newspaper guff. And it was a funny blow-up. I don't know as I blamed her at the time."

I now closed a window and a door upon the noisy June night. It helped a little. I went back to a chair nearer to this woman with ears trained in rejection. That helped more. I could hear her now, save in the more passionate intervals of the chorus.

"All right, then. What was the funny blow-up?" She caught the significance of the closed door and window.

"But that's music," she insisted. "Why, I'd like to have a good record of about two hundred of them white-faced beauties being weaned, so I could play it on a phonograph when I'm off visiting—only it would make me too homesick." She glanced at the closed door and window in a way that I found sinister.

"I couldn't hear you," I suggested.

"Oh, all right!" She listened wistfully a moment to the now slightly dulled oratorio, then: "Yes, Angus McDonald is his name; but there are two kinds of Scotch, and Angus is the other kind. Of course he's one of the big millionaires now, with money enough to blind any kind of a Scotchman, but he was the other kind even when he first come out to us, a good thirty years ago, without a cent. He's a kind of second or third cousin of mine by marriage or something—I never could quite work it out—and he'd learned his trade back in Ohio; but he felt that the East didn't have any future to speak of, so he decided to come West. He was a painter and grainer and kalsominer and paperhanger, that kind of thing—a good, quiet boy about twenty-five, not saying much, chunky and slow-moving but sure, with a round Scotch head and a snub nose, and one heavy eyebrow that run clean across his face—not cut in two like most are.

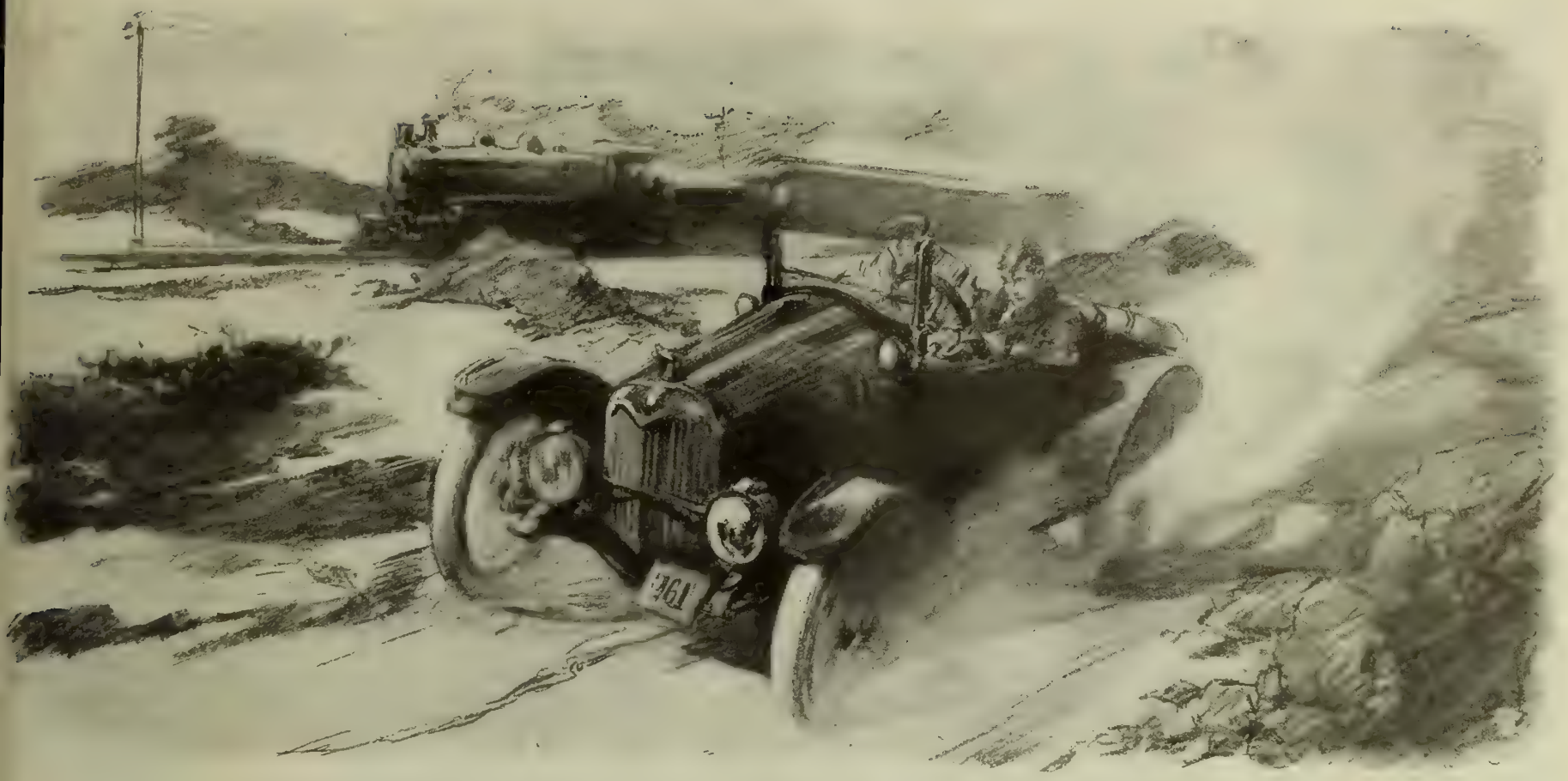
"He landed on the ranch and slowly looked things over and let on after a few days that he mebbe would be a cowboy on account of it taking him outdoors more than kalsomining would. Lysander John was pretty busy, but he said all right, and give him a saddle and bridle and a pair of bull pants and warned him about a couple of cinch-binders that he mustn't try to ride or they would murder him. And so one morning Angus asked a little bronch-squeezer we had, named Everett Sloan, to pick him out something safe to ride, and Everett done so. Brought him up a nice old rope horse that would have been as safe as a supreme-court judge, but the canny Angus says: 'No, none of your tricks now! That beast has the very devil in his eye, and you wish to sit by and laugh your fool head off when he displaces me.' 'Is that so?' says Everett. 'I suspect you,' says Angus. 'I've read plentifully about the tricks of you cowlads.' 'Pick your own horse, then,' says Everett. 'I'd better,' says Angus, and picks one over by the corral gate that was asleep standing up, with a wisp of hay hanging out of his mouth like he'd been too tired to finish eating it. 'This steed is more to my eye,' says Angus. 'He's old and withered and he has no evil ambitions. But maybe I can wake him up.' 'Maybe you can,' says Everett, 'but are you dead sure you want to?' Angus was dead sure. 'I shall thwart your murderous design,' says he. So Everett with a stung look helped him saddle this one. He had his alibi all right, and besides, nothing ever did worry that buckaroo as long as his fingers wasn't too cold to roll a cigarette.

"The beast was still asleep when Angus forked him. Without seeming to wake up much he at once traded ends, poured Angus out of the saddle, and stacked him up in some mud that was providentially there—mud soft enough to mire your shadow. Angus got promptly up, landed a strong kick in the ribs of the outlaw which had gone to sleep again before he lit, shook hands warmly with Everett and says: 'What does a man need with two trades anyway? Good-by!'

"But when Lysander John hears about it he says Angus has just the right stuff in him for a cowman. He says he has never known one yet that you could tell anything to before he found it out for himself, and Angus must sure have the makings of a good one, so he persuades him to stay round for a while, working at easy jobs that couldn't stack him up, and later he sent him to Omaha with the bunch in charge of a trainload of steers.

"The trip back was when his romance begun. Angus had kept fancy-free up to that time, being willing enough but thoroughly cautious. Do you remember the eating house at North Platte, Nebraska? The night train from Omaha would reach there at breakfast time and you'd get out in the frosty air, hungry as a confirmed dyspeptic, and rush into the big red building past the man that was rapidly beating on a gong with one of these soft-ended bass-drum sticks. My, the good hot smells inside! Tables already loaded with ham and eggs and fried oysters and fried chicken and sausage and fried potatoes and steaks and hot biscuits and corn bread and hot cakes and regular coffee—till you didn't know which to begin on, and first thing you knew you had your plate loaded with too many things—but how you did eat!—and yes, thank you, another cup of coffee, and please pass the sirup this way. And no worry about the train pulling out, because there the conductor is at that other table and it can't go without him, so take your time—and about three more of them big fried oysters, the only good fried ones I ever had in the world! To this day I get hungry thinking of that North Platte breakfast, and mad when I go into the

"Why, Actually, I've More Than Once Had Money Left Over at the End of the Quarter"



"He Lost a Race With the Los Angeles Flyer, Account of Not Having as Good a Roadbed to Run On as the Train Had"

dining car as we pass there and try to get the languid mulatto to show a little enthusiasm.

"Well, they had girls at that eating house. Of course no one ever noticed 'em much, being too famished and busy. You only knew in a general way that females was passing the food along. But Angus actually did notice Ellabelle, though it must have been at the end of the meal, mebbe when she was pouring the third cup. Ellabelle was never right pretty to my notion, but she had some figure and kind of a sad dignity, and her brown hair lacked the towers and minarets and golden domes that the other girls built with their own or theirs by right of purchase. And she seems to have noticed Angus from the very first. Angus saw that when she wasn't passing the fried chicken or the hot biscuits along, even for half a minute, she'd pick up a book from the window sill and glance studiously at its pages. He saw the book was called Lucile. And he looked her over some more—between mouthfuls, of course—the neat-fitting black dress revealing every line of her lithe young figure, like these magazine stories say, the starched white apron and the look of sad dignity that had probably come of fresh drummers trying to teach her how to take a joke, and the smooth brown hair—he'd probably got wise to the other kind back in the social centers of Ohio—and all at once he saw there was something about her. He couldn't tell what it was, but he knew it was there. He heard one of the overhaired ones call her Ellabelle, and he committed the name to memory.

"He also remembered the book she was reading. He come back with a copy he'd bought at Spokane and kept it on his bureau. Not that he read it much. It was harder to get into than Peck's Bad Boy, which was his favorite reading just then.

"Pretty soon another load of steers is ready—my sakes, what scrubby runts we sent off the range in them days compared to now!—and Angus pleads to go, so Lysander John makes a place for him and, coming back, here's Ellabelle handing the hot things along same as ever, with Lucile at hand for idle moments. This time Angus again made certain there was something about her. He cross-examined her, I suppose, between the last ham and eggs and the first hot cakes. Her folks was corn farmers over in Iowa and she'd gone to high school and had meant to be a teacher, but took this job because with her it was anything to get out of Iowa, which she spoke of in a warm, harsh way.

"Angus nearly lost the train that time, making certain there was something about her. He told her to be sure and stay there till he showed up again. He told me about her when he got back. 'There's something about her,' he says. 'I suspect it's her eyes, though it might be something else.'

"Me? I suspected there was something about her too; only I thought it was just that North Platte breakfast and his appetite. No meal can ever be like breakfast to them that's two-fisted, and Angus was. He'd think there was something about any girl, I says to myself, seeing her through the romantic golden haze of them North Platte breakfast victuals. Of course I didn't suggest any such base notion to Angus, knowing how little good it does to talk sense to a man when he thinks there's something about a girl. He tried to read Lucile again, but couldn't seem to strike any funny parts.

"Next time he went to Omaha, a month later, he took his other suit and his new boots. 'I shall fling caution to the winds and seal my fate,' he says. 'There's something about her, and some depraved scoundrel might find it out.' 'All right, go ahead and seal,' I says. 'You can't expect us to be shipping steers every month just to give you twenty minutes with a North Platte waiter girl.' 'Will she think me impetuous?' says he. 'Better that than have her think you ain't,' I warns him. 'Men have been turned down for ten million reasons, and being impetuous is about the only one that was never numbered among them. It will be strange o'clock when that happens.' 'She's different,' says Angus. 'Of course,' I says. 'We're all different. That's what makes us so much alike.' 'You might know,' says he doubtfully.

"He proved I did, on the trip back. He marched up to Ellabelle's end of the table in his other suit and his new boots and a startling necktie he'd bought at a place near the stockyards in South Omaha, and proposed honorable marriage to her, probably after the first bite of sausage and while she was setting his coffee down. 'And you've only twenty minutes,' he says, 'so hurry and pack your grip. We'll be wed when we get off the train.' 'You're too impetuous,' says Ellabelle, looking more than ever as if there was something about her. 'There, I was afraid I'd be,' says Angus, quitting on some steak and breaking out into scarlet rash. 'What did you think I am?' demands Ellabelle. 'Did you think I would answer your beck and call or your lightest nod as if I were your slave or something? Little you know me,' she says, tossing her head indignantly. 'I apologize bitterly,' says Angus. 'The very idea is monstrous,' says she. 'Twenty minutes—and with all my packing! You will wait over till the four-thirty-two this afternoon,' she goes on, very stern and nervous, 'or all is over between us.' 'I'll wait as long as that for you,' says Angus, going to the steak again. 'Are the other meals here as good as breakfast?' 'There's one up the street,' says Ellabelle; 'a Presbyterian.' 'I would prefer a Presbyterian,' says Angus. 'Are those fried oysters I see up there?'

"That was about the way of it, I gathered later. Anyway, Angus brought her back, eating on the way a whole wicker suitcase full of lunch that she put up. And she seemed a good, capable girl, all right. She told me there was something about Angus. She'd seen that from the first. Even so, she said, she hadn't let him sweep her off her feet like he had meant to, but had forced him to give her time to do her packing and consider the grave step she was taking for better or worse, like every true, serious-minded woman ought to.

"Angus now said he couldn't afford to fritter away any more time in the cattle business, having a wife to support in the style she had been accustomed to, so he would go to work at his trade. He picked out Wallace, just over in Idaho, as a young and growing town where he could do well. He rented a nice four-room cottage there, with an ice box out on the back porch and a hammock in the front yard, and begun to paper and paint and grain and kalsomine and made good money from the start. Ellabelle was a crackajack housekeeper and had plenty of time to lie out in the hammock and read Lucile of afternoons.

"By and by Angus had some money saved up, and what should he do with bits of it now and then but grubstake old Snowstorm Hickey, who'd been scratching mountainsides all his life and never found a thing and likely never would—a grouchy old hardshell with white hair and whiskers whirling about his head in such quantities that a body just naturally called him Snowstorm without thinking. It made him highly indignant, but he never would get the things cut. Well, and what does this old snow-scene-in-the-Alps do after about a year but mush along up the cañon past Mullan and find a high-grade proposition so rich it was scandalous! They didn't know how rich at first, of course, but Angus got assays and they looked so good they must be a mistake, so they sunk a shaft and drifted in a tunnel, and the assays got better, and people with money was pretty soon taking notice.

"One day Snowstorm come grouching down to Angus and tells about a capitalist that had brought two experts with him and nosed over the workings for three days. Snowstorm was awful dejected. He had hated the capitalist right off. 'He wears a gold watch chain and silk underclothes like one of these fly city dames,' says Snowstorm, who was a knowing old scoundrel, 'and he says his syndicate on the reports of these two thieving experts will pay twelve hundred for it and not a cent more. What do you think of that for nerve?'

"'Is that all?' says Angus, working away at his job in the new International Hotel at Wallace. Graining a door in the dining room he was, with a ham rind and a stocking over one thumb nail, doing little curlicues in the brown wet paint to make it look like what the wood was at first before it was painted at all. 'Well,' he says, 'I suspected from the assays that we might get a bit more, but if he had experts with him you better let him have it for twelve hundred. After all, twelve hundred dollars is a good bit of money.'

"'Twelve hundred thousand,' says Snowstorm, still grouchy.

"'Oh,' says Angus. 'In that case don't let him have it. If the shark offers that it'll be worth more. I'll go into the mining business myself as soon as I've done this door and the wainscoating and give them their varnish.'

"He did so. He had the International finished in three more days, turned down a job in the new bank building cold, and went into the mining business just like he'd do anything else slow and sure, yet impetuous here and there. It wasn't a hard proposition, the stuff being there nearly from the grass roots, and the money soon come a-plenty. Snowstorm not only got things trimmed up but had 'em dyed black as a crow's wing and retired to a life of sinful ease in Spokane, eating bacon and beans and cocoanut custard pie three times a day till the doctors found out what a lot of expensive things he had the matter with him.

"Angus not only kept on the job but branched out into other mines that he bought up, and pretty soon he quit

counting his money. You know what that would mean to most of his race. It fazed him a mite at first. He tried faithfully to act like a crazy fool with his money, experimenting with revelry and champagne for breakfast, and buying up the Sans Soosy dance hall every Saturday night for his friends and admirers. But he wasn't gaited to go on that track long. Even Ellabelle wasn't worried the least bit, and in fact she thought something of the kind was due his position. And she was busy herself buying the things that are champagne to a woman, only they're kept on the outside. That was when Angus told her if she was going in for diamonds at all to get enough so she could appear to be wasteful and contemptuous of them. Two thousand she give for one little diamond circlet to pin her napkin up on her chest with. It was her own idea.

"Then Angus for a time complicated his amateur debauchery with fast horses. He got him a pair of matched pacing stallions that would go anywhere, he said. And he frequently put them there when he had the main chandelier lighted. In driving them over a watering trough one night an accident of some sort happened. Angus didn't come to till after his leg was set and the stitches in – eight in one place, six in another, and so on; I wonder why they're always so careful to count the stitches in a person that way—and he wished to know if his new side-bar buggy was safe and they told him it wasn't, and he wanted to know where his team was, but nobody knew that for three days, so he says to the doctors and Ellabelle: 'Hereafter I suspect I shall take only soft drinks like beer and sherry. Champagne has a bonnier look but it's too enterprising. I might get into trouble sometime.' And he's done so to this day. Oh, I've seen him take a sip or two of champagne to someone's health, or as much Scotch whisky in a tumbler of water as you could dribble from a medium-boilered fountain pen. But that's a high riot with him. He'll eat one of these corned peaches in brandy, and mebbe take a cream pitcher of beer on his oatmeal of a morning when his stomach don't feel just right, but he's never been a willing performer since that experiment in hurdling.

"When he could walk again him and Ellabelle moved to the International Hotel, where she wouldn't have to cook or split kindling and could make a brutal display of diamonds at every meal, and we went down to see them. That was when Angus give Lysander John the scarfpin he'd sent clear to New York for – a big gold bull's head with ruby eyes and in its mouth a nugget of platinum set with three diamonds. Of course Lysander John never dast wear it except when Angus was going to see it.

"Then along comes Angus, Junior, though poor Ellabelle thinks for several days that he's Elwin. We'd gone down so I could be with her.

"'Elwin is the name I have chosen for my son,' says she to Angus the third day.

"'Not so,' says Angus, slumping down his one eyebrow clear across in a firm manner. 'You're too late. My son is already named. I named him Angus the night before he was born.'

"'How could you do that when you didn't know the sex?' demands Ellabelle with a frightened air of triumph.

"'I did it, didn't I?' says Angus. 'Then why ask how I could?' And he curved the eyebrow up one side and down the other in a fighting way.

"Ellabelle had been wedded wife of Angus long enough to know when the Scotch curse was on him. 'Very well,' she says, though turning her face to the wall. Angus straightened the eyebrow. 'Like we might have two now, one of each kind,' says he quite soft, 'you'd name your daughter as you liked, with perhaps no more than a bit of a suggestion from me, to be taken or not by you, unless we'd contend amiably about it for a length of time till we had it settled right as it should be. But a son—my son – why, look at the chest on him already, projecting outward like a clock shelf—and you would name him—but no matter! I was forehanded, thank God.' Oh, you saw plainly that in case a girl ever come along Ellabelle would have the privilege of naming it anything in the world she wanted to that Angus thought suitable.

"So that was settled reasonably, and Angus went on showing what to do with your mine instead of selling it to a shark, and the baby fatted up, being stall fed, and Ellabelle got out into the world again, with more money than ever to spend, but fewer things to buy, because in Wallace she couldn't think of any more. Trust her, though! First the International Hotel wasn't good enough. Angus said they'd have a mansion, the biggest in Wallace, only without slippery hardwood floors, because he felt brittle after his accident. Ellabelle says Wallace itself ain't big enough for the mansion that ought to be a home to his only son. She was learning how to get to Angus without seeming to. He thought there might be something in that, still he didn't like to trust the child away from him, and he had to stick there for a while.

"So Ellabelle's health broke down. Yes, sir, she got to be a total wreck. Of course the fool doctor in Wallace couldn't find it out. She tried him and he told her she was strong as a horse and ought to be doing a tub of washing that very minute. Which was no way to talk to the wife of a rich mining man, so he lost quite a piece of money by it. Ellabelle then went to Spokane and consulted a specialist. That's the difference. You only see a doctor, but a specialist you consult. This one confirmed her fears about herself in a very gentlemanly way and reaped his reward on the spot. Ellabelle's came after she had convinced Angus that even if she did have such a good appetite it wasn't a normal one, but was, in fact, one of her worst symptoms and threatened her with a complete nervous breakdown. After about a year of this, when Angus had horned his way into a few more mines—he said he might as well have a bunch of them since he couldn't be there on the spot anyway—they went to New York City. Angus had never been there except to pass from a Clyde liner to Jersey City, and they do say that when he heard the rates, exclusive of board, at the one Ellabelle had picked out from reading the papers, he timidly asked her if they hadn't ought to go to the other hotel. She told him there wasn't any other—not for them. She told him further it was part of her mission to broaden his horizon, and she firmly meant to do it if God would only vouchsafe her a remnant of her once magnificent vitality.

"She didn't have to work so hard either. Angus begun to get a broader horizon in just a few days, corrupting every waiter he come in contact with, and there was a report round the hotel the summer I was there that a hat-boy had actually tried to reason with him, thinking he was a foreigner making mistakes with his money by giving up a dollar bill every time for having his hat snatched from him. As a matter of fact, Angus can't believe to this day that dollar bills are money. He feels apologetic when he gives 'em away. All the same I never believed that report about the hat-boy till someone explained to me that he wasn't allowed to keep his loot, not only having clothes made special without pockets but being searched to the hide every night like them poor unfortunate Zulus that toil in the diamond mines of Africa. Of course I could see then that this boy had become merely enraged like a wild cat at having a dollar crowded onto him for someone else every time a head waiter groveled Angus out of the restaurant.

"The novelty of that life wore off after about a year, even with side trips to resorts where the prices were sufficiently outrageous to charm Ellabelle. She'd begun right off to broaden her own horizon. After only one week in New York she put her diamond napkin pincher to doing other work, and after six months she dressed about as well as them prominent society ladies that drift round the corridors of this hotel waiting for parties that never seem on time, and looking none too austere while they wait.

"So Ellabelle, having in the meantime taken up art and literature and gone to lectures where the professor would show sights and scenes in foreign lands with his magic lantern, begun to feel the call of the Old World. She'd got far beyond Lucile—though Peck's Bad Boy was still the favorite of Angus when he got time for any serious reading—and was coming to loathe the crudities of our so-called American civilization. So she said. She begun to let out to Angus that they wasn't doing right by the little one, bringing him up in a hole like New York City where he'd catch the American accent—though God knows where she ever noticed that danger there!—and it was only fair to the child to get him to England or Paris or some such place where he could have decent advantages. I gather that Angus let out a holler at first so that Ellabelle had to consult another specialist and have little Angus consult one too. They both said: 'Certainly, don't delay another day if you value the child's life or your own,' and of course Angus had to give in. I reckon that was the last real fight he ever put up till the time I'm going to tell you about.

"They went to England and bought a castle that had never known the profane touch of a plumber, having been built in the time of the first earl or something, and after that they had to get another castle in France, account of little Angus having a weak throat that Ellabelle got another gentlemanly specialist to find out about him; and so it went, with Ellabelle hovering on the very edge of a nervous breakdown, and taking up art and literature at different spots where fashion gathered, going to Italy and India's coral strand to study the dead past, and so forth, and learning to address her inferiors in a refined and hostile manner, with little Angus having a maid and a governess and something new the matter with him every time Ellabelle felt the need of a change.

"At first Angus used to make two trips back every year, then he cut them down to one, and at last he'd only come every two or three years, having his hirelings come to him instead. He'd branched out a lot, even at that distance, getting into copper and such, and being president of banks and trusts here and there and equitable coöperative companies and all such things that help to keep the lower classes trimmed proper. For a whole lot of years I didn't see either of 'em. I sort of lost track of the outfit, except as I'd see the name of Angus heading a new board of directors after the reorganization, or renting the north half of Scotland for the sage-hen and coyote shooting, or whatever the

(Continued on Page 40)

"I Guess That Was the First Time Ellabelle Had Really Let Go of Herself Since She Was Four Years Old or Thereabouts"

"THE CROWD WAS —"

By DAMON RUNYON

MY FRIEND Kid Watts, the ticket speculator, was marching restlessly along the sidewalk in front of a Boston hotel on the morning of a Harvard-Yale football game. In one hand the Kid held a small sheaf of tickets, thrust fanwise through his fingers. His other hand clutched a roll of currency.

My friend Mosey, the vender, was teetering on his large flat feet at the edge of the curb, his person festooned with tiny papier-mâché bulldogs, miniature footballs and gay pennants. As for me, I stood against the building apart from the throng and watched Kid Watts dicker with a collegy-looking youth for a brace of tickets which had a legal face value of $2 each, and which the Kid eventually added to the collection in his fingers for $7.

Small and dapper is my friend Kid Watts, with a combination of flesh, fowl and some insect in his make-up. He is weasel-orbed, hawk-beaked and waspish. More fish is my friend Mosey. He is a sort of crab. He is built wide, and is hard-shelled and impervious to insult. He is popeyed and crawly in his movements, always traveling sideways from force of a habit acquired in years of edging through crowds.

We are with all crowds, Mosey and Kid Watts and I. We are with them and often in them, but never in any case of them. Commercialism calls Mosey and Kid Watts. In a manner of speaking, crowds also are my business. I am a newspaper reporter. On the side lines of every big football rush; in the backwash of the boat-race swirl; at the fluttering coat tails of the prize-fight jam; in the heel dust of the turf crowd's dash; at the far fringe of the polo or lawn-tennis assemblage; or lingering with the distant echoes of the baseball riot you'll find us—Mosey and Kid Watts and me.

"I buy 'r sell foo'ball tick's'," chanted Kid Watts monotonously this day in Boston as he swiftly threaded a path through a tangle of humanity that would presently unravel into long, undulating lines converging upon the Harvard stadium at Cambridge.

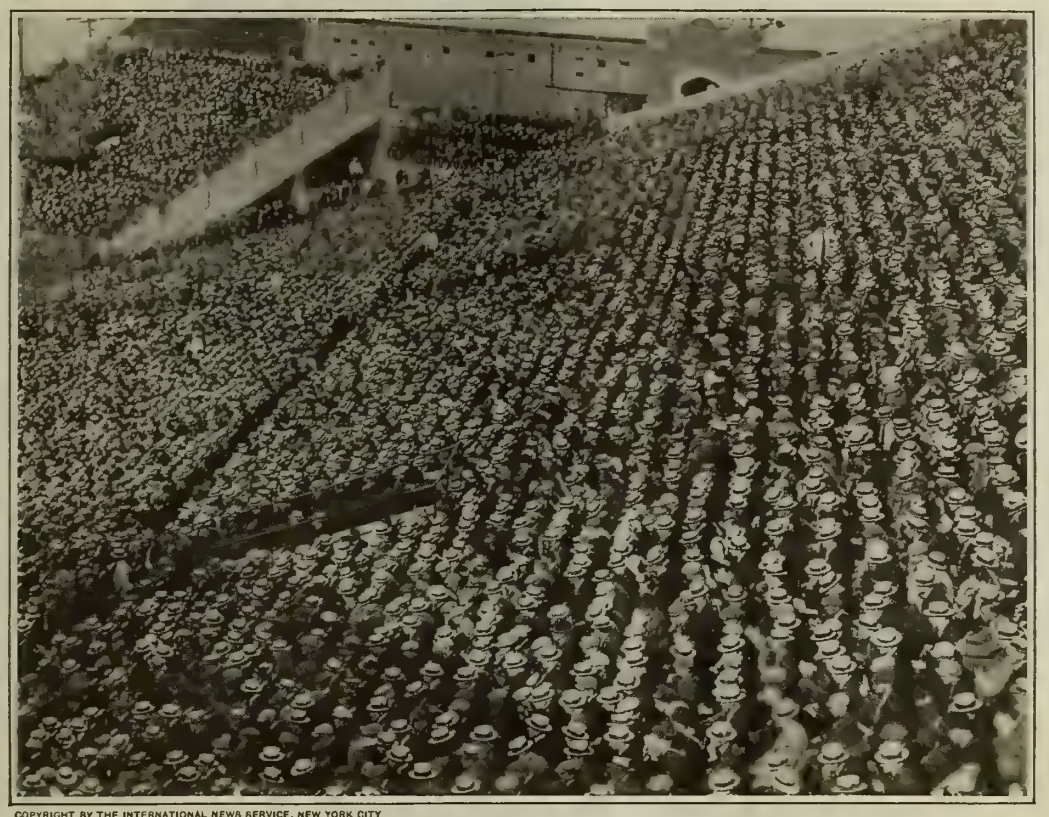
"Gidduh winnin' colors," whined Mosey from the curb, craftily shaking a Harvard pennant in the face of every crimson-specked person who passed, and flaunting his Yale banners before the eyes of all blue-tinted pedestrians.

Easy Money From New York

"HOW much are your Harvard flags?" demanded a young man in a heavy ulster who had a rosy-cheeked, befurred maiden clinging to his arm.

"One dolyer," said Mosey shamelessly. "One dolyer for duh winnin' colors."

The youth looked startled, but "he had a gal," as Mosey explained to me later, and "no guy is gonnah make hisse'f out a cheap mug in front o' his gal," so the lad produced a dollar bill and led the girl away, the pennant fluttering proudly over her shoulder as a heavy, prosperous-looking man alighted from an automobile and approached Kid Watts.



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The Bleachers at the New Home of the Boston Braves

"Yes, sir," I heard the Kid saying. "Two righ' down in front onnah Yale side—thoity dollars. I cudden leap out now and buy 'em myse'f for 'at dough—onnah level, I cudden do it."

He got the money. The heavy, prosperous-looking man protested feebly, but in the end he paid.

"He's a New Yorker," elucidated the Kid afterward. "I piped the license tag on his wagon. A Boston guy or anybody else wuddah hollered murder for a week, and they'dah nev' give up no thoity iron men neither. I'dah bin lucky to get twen'y bucks. Anybody but a New Yorker wuddah missed the game before they'dah stood for larceny like 'at, no matter how much they mightah bin int'rusted, but a New Yorker is a sucker.

"This is s'posed to be a pop'lar event, unnerstan'," continued the Kid wisely. "New Yorkers'll put 'emse'fs in hock to go to the pop'lar events—to be with the mob, even though the thing they're gonnah see come off ain't worth two whoops. But if it ain't a pop'lar event—say, you cudden run fast enough to slip a New Yorker a free ducket. He wudden give a Abe Linkum penny to see a ten-round go between Bill Bryan and Julius Cæsar if he thought it wassen gonnah be a pop'lar doin's. 'At's why it's all righ' to trim a New Yorker when you get a crack at him."

Two hours later, at the gates of the Harvard stadium, when the crowd was pouring in, I again encountered my friends Mosey and Kid Watts.

"Couplah nice seats here for only six dollars," the Kid was droning.

"Gidduh winnin' colors for twen'y-five cenz," mumbled Mosey.

Three hours later, or after the game, which was won by Harvard, I caught up with them in the homeward-bound jam on the bridge near the stadium. Kid Watts was thoughtfully tearing a pair of tickets to fine fragments, and flipping the shreds high in air. I saw Mosey consign two or three blue banners to the quiet waters of the old Charles, but he still had a bunch of crimson pennons wrapped round his neck, and was mechanically muttering:

"Gidduh winnin' colors for ten cenz!"

"Well, how goes it?" I asked.

"Rotten!" said Mosey. "Crowd was too big to buy junk. I oughtah brung san'wiches."

"How goes it?" I asked Kid Watts.

"Rotten! Crowd was too small," said the Kid. "O' course," he added rather apologetically, "I done pretty good downtown, but I haddah let two duckets go out here for two bucks apiece, which is lessen they cost me, and I had two lef' over. I just tore 'em up. I cuddah sold out early, but I held off for a little more o' the ol' percentage, and I got hooked. I held off too long. Crowd was too small."

I did not suggest to Kid Watts that over forty thousand people had twisted the turnstiles that day, making it one of the largest crowds of the year for any event. That would have made no difference to the Kid in his pessimistic depths. Mosey and Kid Watts are almost duty-bound to find some fault with every crowd.

"Why didn't you use those tickets you had left over and go in and see the game—you and Mosey?" I asked.

"What?" said the Kid, astounded, while Mosey peered at me through the gathering dusk, incredulous. "Go in? Me? Say, lissen, do you think I'mah nut? Whaddud I wannah go in for? To see 'at football stuff? To see 'at crowd? Say, lay off! Lay off! I s'pose," he inquired sarcastically, "'at you'd be in there if you didden haftah be, heh?"

The Personality of Crowds

WELL, I think I would. I honestly think I would. Not for the football game, however, because I have no wild interest in football, or in Yale or Harvard, but to see the crowd. To me a big assemblage is the most impressive and interesting spectacle in the world. With them, and often in them, but never in any case of them, I have been trailing crowds for a number of years now, and they have never lost their fascination for me.

We have in this country every year what I might call standard crowds—crowds that assemble on fixed dates for fixed events, from football crowds to political conventions—and these crowds always seem the same, yet they are, in fact, nearly always different. At least they are always different to me. To me every crowd has its own distinct and peculiar personality, the same as individuals. To me every crowd has its own distinct temperament, and its own mentality, and its own heart—and, of course, its own lungs.

The only respect in which I find they are all alike is that they are all unsatisfactory to my friends Mosey and

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The Richest and Best Looking Crowd Ever Assembled Was at the International Polo Tournament, Meadow Brook, Long Island

Society on Flat Cars—One of the Observation Trains at a Yale-Harvard Regatta, New London, Connecticut

Kid Watts. Not including New York's election night and New Year's Eve crowds, I suppose Mosey and Kid Watts and I are jostled, in our official capacities, by upward of a million people in the course of a year, yet I never saw but one crowd that seemed to suit them both.

That was the occasion of the last Army and Navy football game in New York, when a steady rain fell nearly all day. I found Mosey and Kid Watts standing outside the Polo Grounds with beatific smiles on their faces and their arms filled with cotton umbrellas, which they were retailing at $2 apiece, with a profit of at least $1.50 an umbrella. Even then their joy was tinctured with some sadness.

"If we'dah on'y had sense to lay in some raincoats, too, we'dah cleaned up," said Kid.

The Army and Navy football crowd is the most colorful crowd of the kind which assembles anywhere on the continent. It wasn't particularly colorful on the day I'm talking about, the rain having caused most of the color to fade and run, but as a general thing it is one great vivid splash against the daylight.

Most of the color is provided by the cadets of the two institutions, however, and not by the crowd itself. The presence of the President and his official family and of a raft of notables from Washington generally lifts the event to a position of national importance.

A few hundred cadets make it one of the great crowd pictures of the year, and the game will draw just as many people as there is room for. The last game, played in a rain, drew over forty-three thousand, and I venture the assertion that if they had the field to hold the crowd the annual service struggle would draw over a hundred thousand every year at an average admission price of $3.

Whenever my friends Mosey and Kid Watts are feeling particularly despondent they always mention the good old days, and tell me that crowds aren't what they used to be. I know better. I know they are much larger anyway. I can prove that by the enormous stadiums that are springing up all over the country. It costs close to a million dollars to build one of these modern plants, such as the Yale Bowl, the Harvard and Princeton stadiums, or the baseball homes of the New York Giants and the Boston Braves, and some of them can be used only for a certain form of sport. On the big days, however, seats are always at a premium, to the ultimate profit of my friend Kid Watts.

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A Cuban Crowd Watching American Boxers

The Richest Crowd on Record

JUST recently something like $3,000,000 was spent to build a motordrome for automobile racing—and auto racing only—on the old Sheepshead Bay racetrack. Most of the money went into the stands for the accommodation of the spectators. The opening race, for a gold cup donated by Vincent Astor, drew a crowd estimated at over ninety thousand.

Barring some of our great expositions, that was one of the largest, if not the largest, paid-admission crowds ever seen in one inclosure at the same time in America.

The crowd did not impress one by its size, however. It was too scattered. It was spread out all round a two-mile track. As a crowd picture it was not nearly so impressive as the crowd at the opening of the Yale Bowl two years ago, when nearly seventy thousand people were present to see the Yale and Harvard football teams play. That crowd was packed in closely round a narrow football gridiron, and the immensity of the gathering hit one right between the eyes, so to speak.

The biggest crowd ever collected in a given area for any purpose was probably produced by the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York, a few years ago; but that, of course, was not a paid-admission crowd. I do not know the American record for big paid-admission gatherings, but I am quite familiar with the low-water mark in that respect. It was reached one day last summer at a baseball yard in the International League, when, at game time, an announcer stepped in front of the grand stand, raised a megaphone to his mouth, and began the ancient formula:

"Lay-deez 'n' gen'l'men!"

Then he paused, lowered his megaphone, and took a long, lingering look at the stand. Again he aimed his aid to articulation.

"Lady 'n' gen'l'man," he said. "This game is called on account of attendance!"

One man and one woman were sitting in the stand. The turnstile showed one paid admission. The man had paid for the woman, but presented a pass for himself. That was the lowest paid-admission attendance on record, because it could not very well be any lower. It might be tied, but it cannot be beaten.

Crowds of twenty, twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five thousand people are getting to be ordinary crowds in America since the era of stadium building set in. A winning big-league baseball club would feel that it was being slighted if it failed to draw from ten to fifteen thousand on weekdays at home. Not many years ago an average attendance of a thousand would have been considered phenomenal.

I have read a number of learned articles comparing the modern-day plants to the crowd harbors of the most antique days, such as the Colosseum, of Rome, where the gladiators used to hold forth, and I note there seems to be a slight difference of opinion among the authorities regarding the relative size of these various structures. Some have figured out that you could lose the Colosseum in the Yale Bowl, while others assert that the old amphitheater provided seats for eighty-seven thousand people, which would give it a greater seating capacity than any one structure we have to-day; but I think the experts will agree that, however they might have differed in size, the twentieth-century stadiums produce larger gate receipts than the inclosures of any era.

Our big football games run well over $100,000 a game. A single world's-series baseball game has yielded over $80,000. One prize fight, which is perhaps our nearest comparison with the gladiatorial gambols of old, turned in $270,775. That was the Johnson-Jeffries affair at Reno, in 1910. A theatrical company will draw $25,000 for a week's work in cities such as St. Louis and Cleveland and cause no excitement. The lowest price asked for tickets to any event of importance nowadays is $2, and from that figure the pasteboards mount to—well, my friend Kid Watts tells me he once got $100 for a single ticket to an Army and Navy game.

The largest crowds are not always the best-looking crowds—I mean best-looking in what I might call general appointments. The best-looking crowd I ever saw—and I'll let that go for physical pulchritude as well as appointments—was at the international polo game at Meadow Brook, on Long Island, a couple of years ago. It was about twenty-five thousand strong, and it probably represented more wealth than any other crowd ever assembled on this continent.

Every Eastern Crœsus was there and every Eastern Crœsusess too. Someone got busy with a pencil and tried to figure out the wealth represented by the crowd, but after getting into the billions he gave up the task. A crowd that includes representatives of the Rockefeller, Astor, Gould, Vanderbilt, Whitney, Billings, Drexel and Mackay families runs into money mighty fast.

And it was a cold crowd. It was as cold a crowd as I've ever seen—I mean so far as open manifestations of enthusiasm are concerned. The American polo team put through a forlorn hope that year, but at no time did the enthusiasm call for any adjectives. The reason was plain. It was a mature crowd. It was a mature society crowd. Mature people in general, and mature society people in particular, are not given to public exhibitions of emotion in any form. Maybe that's because it isn't the correct thing to do; maybe they just aren't temperamentally constituted that way; or maybe they leave the emotion to the young.

A lot of the same people will be at the Harvard-Yale-Princeton football games, and yet there always seems to be plenty of noise at those events. Sometimes it is a very perfunctory noise, without the foundation of real enthusiasm, as, for instance, when one team or the other is so far ahead as to remove the element of chance from the game; but it is none the less noise—organized noise.

The Gyrations of the Rubber-Legged

THE weird cheers and songs, and the rubber-legged young men who with strange gyrations incite those cheers and songs, may be a curious phase of our modern educational code, but without them, more often than not, a football game would be a mighty funereal affair.

The Harvard-Yale-Princeton football games, the Harvard-Yale boat race at New London, Connecticut, a big polo game or a big lawn-tennis tourney attracts pretty much the same people, or at least the same sort of people. They are largely society people. They are the society people of New York, Boston, or wherever they live. I suppose Newport knows many of them well. And, considering them in crowd form, as it were, they are a tribe unto themselves.

Now, all crowds are apt to be inconsiderate at times, but society crowds are about as inconsiderate as crowds come. Not always, of course, but often—generally, I may say, in fact. Getting to or leaving an event a society crowd becomes fretful, intolerant and selfish, for it is under such circumstances that little inconveniences develop to try the temper and the soul.

A society crowd has no regard whatever for the rights of the run of people. I don't believe it is consciously that way either. I don't believe that any individual member of the crowds I have designated would ordinarily be guilty of rudeness, but when you toss 'em thirty or forty thousand strong into the little town of Princeton or New Haven or New London, or into Boston, all at the same time, and trivial annoyance begins to beset them, they chafe.

A characteristic—the chief characteristic—of the average American crowd is a sense of humor, but the society crowd

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The Yale Bowl at New Haven. All the Empty Seats Were Filled After This Picture Was Taken

HENREE TRIED

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE hell you will!" said Madame Hicks, who up to that moment had maintained a haughty silence.

You are surprised, m'sieu! Do not attempt to deny it. I have frequently noted that madame's vigor of speech occasions a degree of shock to strangers, but to her intimates it falls gratefully on the ear and is altogether charming. For madame's style but reflects her nature, so ardent and impulsive, and her contempt for grammatical restraints is in keeping with the hot impatience of petty convention you will often find in lofty souls.

In this instance she had received ample provocation from M'sieu Joe. Striding up and down the room he had vociferated: "Yes, I will! I'll bust him. If ever I lay eyes on that insect I'll kill him with a spray. Yes, ma'am, I'm a-telling you!"

The threat referred to a former suitor of madame's, one to whom she had shown a measure of preference at a critical period in their careers. Can you wonder that madame was moved to an outburst? "The hell you will!" she retorted, and her husband halted in his walk.

"It looks," said he, "like you'd try to talk like a lady, Patsy, no matter if it did strain you!"

"A lady? Who said anything about being a lady? I never did! But at that I'm as good a lady as any of the other shes you meet up with in this burg." She added darkly: "And a damned sight better'n some!"

"Then cut out that cussin'."

"You control that temper first, and then maybe you'll have a right to preach!" she flung at him.

"You never see me get mad without a reason. When I do it's because you tromp all over me, but I'll try anything you say if only you'll promise to talk nice."

So it went for a full quarter of an hour, back and forth. I have faithfully narrated this conversation, despite its distressing features, because of the important results to which it led. These consisted of certain resolutions; of them, more presently.

It suffices now to say that for a person to resolve on a drastic change of conduct with the opening of the New Year is highly proper and commendable. You meet with people who sneer at the practice, largely because of the evanescence of the good intentions. Let them! A cynic never hurt anyone but himself. And I claim that turning over a new leaf annually on the first day of January is an excellent custom. What matter if the reformation last but a day? You have tried. Better to be a backslider than a sinner so hardened that he cannot summon the will, or see the need, to reform.

No, my friend, do not allow yourself to be discouraged because on the second day of January you have reverted to the habits eschewed on the first. The individual who scoffs at these manifestations of a contrite spirit is himself guilty of reprehensible self-complacence. It is as though he said: "I'm all right. What's the use?" Or he is so stiffened in error that his moral sense has been blunted. Neither condition is to be envied. After all, the question simmers down to which is the better man, he who tries and fails, or he who does not fail because he will not try.

Eh bien, M'sieu Joe and his wife had a dispute, as I have stated. They had frequent disputes, in fact, and so violent were these dissensions at times that a break of the marital tie seemed imminent. I mentioned my fear of this to Mlle. Roxie. She laughed.

"Why, they're bats about each other!" exclaimed that wonderful creature. "You're too innocent to be loose, Henree. Joe's jealous, and that's what makes him so wild."

"But this M'sieu Hubert? Who is he? He causes my worthy friend acute agony of mind."

"Oh, he's a ham actor Patsy used to run round with. That time her and Joe had the fuss and she left him to go on the road with the show, Hubert tried to get her to marry him. But nix on that for Patsy! She just uses Hubert to keep Joe where he belongs."

"Nevertheless," I said stoutly, "madame makes a mistake. If she could wholly banish this person as a memory, or, failing that, convince M'sieu Joe that he had nothing to fear from that memory, it would be very conducive to domestic harmony."

"Done into English, what's the idea?"

"Why, if she really loves my friend, does she persist in retaining M'sieu Hubert's photograph? Surely you cannot defend that."

Not a Word Did He Utter, But Slowly and Warily He Began to Shed His Coat

"How do you know she has one? Have you seen it?"

"Not I, but I heard M'sieu Joe threaten to burn the thing if it were not removed."

Mlle. Roxie gave a nod of satisfaction. "Sure, that's just like Patsy. She probably found that old picture in her trunk and got it out just to make Joe mad."

Can you follow such devious tactics, m'sieu? I confess that her words left me groping, filled with the gloomiest forebodings. However, you are wondering who Mlle. Roxie was. All in good time; everything will be made clear.

Among the faults that caused madame the most intense chagrin was M'sieu Joe's gaucherie in polite company. She was not without grounds; that cannot be gainsaid. My friend possessed real nobility of spirit, but it was somewhat obscured, if not entirely hidden, under a roughness of exterior and crudity of mien very ill-suited to the circles it was madame's ambition to penetrate. Indeed, while M'sieu Joe was endowed with many admirable qualities, chief among which I might mention his loyalty and rigid adherence to truth, he was as uncouth in certain respects as the barbarous cowherds over whom I had triumphed on the Pitchfork. He was, in fact, a roughneck.

Now this circumstance accorded poorly with a plan madame had projected to conquer the Bluff. There are many persons of wealth and pretension residing on that noble highway, as you are well aware, m'sieu, and it had entered madame's pretty head to become one of them. Mere ownership of a palace did not insure this. The truth is that the members of the Bluff colony eyed the Hickses askance. None of them opened their doors, much less their hearts, and I can assert positively that madame was much pained. She longed to mingle with the élite on terms of intimacy; their aloofness chilled her heart; their civility baffled her. Hauteur she could understand and contend against, for it would indicate that her presence was felt; but the smiling indifference of the Bluff's demeanor created a chasm leagues broad and deep.

"Give me half a chance and I'll show them swells some class," she would declare. "What right've they got to be stuck up anyhow? We've got as much money as any of 'em, haven't we, Joe?"

"Me and Henree together have."

"Well, what's eatin' on them then?"

"Aw, leave 'em be, Patsy. Forget it!"

In truth, M'sieu Joe had no social aspirations whatsoever. He affected to laugh at the mode of life followed by the Bluff colony and made a vast deal of fun of their dress and deportment. Nevertheless, it was easy to see that he was impressed, for whenever he chanced to be in close proximity to any of his neighbors M'sieu Joe evinced a strong desire to be on his way, and perspired freely.

"That gang," he declared, "always makes my collar wilt."

Cried his wife: "If you knew how to act like a human, everything'd be fine!"

"Know how to act, hey? If it wasn't for me, the nearest you'd get to any of 'em would be carryin' home the wash."

It chanced that we had some dealings that week, M'sieu Joe and I, with a resident of the Bluff relative to a railway we had built from our mine. The transaction was eminently satisfactory from every standpoint, and under the warmth of fat profits this gentleman remarked to M'sieu Joe: "We ought to know each other better. You're neighbors of ours, aren't you? Well, my wife'll call. We're having a few friends to feed on Friday night and I want you to come. But the madam will fix it all up."

You may well suppose that Madame Hicks was transported with joy. The preparations that were made, my friend! Our hostess occupied a top rung of the social ladder and madame was correspondingly elated. She would wear the finest dress in her wardrobe.

"I'll knock 'em stiff, Frenchy," she told me. "If only Joe didn't look so like a waiter in his dress suit."

"I don't look like a waiter!" protested M'sieu Joe.

"No, you don't," madame conceded. "If you only could, dearie!"

Eh bien, we went to the dinner. Madame was resplendent and blazing with diamonds; never had she looked more beautiful, so radiantly lovely. Her gown was cut low at the back in a ravishing V—a trifle daring, perhaps, but she had excellent reasons for it. M'sieu Joe gazed on her, and a peculiar, awed, frightened look crept into his eyes.

He was himself a pitiable object. No tailor on earth could fashion a coat that would sit snugly on my friend's neck; no, it must always bulge out! Moreover, he insisted on wearing the sleeves a full inch too long. There were ineffaceable freckles on M'sieu Joe's hands and the perspiration trickled down behind his ears.

We had a slight misadventure at the outset—in the alcove a palm tickled madame—but all went bravely through the soup course. M'sieu Joe had been carefully drilled in the use of a spoon and could possibly have acquitted himself creditably, but he dexterously avoided danger by not touching it. Perhaps this was sound judgment, for he suffered under the most abject nervousness, watching my every move with a vigilance painful to contemplate and that rendered conversation with his neighbor out of the question.

"Won't you have an olive, Mr. Hicks?" she inquired.

"Ma'am?"

"One of these?"

M'sieu Joe cast a look of suspicion at them and replied with vast politeness: "I wouldn't choose any, thanks."

"Don't you like them?"

"I don't know. I never et one."

Madame Hicks sat up very straight and glared at him.

"*Mister* Hicks!" she exclaimed.

M'sieu Joe was visibly embarrassed. "Of course I've et 'em," he mumbled. "That was only a joke, ma'am sort of. But our doggone cook don't cook 'em right."

Never shall I forget the blighting rage of Madame Hicks. No sooner had we entered the car to go home than she said: "Well, I hope you're satisfied! You've gummed the whole game right at the start." Then she broke down, shedding tears of mortification.

The curious part of this affair was the effect it produced. M'sieu Joe was simply deluged with attentions from that night. They elected him a member of the Country Club; he was admitted into a select coterie of poker players; no dinner was complete without him. It is true that the majority of functions to which he was bidden were stag affairs, but he was also asked to plenty of others, and of course they could not invite M'sieu Joe without his wife.

"Embrace Me, My Friends! Congratulate Me! I Have Conquered!"

"Maybe I'm poor, hey?" he jeered. "I'd like to know who's the society bud of this team if it ain't me?"

To which madame replied humbly: "You're going good, Old Scout."

Yet in face of his successes M'sieu Joe stubbornly retained some habits that chafed her sorely. For one thing, he could not tolerate the feel of a coat while in the house. No matter what the season, M'sieu Joe must needs go about indoors in his shirt sleeves like a tired day-laborer, which gave rise to several humiliating *dénouements*. But a more serious laxity was his mania for shaking dice.

"I was raised to it," he explained in defense. "Why, there wasn't a nigger in our county could talk to 'em as good as me."

He had competed with Ethiopian gamesters! You may perceive how hopeless was his case, m'sieu. But even that did not sound the depths of his depravity; far worse was his behavior now, in view of his altered fortunes and the dignity to be expected from wealth and position.

Entering the butler's pantry late one afternoon madame discovered her husband in his shirt sleeves, seated across the table from the lackey and rolling the dice against him for money.

"That's nine dollars you owe me, Jimmy. Coming out! Now for a li'l' seven!" He blew on the ivory cubes to warm them. "Good ol' seven! Here I go! Craps! Daggone!"

"*Mister* Hicks!"

He glanced round in confusion; the butler leaped to his feet.

"James," said madame, "go to the kitchen."

You will scarcely believe me, my friend, when I tell you that M'sieu Joe had the effrontery to justify himself.

"You hadn't ought to kick," he urged. "I've won back three months' wages from him already!"

One night madame said to me at dinner: "Henree, you'd ought to get married."

I smiled. In the light of their discord her advice seemed sufficiently inconsistent; but it is a mania of women to marry off their bachelor acquaintances.

"I, madame? Whom would you have me marry?"

"Oh, anyone—I mean any girl we liked. A man with all your money oughtn't to be straying round loose. It isn't safe. First thing you know some hussy'll get you."

"That's no joke neither," interjected M'sieu Joe. "It's got so nowadays that it ain't safe for a feller who has money to give up his seat in a street car. The jury'll give her damages for breach of promise every time. You got to mind your step with the she-stuff in these parts, Frenchy."

Ignoring him, madame went on: "But you'd really ought to get married, Henree."

"Alas, madame," I replied gloomily, "such happiness is not for me."

"Why ain't it?"

"Because," I told her with a gallant bow, "the only woman who could make me happy is already another's. And by a cruel fate that other is my friend."

"That sure is tough luck," said M'sieu Joe gibingly.

"Still," I replied, "I might exclaim with Sardou: 'What is a wife between friends?'"

Madame received this sally with a complacent smile. Then she unconsciously parodied the celebrated maxim of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

"Well, if you can't get the woman you want, Henree, you should take the woman you can."

Her naïveté diverted me vastly; the notion of Henri Giraud being unable to win what woman he chose was sufficiently fantastic! However, I let her run on:

"I've got one all picked out for you. She'll be here next week to visit."

"Who is it?" asked M'sieu Joe sharply. "You never told me anybody was comin'."

"Roxie Belleaire."

"Huh!"

"What's the matter with her? Roxie's the very girl! She could keep up with Henree."

"No doubt about that," responded my friend. "The question is, could he keep up with Roxie?"

"*Mister* Hicks!"

"Well, Roxie ain't treated her ma quite right," persisted M'sieu Joe.

"And how about the way her ma treated her? Turned poor Roxie off, all because she wanted to go with the show!"

M'sieu Joe made no answer for a minute. He squirmed in his chair and finally inquired: "What about that feller Jackson?"

Quick though she was, I caught madame screwing up her features into a warning frown. "He's nothing but a friend," she replied calmly. "Henree'll go crazy over Roxie. She's just his style."

Roxie! It had an odd, tantalizing sound. There was something foreign about it, a suggestion of grilled windows and spices and mystery. It titillated the imagination. Roxie! I conceived a sudden, warm desire to behold her.

"*Je le veux bien*," I assented. "By all means bring Mlle. Roxie here."

"And then there came a carriage filled with flowers!" chanted M'sieu Joe.

She came the following Monday. How can I describe the charms of Mlle. Belleaire, my friend! Pale words are inadequate; the medium of human speech breaks down. No brush could possibly paint so fair a flower, and music could not convey the sweetly human character of her beauty. It would take a combination of all three. No land but America could produce her.

At sight of Mlle. Roxie I was assailed by the most agitating emotions. It is a weakness of my temperament that the propinquity of feminine loveliness produces in me a dizziness, not unpleasing, but nevertheless to be distrusted. This feeling amounts at times to intoxication.

Need I say that Mlle. Roxie inspired it in an aggravated form? The easy nonchalance that is so marked in my dealings with the other sex entirely deserted me. Those compliments which, when molded in subtlety of form and delivered with suitable fervor, mark the man of breeding and savoir-faire, stuck in my throat.

In very truth, my friend, I was as awkward in her presence as a boor. The gaze of her warm brown eyes flustered me; her skin was of a creamy whiteness; a glorious aureole was her hair. And her attire was calculated to set off her charms; I had seen nothing more modish on any resident of the Bluff. Ravishing were her foot and limb. The more I saw of Mlle. Roxie, the deeper my admiration.

Madame was quick to perceive the conquest she had achieved. "You've got him all sewed up," I heard her remark next day.

The adorable creature puzzled me in no small measure by her reply. "Yes, but it's like taking milk from a blind kitten, Patsy. Honest, I ain't got the heart!" Then they became aware of my presence in the hall and she waved to me to approach. "We're talking about you. Better stick round!" she warned.

Was not such frankness admirable, m'sieu? I at once formed a high opinion of her character. Possessed of both beauty and wit, you will readily appreciate the feelings she inspired in me and the ardor with which I proceeded to conduct the siege. I exerted every art triumphant experience had taught me; I brought to play all the graces it has been my care to perfect.

Nothing was neglected to win the young lady's regard.

Mlle. Roxie was not proof against my attacks. At first I feared that her art might be an insuperable barrier, that she would hesitate to give up a brilliant career even for the happiness of being my wife. She had what is technically called a thinking part in an opera entitled Twin Pyjamas. That is to say, she stood not far removed from the principals in the course of their vocal efforts, and went through appropriate gestures with hands and feet, to enhance the effect. Such had been her success in the performance of these duties that the management had promised to place her in the front row the next season, with the opportunity to walk alone across the stage in one scene, uttering the significant words: "Just for that I hope it rains!"

However, the beautiful Roxie soon set these fears at rest. "I'll cut the show," she agreed. "Maybe he wouldn't give me the front row anyhow—he always was a pork-and-beaner."

You will remark in her language the same captivating freshness that distinguished the conversation of Madame Hicks. This originality and disdain of rules made a strong appeal to me; and while at first rather baffling, Mlle. Roxie's speech quickly gained my esteem. For is not this breezy style the evidence of an unspoiled nature?

To make a long story short, she acceded to my importunities; she promised to be Madame Giraud. And with the warm touch of her lips on mine I realized a foretaste of the lifetime of bliss in store for me. I was delirious with joy. I burst into the room where M'sieu Joe and his wife were engaged at dominoes.

"Embrace me, my friends! Congratulate me! I have conquered!"

"Oh, goody!"

"Yes," said M'sieu Joe with a want of enthusiasm very ill-timed, to say the least. "Henree's a stem-winder, he is. Did you have to coax hard, Henree?"

I perceived that for some reason he was not pleased; but, knowing my friend's goodness of heart, I stifled my resentment.

"I will give a supper," I said. "We will celebrate the event, my friends, in a manner befitting the ineffable happiness she has conferred on me."

Madame clapped her hands. "Fine! That's great, Frenchy! Ain't he a scream? This is New Year's Eve too. Let's do it up brown."

Accordingly we arranged to have supper for four in the Palm Garden of the Reese at eleven o'clock, and I bespoke a table. This was not so easy of accomplishment as it sounds. Reservations had been made weeks in advance, for the celebration of New Year's Eve in our city consists of wild revels in which every imaginable form of folly plays a part. Therefore seats at the orgy are eagerly sought. However, M'sieu Joe and I had the most powerful of all talismans—wealth. It is not always necessary to employ it in order to gain precedence and special consideration, m'sieu; mere possession will suffice. The management of the Reese was familiar with our rating and status; it looked to us for generous patronage. So I secured a table.

"All right," said M'sieu Joe when I reported, but very grudgingly, "I'll go. But if I do you've got to cut out flirtin' over my head, Patsy."

Madame instantly took umbrage. "Who does flirt? Do you reckon I don't know how to act? That's just the sort of mean little runt you are! If a girl so much as raises her eyes off her plate you sit back and growl!"

M'sieu Joe contented himself with a grunt. Nothing increases a woman's anger like silence.

"I say you do," she broke out at him. "You're that jealous you'd grudge me a good time! Hardly a day passes you don't take a crack at me about someone. If it isn't Hubert it's somebody else!"

Never had I seen madame so irritated. M'sieu Joe's aspect, too, was forbidding. He was pale and all atremble.

"If you was half the man Hubert St. John is," she swept on, "you wouldn't sweat like a nigger every time you go out in company, Joe Hicks!"

"That's a fine way for a lady to talk, ain't it?"

"Shut your mouth! You make me sick!"

I was deeply grieved. The conversation was fast verging on vulgarity, but I could think of nothing to stop it.

"If I do," returned M'sieu Joe significantly, "you know what you can do."

"Yes, and one of these days I'll do it too," cried madame. "That's the second time you've tried to scare me, and I don't scare. I'm not tied down to you, Joe Hicks, or any other shrimp. I know some who'd be glad to have me."

"That's Nine Dollars You Owe Me, Jimmy. Now for a Li'l' Seven!"

My friend could barely articulate, so overpowering was his rage. His hands were clenched and the vein in his forehead was throbbing.

"Hubert St. John, I suppose!" he sneered. "Well, I ain't surprised. You only married me for my money anyhow, and the sooner you go back to him the better."

Perceiving her advantage madame speedily regained self-control. She smiled. It drove her husband to frenzy. Banging the table with his fist, he cried: "I won't have that sorry rascal's name mentioned in my house! Do you hear? I don't want so much as a whisper of him again as long as I live!"

Was it not deplorable, m'sieu?—such recrimination between two who had vowed to love and honor! It filled me with the keenest humiliation, and I refrain from conjecturing to what lengths the scene might have gone had it not been for the timely intercession of Mlle. Roxie. The dear creature essayed to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Oh, can that rough stuff, you two!" she implored. "Just forget you're married and let's be friendly. You'll spoil the party!"

M'sieu Joe was first to feel the justice of the appeal. "Well, let her quit cussin' me out then. If she'll talk like a lady I'll treat her like a gen'l'man."

Madame uttered a single high, harsh note of derision. Then she said: "If you'd control that temper of yours maybe I wouldn't have to cuss!"

It was then that my fiancée had an inspiration.

"Tell you what, folks," she said, "now's your chance. To-morrow's New Year's. Why not make some good resolutions?"

They were both silent—but it was patent that M'sieu Joe was struck with the idea.

"That ain't a bad notion," he admitted. "Why don't you do it, Patsy?"

"Ho, and what about you? How about that temper? Hey?"

"I'll promise to keep it if you'll do your part."

"You're on, Old Settler," said madame promptly. "I don't expect miracles, but give me your word you'll count fifty before you get mad and I'll give you mine to talk like Elsie Dinsmore."

"Excellent!" I applauded, clapping my hands.

"And what will Henree resolve?" asked madame.

The query was in keeping with her insatiable appetite for jests, for she could not seriously propose any change in my conduct or character. I have reviewed and analyzed both with nice care more than once, and had there been need for improvement, is it not reasonable to suppose that such would have become apparent to me?

"Softly!" I cautioned her. "Why include me in your compact?"

"Ain't there something you'd want to change?" she demanded.

"At this moment, madame, I can think of nothing."

"Gee, I'd like to hate myself the way you do, Henree!"

Another instance of madame's recklessness of statement! I have never hated myself.

My fiancée amazed me by abruptly inquiring: "Why not cut out flirting? Quit rolling your eyes at the shes for a day and see how it feels."

M'sieu Joe and his wife capped her request with plaudits. It both nettled and pleased me. I was chagrined to think the beautiful Roxie deemed me capable of seeking the admiration of the other sex, for my victories have not come to me in such fashion. Never; they have always been the result of spontaneous attraction. Yet I was secretly elated too. A woman would not ask such a boon save from jealousy, and where you have jealousy there you may find love.

I bowed. "So be it. I agree. *Faute de mieux*, I will resolve to ignore the ladies."

"Cross your heart?"

"I swear it."

Thus was our compact made. We solemnly shook hands all round. I seized the opportunity to embrace my Roxie.

Charmed by this proof of her solicitude, I determined to reward it, and without loss of time repaired to a jewelry establishment. There I purchased a truly magnificent lavallière of diamonds set in platinum. It was a gift fit for a princess, m'sieu, but not too rich for the woman who had honored me by consenting to bear my name.

"Shall we deliver this for you?" inquired the clerk, and I could surmise what was in his mind.

"No, my boy; give me a check and I will pay you now."

One glance at my name and his doubts vanished. He became obsequious. As I started for the door he preceded me in a flutter to open it. Who would not feel a natural exultation under the circumstances? Such attentions serve to prop our self-esteem and I confess that my bosom swelled with gratified pride. How I wished that my dear mother could see me!

"Who's that?" asked a gentleman who was in conversation with the manager over a tray of ladies' watches.

"That is the famous Muhsoo Giraud. You've heard of him surely? He and his partner cleaned up millions in copper."

"No, I can't say I have. I'm a stranger here," was the reply; which was, indeed, his only possible excuse.

My next concern was the table and the placing of the favors. I had selected these in the spirit of a lover; one cannot bestow too much thought on details of that description. Accordingly I drove to the Reese about eleven o'clock to inspect the arrangements, promising to return with all possible expedition to escort my guests.

The Palm Garden was already crowded. It rocked with noise. They were dancing between the tables to the music of an orchestra; some sang; corks popped; dishes clattered; waiters rushed madly about; paper missiles and confetti filled the air. An elderly person with snow-white hair was doing an absurd shuffle with a partner not out of her teens. He held a bottle of wine in his right hand, from which he would drink at intervals without a pause in their violent contortions. It was an excess of gayety I could not sanction, m'sieu. Excess is always in bad taste—excusable, perhaps, in youth, but disgusting in old age.

And permit me to add, my friend, that I cannot discern the merit in such riotous celebration of the New Year. While naturally of an amiable disposition, I cannot hold with those who lay the Old Year with unseemly babel, and indulgence that must bring poignant repentance on the morrow. To usher in with a debauch a new era, fraught, perhaps, with the most momentous possibilities for us, runs counter to my conception of the fitness of things. Surely there is a time for personal stock-taking; surely an occasion of this sort calls for sober thought, a few hours of calm review, some meritorious resolves!

While I was giving final instructions to the head waiter I discerned amid the press of spectators who could not secure tables and, therefore, clustered at the doors, the same gentleman who had asked my name in the jewelry shop. He was watching me with the flattering curiosity I had marked in the afternoon. At his side was a lady of striking beauty. She was very dark and of sinuous figure; her eyes were large and black, her coloring perfect; but what held my gaze was the thin black line of her eyebrows. They were no wider than a string, quite unlike any it had been my fortune to see, and they imparted to her an indescribably Oriental look. I found her really bewitching.

By an Adroit Catch I Secured the Missile and Placed it in My Handkerchief Pocket

However, I turned resolutely away. My affections and honor were engaged to another, and my promise to Roxie was given. I am not of those, my friend, who are honest only when it suits their interests and desires and find excuses for yielding to temptation. True honor will never appeal to interest or necessity as an apology for dereliction.

Eh bien, the lady noted me too; I could see that. While clinging loyally to thoughts of Mlle. Roxie I could not fail to discern that my appearance had made an impression. She spoke a few words to her companion; he nodded, then frowned. Aha, another jealous husband! My spirits soared, in spite of me.

It is a terrible malady, my friend, that of jealousy. The poor wretches so afflicted endure endless tortures. Yet, I ask you, what sort of judgment do they display who, possessing pretty wives, parade the enchanting creatures before all the world? By so doing they expose themselves to certain torment. No, I have no sympathy for them.

The dancers were pelting paper balls in all directions. My head and shoulders were festooned with streamers. Somebody tossed one toward madame, who seized it and threw it toward me. By an adroit catch I secured the missile and placed it in my handkerchief pocket. An act so trivial would be likely to escape the notice of all but her for whom it was meant; yet again her companion frowned.

It came time for me to depart. I sighed and went out, steadfastly determined to do my duty and go for M'sieu Joe, his wife and Roxie.

The Palm Garden is at the end of a wide corridor, round an elbow of which are the elevators. Halfway to them I was arrested by a commotion behind me—angry voices raised in altercation, running feet and panted ejaculations.

A woman came along the hall at a jerky run. She kept casting over her shoulder glances of the utmost apprehension, but I could not see that anyone pursued.

"Oh, don't let him catch me!" she begged, and then I recognized her.

M'sieu, Henri Giraud has never been deaf to the appeal of a woman in distress. On hearing her agonized plea I at once assumed a threatening posture and advanced to her protection.

However, I had no opportunity to put my prowess to the proof, nor indeed to ascertain from what quarter her danger came, for, at the precise moment I arrived opposite, the lady faltered, threw her forearm up in front of her face and reeled against the door of a bedroom. It gave; she fell inside.

(Concluded on Page 37)

The Honorable of the Earth

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE great house on Madison Avenue is gone, and the great clanging ironworks and the seven motor cars.

If you want to see old John Harbord again you will have to go to the sleepy New Jersey village where he was born. There is a modest house there, a quiet tradesman's house, on the poplar-dotted road, and John Harbord comes out of it twice a day to go to the village to get his newspapers. The village people look out of their windows as he passes with his high head and square workman's shoulders, his plume of iron-gray hair and his banneret of iron-gray beard, and they wonder to themselves whether he is merely a gigantic fool, or whether he is a sly knave concealing past crimes in one huge, generous action. People are suspicious of great men. The lions of Rome fed on the flower of Christendom, and Christ was crucified.

If you want to know, too, of the Princess Sobieski, I can also tell you. You will find her in one of those drab, God-forsaken pensions in Brussels, on the Rue Seychelles, if I remember aright. She has little children now, and their titles cannot mend a hole in their shoes or buy them holiday bonnets for Easter. She waits up of nights for her prince to return from the gaming tables. She has the air of having swindled someone, of a person found out in a peculiarly mean crime.

I sometimes have a fancy of the spirit of John Sobieski, King of the Poles, roaming up and down the world and to and fro in it. I see him stride into the drab rooms in the Rue Seychelles, with his swinging fighter's step, and I picture him looking at that descendant of his who bears his name. His fine royal lip curls contemptuously and his stabbing brown eyes snap. It is not a pleasant vision, and to offset it I imagine him greeting John Harbord. I see his face light with understanding and his head nod in appreciation, for he sees before him a man who, like himself, did greatness because of the greatness that was within him.

I

THE turmoil of the ironworks beat its way into the office of the plant with the noisy truculence of a storm. There was the hurried tattoo of a great drill driving into block iron. There was the rattle of monster chains in derricks. A foreman with throat and lungs of brass yelled imperative instructions in a seemingly enigmatic language, and a volley of straining grunts, of yo-hos, of fierce hisses answered him like an offstage chorus, or like the crew of a barkentine hauling in the mainsail to the boatswain's frenzied encouragement.

The Bishop of Utica leaned backward in his chair. Disappointment showed in his chiseled face.

"But the Moros, dear Mr. Harbord—that is not indiscriminate charity. It is a national duty."

The ironmaster brought his fist on the desk with a whack of finality.

"I don't care," his hoarse voice rasped out. "I don't believe in giving anybody any money; I believe in letting them work for it. In the second place, here is my town of one hundred thousand people. I'll attend to that. Everybody in the town is dependent on me and on my works. Anything I have to give goes to them. Let every other employer in every other town do what I do, and there'll be no need for charity."

He swung about in his swivel chair, and his deep-marked, coarse-skinned face confronted the high-bred, well-groomed features of the primate with a look of challenge. And as the bishop looked at him the thought came into his head, as it came into every man's head, that John Harbord was a living challenge to battle. His hand, as it lay on the desk leaf, was an index to him. It was thick, stublike, square; in the wrinkles and folds of the knuckles one could see traces of the days when he had worked with his fingers instead of with his head and will, in the form of a delicate pattern of grime, like the tracing of an ivy leaf, that no soap could ever erase. You saw it as the hand of a man who would beat all opposition to the earth, and who could hold the reins of government firmly. And when you looked at his face it was there as you would imagine it to be—iron-gray, like the products of his works, tested, dependable, unbreakable. Eyes that were slits of gray light; nose cut with a master blow of a creator's chisel; eyebrows that were brushes of iron-gray hair; mouth grim and restrained; cock's plume and jutting bannerol of iron-gray wire for hair and beard.

I Sometimes Fancy the Spirit of John Sobieski, King of the Poles, Looking at That Descendant of His Who Bears His Name

Forty-five years before, when he was twelve, he began his battle as engineer's helper in the great ironworks of which he was now master and owner. He was fifty-seven now, and he could never tell on what day his hardened arteries would carry him off. But he still knew his way about a furnace, and he could still take his trick at a rolling mill, he boasted. And he was prouder of that than of the ten millions at which his rating stood in Bradstreet's. Many men are born to gold and silver, but few are born to iron, and he was one of those, he claimed with grim satisfaction— he was the ironmaster, the master of iron.

And the bishop, as he sat watching him, saw on the screen of his mind the whole legendary cycle of this man take form and color. For he was already a legend. He remembered the story of the first and only strike at the works. A labor agitator from New York had come down to Leonardsville with flaming words and flaming promises. He tempted the men and they fell. They had no grievances. What brought them out was a fit of mob temperament. They dropped the slicers at the furnaces. The levers of the derricks were let go. The rolling mills stopped with a purr. A silence fell over the works. The men trooped toward the gate with a clatter of feet.

A squat, burly figure with a black beard turning grizzled was locking the gates with elaborate care. He kept his back to the mob and finished his work slowly and carefully, like a watchman doing rounds. There was a deliberation to the thing that was deadly.

"Rush him, men!" the labor man yelled. He took a quick stride forward.

The figure turned about slowly, deliberately, as before. The men saw the jutting beard and metal features of the ironmaster. He fumbled in his hip pocket and brought out a huge revolver. He leveled it at the strike maker.

"Come over here," he said quietly.

He tossed the agitator the key.

"Open that gate and get out of here," he ordered, "before I blow your head off."

The strike maker opened his lips and shut them quickly. The black, white-faced mass of mechanics and mechanics' helpers, furnace men, slicers, engineers and navvies stood silent in the greasy jumpers and caps. The only sound was that of the hammer of the pistol rising to full cock, like a snapping of fingers.

"I'm going to shoot," said the ironmaster.

The gate clattered and clanged as the strike maker hurried through it. He stopped outside.

"If you're not out of sight in ten seconds I'll kill you," the ironmaster continued evenly. "If I ever see you again I'll kill you. Get on." He turned about to the men.

"I won't say anything," he said angrily, "except this: You're the biggest collection of damned fools I ever saw together in one place. Get back to your work."

He walked back toward his office. As he sat down on his chair again the sound of the busy plant struck his ear. The derrick swung its chain upward in a whining clatter. Furnaces roared like the wind in valleys. Iron clanged like faulty bells.

And then there was that other episode that Dobbs, the thin, ascetic vicar, had told him—the episode at the deathbed of Anne Harbord, his wise, placid wife. That was twenty years ago.

Harbord had sat with her in the wide, bright bedroom on Madison Avenue for three nights and for three days, until the doctors saw that even his iron strength was groaning. The end came suddenly. There was a little whimper from the bed, and a panic-stricken white hand grasped at the ironmaster's huge paw.

"Good-by, Anne," he said quietly. "Good-by, old sweetheart. There's nothing to be afraid of. It's as pleasant over there as it is here and you'll get as square a deal. And I'll be over to you as soon as I can get away."

Good theology, the bishop thought, the theology of an honest man!

He was no conservative, was John Harbord. He believed in progress. When a new machine was invented he put it in his shop. He kept himself abreast of his time in science and politics. He had not, like many others of his pattern, a deep trust in democracy and a contempt for all institutions outside America. He had ideals for the conduct of his business. He believed in efficiency, in making as much money honestly as one could. But he leavened it all with a strain of chivalry that sounded to some like the dribble of a schoolboy socialist. He believed in work, not for the sake of work alone, not for the sake of money, but for something that he saw dimly like the shadow of the Grail. He wanted all labor to be strictly for the good of mankind, for the good of his country, for the good of himself.

I think it was because Anne Harbord died he began reading, for the great house seemed to go all of a sudden cold and lonely for lack of her placid presence. And Edna was either at school or in Europe, or dancing or week-ending in company of the hired chaperon. He tackled his reading as he tackled life—he wanted the big things, the muscular things. Economics he read to give him insight into the nation and the individual. History, for it became

under his train a vast colorful canvas—a processional of kings and queens, of gallant warriors, of potent cardinals, of shrewd statesmen. There must have been a great strain of chivalry in him. In the times of which he read, the days of tall lances and pawing chargers, he would have been one of those sturdy captains of yeomen who won the knight's gilt spurs on the field of battle and rose eventually to dukedoms and to be kings' confidants.

And then an idea came to him with the force of an obsession. With the high chivalry and nobility of Europe, with the honest efficiency of America, why could not a race of merchant princes be bred that would make the name of America, of the Anglo-Saxon race, lustrous in the history of the world? The infusion of the straight, clean blood of the people into the veins of European nobility would rejuvenate it as rain rejuvenates a sun-parched plant. The ideals of the great families, their sense of honor, their keen perception of what a gentleman may and may not do, would cure America of its commercialism, as it were, by the serums of culture and of antiquity.

Of course few would agree to this, he said to himself, few would immediately; but after there were a few examples of it opinion would change. It needed only a start. He was old, older than most men of his age, for gigantic labors and work at white heat had burned him out. If anyone were to carry out his plan it must be Edna—and she must do it before he died. If Edna had been different he might have gone in peace, leaving his plans to her for fulfillment with an easy mind. Bertha Krupp had carried on her father's work, but Edna was not a Bertha Krupp. And so he had arranged it—or rather Providence had arranged it for him.

The bishop rose. He was not very disappointed, for though he had got nothing he had expected little. He had known Harbord's views, and it was only his faith in miracles that had prompted him to ask the ironmaster to subscribe money for the conversion of the Moros.

"But I have a mind, John Harbord," he said, "after your refusing to help my work, to refuse to marry your daughter."

"Oh, you won't do that," the ironmaster laughed.

"Why not?" the bishop asked.

"Because," Harbord replied, "in the first place you promised to do it, and you'll hardly break your word; and in the second, if you did I should have you kidnaped and brought to the church, bound, gagged and manacled. People don't go back on what they say to me and get away with it."

II

WHATEVER Edna had inherited from her father of his tenacity, of his iron quality of will and soul; whatever from her mother of her placid wisdom, of her calm strength—all that had been nullified, neutralized, as it were, by the efforts of governesses, by boarding schools in Europe, by foolish companionship, by pinchbeck ambitions.

Under a thirty seconds' scrutiny she passed the test favorably. She had something of her father's features, irregular, compelling. Her eyebrows were heavy cords of black hair. A faint down covered her upper lip. Her nose was large, her brow small. The slight tinge of purple in her lips suggested her bountiful flow of blood. Her chin seemed determined. But the more you looked, the less you discovered in her. She lacked a motif, a climax. She was an arch with the keystone missing. She was destined to drift along, not to cut into life as her father had.

"I'll tell you what's wrong with Edna Harbord," said a friend of her father once. He thought of her father as a great cannon bombarding the world. "She's a misfire."

Everything that her father had not, that her mother had not, was hers to take advantage of—education, luxury, associations. If her mother had been there to guide her something might have been done—but she, poor lady, was dead when Edna was seven. All the ironmaster could do was to throw at her back the weapon of his wealth. That obtained everything for her—governesses, schools, friends. But all they taught her was to run to form; to have a slim ankled, expensively stockinged foot; to have a sleek, expensively hatted head; to chatter small talk; to appreciate musical comedy; to run a motor car; to drink, with expressions of dismay and a pretty modesty, an occasional cocktail. She was well dressed, because she could not be otherwise. That helped her none. She was ugly. That handicapped her where it was a question of love. At twenty-seven she was unmarried. If she had had one-half of her mother's comeliness, if she had had one-fourth of her father's will and magnetism, she would have been married eight years before. She had been too well chaperoned to have seen much of European men, so her wealth, her future wealth, did not get very much chance to exercise its attractions. And in America fortune hunters, contrary to general assumption, are rare.

She had no great thrills in the present; no great pleasures. She took as little cognizance of the mighty things at work about her as a plant might, or a well-fed cat. They were part of the scheme, and she was part of it, and what was there to admire or to see? She had no doubts of the future and no confidence in it. In a word, she was content. She was mentally purblind.

"Very nicely indeed, thank you," she invariably answered when she was asked how she was feeling, or whether she liked the sunset, or how her car was acting. Her words were the motto, the key, the criticism of her colorless life and soul.

She knew that her father planned a mighty future for her, that she was to be wedded to a great man, and the thought pleased her. She felt a mild thrill at the idea of being countess or duchess or princess somebody, but the man who was to come had no more life for her than the stock prince of a Hans Andersen tale.

So when John, Prince Sobieski, after a month's acquaintance informed her that he had her father's permission to ask her to marry him, she realized that the moment for which she had been prepared was present, and with a timidity that in another woman would have cloaked modesty or passion or affection, but in her denoted only embarrassment and awkwardness, she accepted him.

"Yes," she said awkwardly, and she nearly added "sir."

The Almanach de Gotha will tell you that his full name is Jean Armand Dieudonné Marie Joseph, Prince Sobieski; that he was born in Paris on the thirteenth of January, 18—; that he is the son of Casimir-Marc, Prince Sobieski. Its august pages now shelter the name of Edna May Harbord, who was born in Trenton in 18—. The marriage entry strikes you with a sense of shock.

If you have ever seen a picture of John III, King of Poland, you have a fair idea of what Jean, Prince Sobieski, looked like. They have both the same lean thinness, the same hatchet face with the deep-sunken brown eyes, nose like a Gascon's, mouth restrained at the corners, tumbling chestnut hair, jutting chin. They both impress you as sword blades. If you put pictures of both of them side by side you will see a subtle difference. Generations of alliances with the princesses of Hapsburg have given the prince a shrewd, calculating look; the blood of the heiresses of Napoleon's nobility has taken away the spark of the Sobieski fire. You will notice a difference between the concentration of the king whose cares were the affairs of his kingdom, and the conception of the prince whose worries were his own depleted coffers and his pressing debts.

It would have made very little matter to him financially if Jean, Prince Sobieski, had let the roulette wheel and the race track and the gambling table alone; for the Sobieski coffers were well-nigh empty at any rate. There is but one virtue to cards: They give the necessary thrill, the sense of tactical skill and providential interference, the glory of the risking of life and death, to the man who, other things being equal, would be maneuvering with armies in the battlefield or riding a dynasty to prosperity or downfall. The same dashing fire that had sent John, King of Poland, to do battle with the Turks at Vienna was driving his descendant to the risks of *rouge et noir*, of *vingt et un*, of blooded horses mounted by diminutive jockeys. And the worst of it was that Sobieski was one of those gamblers who seem born to lose, against whom Fate plays an implacable hand.

There came the inevitable day when Rennenberg, the smiling little banker of Budapest, refused to give cash for Sobieski promises. There was nothing further to mortgage, nothing further to sell.

"The time has come, my prince," he said cynically, "for you to get married."

"I'm afraid it has," said Sobieski simply.

It sounds very bad to those of us whose ancestors had not the misfortune to be kings. But, after all, marriage is a question of limitations. A white man may not marry any woman not of his own color. A Hohenzollern must mate with a Bourbon or other ranking equally high, or a Hapsburg with a Romanoff. An impoverished prince must marry the daughter of a wealthy commoner. To people brought up within these limitations the matter is perfectly simple. There is nothing narrow or bigoted or selfish in it.

"I suppose you will go to America," said the banker.

"I suppose I had better," Sobieski nodded. He was cursing Fate, for there was a little Magyar countess, a brown, gypsylike, light-hearted woman —— If things had only been different!

"You had better start out immediately," said Rennenberg. "You can have five thousand francs a week until the marriage day."

"I Built This Works, Layer by Layer, With the Labor of My Head and Hand"

So John, Prince Sobieski, came to America. He came ostensibly to shoot bear, and he proceeded to the Rockies, where he got some rather good pelts. There are certain conventions to be followed in hunting a fortune, exactly as there are in hunting a fox. Of the number of women eligible for his title he selected Edna Harbord, because in the first place she seemed as if she would not be very self-assertive in the bond of matrimony, and in the second place, queerly enough, because her father attracted him.

"A fine old chap," Sobieski admitted. "The last man on earth I thought a title would dazzle. But you never can tell."

From the first he had captured old Harbord's imagination. To the ironmaster he was the flesh-and-blood embodiment of his great dream. There was something royal about Sobieski. Someone said that the moment he entered a room you knew he was a prince. The trace of confidence in his walk, as if he were one of those to whom the earth was subject; the high courtesy; the soft inflection of voice that denoted generations of noble ancestry; the quiet challenge of his brown eyes; all this, as it were, hall-marked his metal in the eyes of John Harbord.

And his name! His lineage! There came to the ironmaster's eyes a vision of John III routing the Cossack hordes from the plains of Little Poland; the Turks flying from Bessarabia; the election in Cracow, with a hundred thousand throats choosing Sobieski as their king; the old age devoted to statecraft and to the patronage of science and letters. That was royalty, said old John Harbord. That was the royalty that America would one day see.

In Edna Harbord this imposing presence conjured up no visions, recalled no memories. She felt a sense of great awe before him, and not a little fear. She felt, as much as her small soul could feel, a sense of oppression and unreality when Sobieski slipped a ring on her finger.

They sat together, the old ironmaster and his daughter, on the night the engagement was arranged. They were dreaming, both of them—she of the respect her old friends would have for her when she was Princess Sobieski; he of a long line of mighty magnate princes with shoulders broad enough to carry the responsibilities of the world. A shadow flicked suddenly across his brow.

"Are you in love with him, Edna?" Harbord asked.

"Of course I am, father," she answered. She had not felt the slightest desire to throw both arms about him or to press her lips to his, or any joy at the prospect of having him for herself as her very own. But she understood that all people in love with each other married, and by some process of reasoning she arrived at the conclusion that all people to be married were in love. That was all she knew about it.

And these two, the ruined gamester and the spineless woman, these were the two whom the master of iron had chosen to fulfill the dream he had evolved from reading in books.

III

THEY had followed the ironmaster up so many turns of the circular iron stairway that Sobieski and Edna Harbord were becoming dizzy. They stepped out on the roof. It was warm and dark, and they had the sensation of being balanced in midair, looking down on the world.

"Here we are," said the ironmaster. His voice was grave.

From where they stood—on the edge of space, as it were—they could see the town and ironworks, in a huddle of lights, parallelograms, squares, triangles, mapped out like a gigantic fireworks in white and yellow. Streets flowed like rivers. It had a sense of ugliness, of life, of an ant hill. The light showed like an unsightly stain through the black. When they raised their heads they saw the stars vaguely through the yellow haze that hung about the town. The ironworks itself seemed like a thing apart, something grotesque, majestic. At regular intervals a sheet of red flame, from the gas exhaust, punched into the blackness and threw a satanic glare over the blackened building. There was a hoarse roar from it, as from some aroused animal. Below in the yard furnaces shot out arrows and javelins of dancing lights and showed the hunched figures of men rushing to and fro.

"All this," said the ironmaster slowly, "belongs to me or is dependent on me. It will be dependent on you."

A feeling of awe came over Sobieski as he stood there. The great wall of the plant, the tall chimneys like watch towers, the flinching red lights and the deep-blue shadows, the occasional figures scurrying through the yards, impressed him with a sense of power. It was as though this was a queer underworld kingdom, a kingdom of smoke and metal and flame, over which the shadow in the shadows of the roof ruled like a Pluto.

"And though it all is dependent on me," the old man said—he was choosing his words with care, as if pronouncing a defense for himself or a policy for the future—"although the profits come in to me, I never take it that the men are working for me, but for themselves, and I for the men. I am more their servant than they are mine."

The flash of the gas exhaust illumined his face. Sobieski saw it was turned upward. He thought vaguely of one of the Assyrian priest kings at prayer, with the flame of his sacrifice rising behind him. From below, the tang of molten iron plunged into water rose like a barbaric incense.

"If one of my workmen is ailing I take care of him until he can work again. If hard times come my men do not suffer. They give me honest work and I give them honest treatment. Of all the men in this place my responsibilities are heaviest. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, sir," said Sobieski.

"Do you, Edna?"

"Yes, father." The answer came glibly.

"To mete out justice according to the power that has been given you; to care for the weak; to work; to know the country, and to serve all mankind. That is what a man must do."

The great Nasmyth hammers below began clanking with steady, vibrating strokes. Derricks purred hoarsely. Engines puffed and spluttered. It seemed to Sobieski that after every sentence of the ironmaster the mighty machinery seemed to crash out a response, as though to a versicle.

"I built this works, layer by layer, with the labor of my head and hand. It's been my own kingdom on earth. I am going to leave it soon." He paused for a minute. "And you are going to carry it on."

Below in the darkness a group of men placed an anvil outside a door. A piece of flaming iron was held on it by pincers. A smith, stripped to the waist, took up his hammers and began battering it with swinging, grunting strokes. There was a coruscation of sparks.

"I want the work I started carried on. I want ore to be smelted and iron to be forged here in your life and in the life of your children. Will you carry it on?"

A vague fear began to trouble Sobieski. It was as though he were in the hands of enemies who were putting his soul to the test, ringing it to see whether it was true metal or metal that was false, striking with hammer strokes, forging it to another design. He wanted to get away.

"Promise me," the ironmaster asked solemnly. It was as though he were an ecclesiastic putting the vows of a sacrament.

"I will," said Sobieski.

The girl edged closer toward him. In the dim blackness her white frock showed like a ghost. Sobieski did not feel her presence as he felt that of the old man. There was something cogent, something driving, in the ironmaster. Even his daughter seemed afraid of him.

"I want you to run this business as I have done it, for the people, for the country, for the sake of work, and not for money merely. Will you do that? Promise me!"

"I will," Sobieski replied.

"Will you take care of every one of those dependent on you? Will you see that every man has a square deal? Remember that the kingdom of the future is the big business plant. Will you look after your kingdom, take care of it, broaden it, pass it on to your sons after you? And they to their sons? Will you promise me?"

"I will."

"And you too, Edna? Promise me too."

"I promise, father."

The old man turned away. He was silent.

"I am satisfied," he said. "When I die it will still go on. It will be a monument and an example."

The three of them looked out on the yellow town. A splash of moonlight showed on the horizon and there was a mist rising, white, mysterious, in the distance. The noises of the great works became silent gradually, as the men turned to go home. Sobieski felt the girl coming closer to him, as if she were seeking the protection that marriage promised her against the solemnity of the abdication she was witnessing. Sobieski felt there were tears in the ironmaster's eyes.

"I am going below," said Harbord abruptly. "Wait here a little while and think."

A sort of patronizing pity made the Pole stretch his hand out and touch the girl's shoulder. She came closer to him. They looked into the night with awe.

"It's so ugly!" she broke out petulantly. "And so drab!"

"You are going off to Europe with me on Saturday, little dove," he said, "and you won't see this for a year." And little by little, as he talked to her, she forgot the deep shadows and the red flames and the yellow pattern of the lights of the town, and before her eyes there rose the sweep of the Bois de Boulogne, with the great arch in the distance; the clear, hard blue of the Riviera, and the vari-colored race track at Deauville, with the silk-jacketed jockeys flashing by toward the judges' stand.

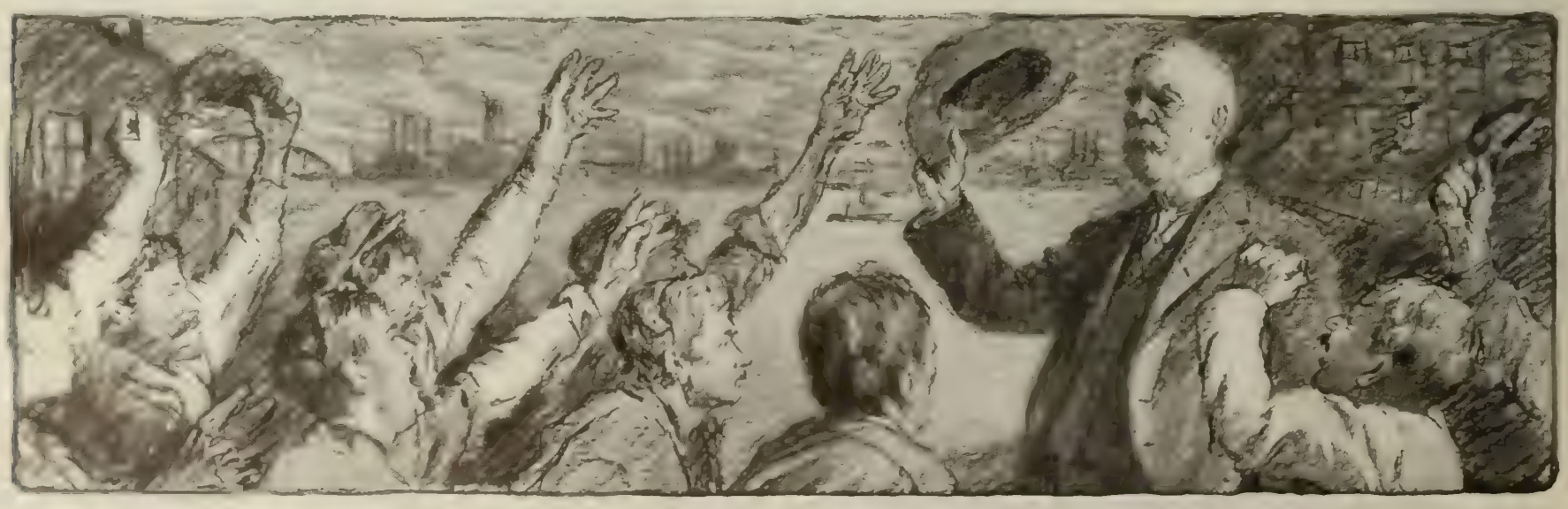
IV

AND so for one year life moved for them in a highly colored carnival, and Edna, Princess Sobieski, bathed in the prismatic shower like a naiad in a waterfall.

Marriage, after the first shock of novelty, became for her the same placid thing that her maidenly life had been. It was as though she had changed trains at a junction, and, in her new direction, was accompanied by more expensive and more elegant friends, moved through a more picturesque and mellow country, and was to have a fellow traveler for the whole journey who by the grace of God was a prince of the earth, and who graciously permitted her to call him "Jean." She began to care for him automatically—as though marriage had hypnotized her. There is a natural hypothesis that one loves one's husband. Her affection, love—whatever it was—for Sobieski was the result of autosuggestion. Another factor was that Sobieski never gave her the least cause for regret, for grumbling, for hatred. He was naturally courteous, naturally chivalrous toward all women. Edna Harbord, the ironmaster's daughter, may have had no dignity, no standing, but the Princess Sobieski had—*ex officio*, so to speak—and he was the first to accord it to her.

Apart from this, as a common-sense proceeding why should one maltreat the goose that was to lay golden eggs?—going to, for as yet there was hardly the glimmer of the metal in the princely barnyard. Those matters were to be arranged when they returned from the honeymoon, so old John Harbord had said. Sobieski trusted him. It is only

(Continued on Page 61)



A Vast Explosion of Voices Told Them That the Ironmaster Had Stepped Out Among His People

THE BREAKER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

III

IT WAS late in the afternoon of the next day before Widder got back to his room. For an hour and a half he had impatiently waited in a Twenty-third Street cobbler's den while his leaky shoes were being repaired, and all the clocks of the world, during that time, seemed to be thrown into their lowest gear. For once in his life he was not turning home like a tired horse to its manger. He was anxious to hear the news of the girl in the back room.

He found her standing in her open doorway as he climbed the last flight of stairs, and he felt, as he looked into her troubled face, that the day had been one of disaster for her.

"How did it turn out?" he asked a little breathlessly, for he had not tarried in his ascent.

"Doctor Funkhouser said I'd done very well. He still thinks I'm too young, but he's given me the position."

"That's fine!" declared Widder.

"But it's not to begin until a week from to-morrow," explained the girl.

"But you won!" announced the triumphant Widder.

"We won!" she amended. "He even told me he'd made that dictation especially hard, as a sort of test."

"Then the rest will be easier!" Widder assured her.

She was silent a moment. Then she looked him honestly in the eyes.

"I don't even know what your name is," she told him without a trace of the embarrassment which that statement suddenly brought to him.

"My name is Widder," he said.

"And mine is Alice Tredwell."

The man at the stair head felt that this seemingly casual interchange of information as to patronymics took unto itself the nature of a function calling for some further word or promise of friendlier relationship. But he found himself unable to think of anything appropriate or to utter anything definite. Flushing a little, he turned irresolutely about and started for his door. He knew that she was still watching him as he took out his keys and unlocked that door. She was still standing there, staring silently after him, as he stepped into his room.

He wanted to say something to her, but he could not quite make out what that something was. He had been awkward enough, he felt, without making a further fool of himself. So his only safety seemed to lie in flight.

But to swing shut his door while she still stood there would clearly be betraying him as lacking in delicacy. It would be almost as bad as slamming it in her face. So instead of shutting that protective portal, he left it meticulously, yet unmistakably, ajar. He hung up his hat and coat and stood there, before lighting his gas, wondering if Alice Tredwell was still in her own doorway. He even wondered if a word or two more would not redeem his exit from awkwardness. He was, in fact, debating what form these words should take when there came to his ear the sound of footsteps on the fourth-floor stairway.

About these footsteps was something slow and fateful. They mounted laboriously yet resolutely, causing a vague sinking feeling in Widder's visceral region. For even before he heard the confirmatory asthmatic wheeze, so oddly like the intermittent hiss of a leisurely serpent, Widder knew it was Mrs. Feeney.

He stood there for one irresolute second, rooted to the spot. Then, remembering the force of the ancient maxim that a man's house is his castle, he started stealthily for the door, determined to have the advantage of at least that fragile barrier. For Widder's conscience was not so clear as it might have been.

Before reaching that door, however, Widder heard the voice of Mrs. Feeney, arresting and authoritative.

"Well, miss?"

"What Would You Say if I Told You That I'd Stolen That Money?"

In those two mournfully enunciated monosyllables, Widder realized, lay something vaguely accusatory, something portentously interrogative, something that was more an ultimatum than a salutation. It was no wonder Alice Tredwell did not answer. Widder could picture the girl staring in silence at that dolorous apparition which had emerged without warning from the well of the stairway.

"I have come, miss, for my room rent!"

Widder, listening, was struck by the fact that the seemingly innocent word "miss" could be made opprobrious, could be snapped like a whiplash in the face of the guilty.

"But I haven't got it for you," answered the girl.

The asthmatic Mrs. Feeney groaned audibly:

"Yuh was two weeks behind last Saturday!"

"But you distinctly said you would give me another week. And next week I'll have my position. I'll be making almost three dollars a day."

"And I guess I wouldn't be makin' three dollars a year if I tried to run this house on hot air. I want my money or I want my room!"

The girl apparently was studying that inexorable figure confronting her.

"But why should you so suddenly change your mind?"

Again Mrs. Feeney emitted her sepulchral groan:

"Things has happened in this house to make me change my mind!"

"What do you mean by that?" promptly challenged the younger voice.

Widder was a little astonished at her spirit. It was unexpected in one so young. But mingled with his surprise was a trace of envy. Thus openly to defy Mrs. Feeney was a luxury denied him. Fate had left him with too much at stake. His roots had struck too deep to be lightly transplanted. This carefree girl, on the other hand, was without encumbrances. She was free to move from one hall room to another, to toss a few things together and flit from street to street, and from ward to ward, as free as the birds of the air.

"I keep a respectable house," averred Mrs. Feeney.

"Then be so kind as to keep your speech respectable."

"And my house will be kept respectable," continued Mrs. Feeney, pursuing the straight line of her purpose.

"Otherwise I would not be here," retorted the girl.

"And yuh will not be here unless them debts is paid, and paid to-night!"

Again unbroken silence reigned in the hallway.

"That means you'd turn me out of my room here on an hour's notice?"

"It means I pay my debts! And I expect others to pay theirs!"

The girl laughed a little bitterly.

"Then I suppose you can take the room. I'll have my trunk away inside of an hour!"

Mrs. Feeney's pause was an oratorical one.

"That trunk, young lady, stays right where it sets."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know the law. And that trunk ain't moved until I get my money."

"But you insist I move out! I must go, you say, and leave my trunk in your hands?"

"That's the law."

Again a moment's silence reigned.

When the girl spoke she did so with sudden decisiveness:

"Will you wait a moment, please?"

Widder, suddenly conscious that her swift steps were approaching his door, dropped tinglingly back to the canary cage, where he made a pretense of thrusting a bit of cuttle bone through the narrow bars.

Then, in response to her repeated knock, he crossed the room and swung open the door. The girl's face was much whiter than he had expected, but her manner was without precipitancy:

"Mr. Widder, I am in a dilemma. New York rooming houses are something rather new to me. This woman is threatening to turn me out in the street and keep my trunk. Can she do that?"

Widder, staring past the straight-lined figure of the girl, beheld the heavier and gloomier figure of the sibyl-like Mrs. Feeney.

"But on—on what grounds would she do that?" temporized the embarrassed umpire.

"Because I haven't paid my rent for two weeks."

The position was a delicate one, one calling for diplomacy with which Widder knew himself to be unblessed.

"But Mrs. Feeney is really one of the kindest of women, Miss Tredwell—at heart really one of the kindest of women," he repeated over the girl's disdainful shoulder. "And I'm sure there must be —— "

"There is!" gloomily interpolated Mrs. Feeney.

"I'm sure there must be reasons," stumbled on Widder, "reasons —— "

"Reasons there is, Mr. Widder, as yuh well know!" avowed the sibyl-like figure.

"As I well know?" inquired Widder with rising spirit.

Mrs. Feeney held up one apostrophic arm. The gesture made her startlingly like Sargent's Isaiah.

"No, Mister Widder, I ain't holdin' yuh up to blame. It ain't yuh. Yuh was imposed on and made use of. Yuh was tempted, and bein' only flesh, yuh fell!"

Widder's denial of this was unexpectedly prompt:

"But believe me, Mrs. Feeney, I have not fallen. I have no intention of falling, whatever you may mean by that absurd word."

The vigor of this disclaimer seemed to pain Mrs. Feeney. But Widder was decidedly averse to appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the girl with the smile of judicial scorn about the lips.

"No, Mister Widder, yuh will be watched over as though yuh was my own. I'll see to that. Yuh're a man as ain't

given to shenanigan, when you're let alone. Yuh're as steady and easy-goin' a roomer as ever lived on this top floor. And I ain't holdin' this against yuh. Yuh was loored into it. Yuh was as putty in the hands o' the temptress!"

But Mrs. Feeney's quite unwelcomed vindication of his character was interrupted by the voice of the girl herself, a little tremulous with anger:

"Mr. Widder, this coarse and evil-minded woman seems to think that some great crime has taken place in this house of hers. This seems to have happened, apparently, because you and I have spoken to each other a couple of times. So ——"

"Spoken?" groaned the funereal Mrs. Feeney. "Spoken? Young woman, it ain't the kind o' speakin' I favor, goin' and comin' and whisperin' together in the dark, a full half hour after midnight! There's plenty o' houses for the likes o' that and for the likes o' yuh. But this ain't goin' to be one o' them!"

The girl gave a gasp of helpless indignation. She stood there apparently racked by some inward struggle to which she could give no outward expression. Then she deliberately turned her back on the accusatory figure of Mrs. Feeney and addressed Widder. She did so with an oddly coerced composure:

"Mr. Widder, can you lend me twelve dollars for two or three weeks if I leave my typewriter with you as security?"

"It ain't her typewriter!" promptly and gloomily interpolated Mrs. Feeney.

But Widder paid no attention to that interruption. His mind was preoccupied with the dilemma confronting him. For he painfully remembered that he did not possess twelve dollars. His cash on hand, after paying for his shoe repairs, he remembered, was exactly two dollars and eighteen cents. But to admit this would be to eat the dust of utter humiliation. It suddenly came home to him that his whole method of life had been a too inconsequential one. He had been satisfied to drift along without thinking of the future. He had muddled along in a hand-to-mouth manner, and here was the one person in the world he wanted to do a good turn for, the one person in the world he ought to help, quietly requesting the loan of twelve dollars, while he was compelled to face the ignominy of acknowledging that he did not possess that meager amount of ready capital.

Then Widder remembered his nest egg. He suddenly remembered the suitcase in the bottom of the carpenter's chest. He recalled the neat packets of yellowbacks and knew that they were now wholly and undisputedly his property. If he hesitated it was only for the fraction of a second.

"Of course I can lend you twelve dollars," he said, and his voice was as composed as the girl's when he spoke. "I haven't that amount on me, but I can have it here in five minutes."

"I'm sorry to cause you that trouble," he heard her saying; "but you can see how absurd the situation is!"

"Of course it's absurd," agreed Widder. "And the sooner it's ended the better. So if you'll wait a minute I'll get my hat and coat on!"

He backed meekly in through his open door, closing it quietly after him. He was tempted to lock it, but he thought better of this. As he pulled out the heavy carpenter's chest, however, and struggled with its double locks, he did so without lighting the gas jet in his little dark room. Then he lifted out the suitcase and put it flat on his worktable. To open its lock with his filed-down buttonhook took him longer than he expected.

By the time he was able to swing back the lid he was bathed in a fine perspiration of excitement. But it took him only a moment to unearth one of the yellowbacks, thrust it into his pocket, and relock the suitcase. Then he restored it to its hiding place, wriggling into his overcoat and catching up his hat as he started off.

He saw no sign of Alice Tredwell as he passed her door. But on the second landing down he found himself suddenly accosted by the apparitional Mrs. Feeney.

"Mister Widder, I want to warn yuh," began the lugubrious figure blocking his way.

"And I want to warn you, Mrs. Feeney," retorted Widder with quite unlooked-for heat. "I want to warn you that if you treat that girl up there unfairly you not only lose her but you lose me! You lose me," repeated Widder with a qualifying afterthought, "as soon as my next month is up!"

Mrs. Feeney regarded him with much pity.

"The wool has been pulled over your eyes, Mister Widder, as yuh suttinly will see when yuh know wimmen as I know 'em! Yuh ain't yuhself, or words like them'd never pass between yuh and me!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Widder as he swept past her; for whatever turn the tide might take, she was now a trivial figure in his scheme of things.

In the street he took out his twenty-dollar yellowback, stealthily crumpled it up in his hand, straightened it out, and still again crumpled it into a compact little ball. This, repeated a few times, gave the note every appearance of age. As he hurried eastward and then northward along Third Avenue, he remembered with sudden regret the Twenty-third Street bartender whom he hated, and on whom, in his dreams, he was so continuously wreaking prodigious revenges. It would serve the bartender right, Widder knew, to take the bill to that simian-faced Hibernian who had openly insulted him for partaking a little too freely of a free lunch which had obviously been set out to be partaken of. But this was no time, Widder remembered as he swung into the street-corner meat market that he had occasionally visited in his days of affluence, for the wreaking of personal vengeance.

He was still quite calm, for he had taken no time for thought. He merely remembered that a young woman with brown hair and honest hazel eyes was in a serious predicament, that he stood, in a way, the basic cause of that predicament, and that on his shoulders rested the task of ending it. So his tone was matter of fact enough as he faced one of the white-aproned butchers and asked for a pound of veal cutlet, sliced thin.

It was not until he watched the slicing and weighing of this veal cutlet that he realized how he stood in the midst of adventure, face to face with danger. He was quietly taking the plunge from which he had shuddered back for many a long day. He was breaking a counterfeit bank note. He was committing a crime against the laws of his country.

Widder had already tossed the bill down on the counter. As it lay there it seemed to be advertising its spuriousness to all the world. It seemed fairly to shout aloud the message that it was bad, bad, bad!

He watched the white-cuffed hand of the big blond butcher as he picked up the yellowback, straightened it out and turned toward his cash register.

But he still stood staring at the bill.

That stare, Widder saw, was one of doubt, of hesitation. Then Widder's heart suddenly came up into his mouth, for the butcher had turned back to him.

"Is this the smallest you've got?" demanded the heavy-bodied man in the white apron.

"Yep!" chirruped Widder with tragically forced facetiousness. "And I wish it was bigger!"

The butcher turned back to his cash register. Widder breathed more easily as he heard the grind and clutter of the mysterious nickeled mechanism. He took up the nineteen dollars and seventy-two cents in lawful currency of the commonwealth, put it in his pocket and walked out of the shop. It was easier than he had imagined.

But a cloud shadowed him as he went. It was a vague and undefined cloud, as impalpable as a Scotch mist, but it enveloped him in an abiding sense of chill. It submerged completely the sense of triumph that for one brief moment had flashed through him. It made his step hurried and furtive, prompting him to look discreetly back over his shoulder, from time to time, to make sure he was not being followed. It touched him with a feeling of unrest that was quite new to his bovinely tranquil soul.

On the whole it was a pretty bad piece of business. He didn't like it. But the entire thing, he called back to that disquieting inner voice, had been forced on him. He'd had no choice in the matter. And if there were times when the end ought to justify the means, this was surely one of them. Yet, as he made his way homeward, he could not shake off the feeling that he was being followed. It was not a pleasant feeling, and it prompted him to hasten his steps. He suddenly asked himself, as he skulked about into Twenty-fourth Street and dodged into the shelter of Mrs. Feeney's doorway, if this feeling could possibly stay with him and leave him a marked man for life.

He pushed the pound of veal cutlet down into his overcoat pocket as he climbed the stairs. On the top floor he found the hall-room door open and Alice Tredwell busy packing up her belongings.

She flushed a little as she saw him counting out the twelve dollars. Her flush deepened as she took the money from his hand.

"Are you sure that's all you'll need?" he inquired, staring at her with abashed yet anxious eyes.

"I'm sorry to take even this much," she told him. "And I've put the typewriter in its case and left it just outside your door."

"But I don't want the typewriter," he protested, flushing in turn. "I can't and won't take it!"

Her judicial eyes met his for several moments of silence.

"All right," she finally agreed; "for that will leave it more personal, more of a debt of honor for me."

He scarcely caught her viewpoint, but he gave the matter little thought, for he noticed that she had resumed her packing.

"You're not—not going to leave here?" he asked almost with consternation.

"Yes," she answered.

"But now that you can pay up your room rent ——" he began.

"I could never sleep in the same house with that woman. She said too much that hurt!"

A great sense of deprivation swept through Widder.

"I'm—I'm sorry," he said.

"It's my own fault. And the change was no trouble. I've just found another room in Twenty-seventh Street."

"Another room?" echoed Widder.

"And I've telephoned for an expressman. But even if we do live a few blocks apart, surely we can still be friends."

Those words ran like wine through Widder's tired brain.

"I wish we could be friends," he said quite humbly as he stood watching her while she faced her little gilt-framed mirror and calmly but perilously speared her headgear with two exceptionally long hatpins.

"And now I must go down and face the dragon!" she said with a grim smile.

Widder, realizing what that valedictory speech meant, felt his heart sink.

"Can't I help you with any of your things?" he forlornly inquired.

"The expressman can take everything easily," she said with a half-humorous glance down at the small collection. Then she looked quickly up at Widder, who stood turning his hat round and round in his hands.

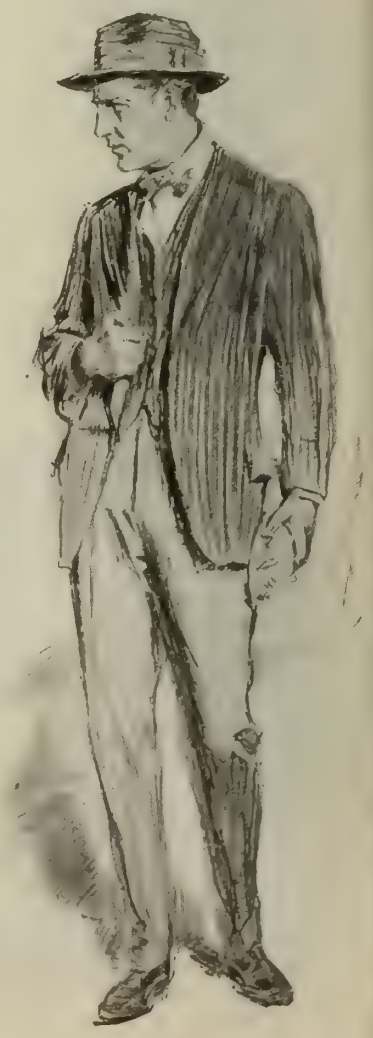
"Here I have been keeping you late for your dinner," she cried with a gesture of self-reproof.

A wave of audacity swept through Widder as he stood staring back into those self-accusatory hazel eyes. She seemed to have the trick of instigating such waves.

"Have you had dinner?" he demanded.

"No," she told him. "I haven't even thought of eating."

"Is This the Smallest You've Got?"



"Neither had I," he admitted. Then he steeled himself for the great effort, for he was about to do something that he had never before done in all his life.

"Why couldn't we have dinner together?" he said with the ghost of a quaver in his voice.

She shook her head in negation after a second or two of silence. A look of alarm mounted to her eyes.

"I don't mean here," explained Widder. "But there's a German restaurant a few blocks over where you get a cracking good *table d'hôte*. A *table d'hôte* with music for fifty cents."

She stood studying his solemnly anxious face. Her alarm seemed slowly to depart. A cracking good dinner, as Widder had described it, carried an appeal that tended to usurp her imagination.

"I will if you'll make it a Dutch treat!" she finally agreed.

But Widder would not hear of this. "And I think we—we rather deserve it," he argued, a little dizzy with the ichor of adventure.

"All right," she said with a reciprocal light of recklessness in her own eyes. Then she asked almost mockingly: "But what would Mrs. Feeney think?"

That lightly asked question translated itself into something momentous to Widder. It served to bracket them together as fellow conspirators. They were sharers of a secret. They were partners now, held together by the bond of an enterprise unknown to the world. They were friends with faith enough in each other to defy convention.

"I don't care what Mrs. Feeney thinks!" announced Widder with such vigor that his ultimatum echoed down the well of the musty staircase and, being overheard by an asthmatic figure emerging from her Plutonian lair to lower the gas—left so prodigally flaring by the Musical Morrisseys—was answered by a faint but funereal groan from the nether darkness.

"No, Mister Widder, I Ain't Holdin' This Against Yuh. Yuh Was Loored Into It"

IV

WIDDER, as he sat opposite Alice Tredwell at the little square table in the German restaurant, felt that his day had been an epochal one. Not only bewildering new vistas of activity but equally new byways of emotion had opened up before him. He had found an unexpected joy in treading his way side by side with a young woman through the circuitous night streets of the city. He rejoiced in the thought that he was, for the time being, her guide and her protector. He enjoyed the lights and the warm air and the heavy smell of coffee and cooked food that filled the restaurant. He enjoyed the noodle soup and the pot roast and the thought that they were to end up with brick ice cream in three colors, and a *demi-tasse*. And he also enjoyed the player piano with the mechanical violin attachment, that discoursed a repertory of German waltzes, quite merry and dashing, and seemed to give the needed touch of splendor to the occasion.

But his greatest joy, oddly enough, was an entirely subsidiary and vicarious one. It was the delight of seeing another finding open pleasure in what he had placed before her. For Alice Tredwell, he saw, was eating with the honest and impersonal appetite of a healthy boy. The thought even occurred to him that this was the sort of thing he should like to do quite often. But to make a practice of things such as this, he remembered, meant that one must have money. Fifty-cent *tables d'hôte*, with music and printed bills of fare, were only for the affluent. And the thought of money brought his mind back to the one subject that he had tried to avoid. He remembered the yellow-back in the cash register of a certain market. He had become a "breaker." He had passed counterfeit money.

He had tried to avoid the memory of that fact, to obliterate it by immersing himself in newer sensations. But through every mood and move it had hung above him like a cloud. Even the impulse that had sent him off on this adventure of dining in foreign parts, he tacitly acknowledged, had partly arisen from the dread of sitting alone in his room and wondering if every footstep that mounted the musty stairs meant some minion of the law in search of him. And keen as had been his delight in piloting his lighter-hearted companion through the many-lamped streets, he knew that he had more than once glanced furtively back to make sure he was not being followed. And he wondered, as he sniffed the warm air so redolent with exotic beverages and homelier savors of the kitchen, if all life's highest moments were clouded by some shadow out of the humdrum past, if all earthly grandeur could be had only at the final cost of character. Then he looked down at his place, for he found that the girl on the opposite side of the table was watching him.

"Are you still worrying about Mrs. Feeney?" she asked.

"Not a bit!" he promptly protested, though he was inwardly disturbed at the discovery that his moments of unrest did not escape her attention.

"Will you tell me something?" she said after a minute's silence. "Will you tell me if I put you to much trouble when I borrowed that money from you to-night?"

"Why?" he equivocated.

"Because I thought you looked worried when you came back—not worried exactly, but as though you had been compelled to make sacrifices to get what I asked for."

It both appalled and comforted him to realize how close she had come to guessing his predicament. And he was so awkward and untried a consort with crime that he found it no easy matter to endure that fellowship in silence. But enormities such as his, he felt, were not to be paraded.

"It didn't take me five minutes," he protested without meeting her gaze.

"Then I was wrong?" she persisted. And he knew she was not a woman whom it would be easy to deceive.

He did not want an open lie to stand like an unsheathed sword between them. The scabbarded deceptions of evasion, on the other hand, would never hold back that honest and ardent spirit of hers. And Widder, sitting darkly at the door of his soul's tent, for a moment tried to tell himself that he had a right to his reservations. A horror had dropped from the skies into the quiet garden of his life as a dead shell might drop beside a Belgian nunnery, and he had proceeded to bury that horror away. No, the voice from within the guarded tent retorted, he had not buried it away. He had merely covered it over and left all its potential explosiveness unimpaired. It would always be under his feet now, like a mine of lyddite under his orderly parterres of Industry. And the area of his life was too narrow for the secret nursing of such a monster.

"Would you rather not answer that question?" the girl was asking him.

He stared at her with mildly questioning eyes. He realized that she had in some way brought brilliance into his life. But it was a brilliance that had been disrupting. She had invaded his firmament, his timeless firmament of mild tranquillities, like a hot and hurrying comet scoring its path across a pallid Milky Way. If she had lighted up his day she had also lighted up its misdeeds. And he found a black joy in the thought of suddenly confronting her with the truth.

"What would you say if I told you that I'd stolen that money?" he found himself asking her.

"I wouldn't believe it," was her thoughtful answer.

"Why?" he demanded. He knew now that, if she had succeeded in pinning him down, he would have been as helpless as a museum moth.

"Because I think you are essentially honest," was her confident reply.

"Well, it was almost as bad as stealing it," he triumphantly protested, realizing that it was now his turn to bracket her with him as a conspirator.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Because I broke a twenty-dollar counterfeit bill to get the money you wanted." He spoke very quietly, but his voice was tremulous with suppressed excitement.

Equally quiet was the girl as she received the full impact of that message. He had expected her quick hands to fling some fresh brand on his fire of self-immolation. But in this she disappointed him.

"You mean you didn't have twelve dollars?" she asked.

"I'd only a little over two dollars."

"And also this counterfeit bill?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"How long had you had the counterfeit?"

"A long time!"

Her brow, for some reason he could not comprehend, cleared perceptibly at that assertion.

"Why had you never passed it?"

"I'd never needed to," he told her, and it wasn't until he beheld her faint wince that he realized the brusquerie of that confession.

"Then why didn't you give me the counterfeit?" she continued. He stared at her in amazement. The enforced lowness of their voices gave a factitious air of intimacy to all their talk.

"And have you run the risk of breaking a bad bill?" he demanded.

The cloud of that offense had hung heavy enough over his own head. He had already dramatized too many exigencies and imagined too many arresting hands being placed on his shoulder and too many Federal trials and final commitments.

"Yet you ran the same risk yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but it's different with a man."

Her face was troubled again.

"You mean you'd done this sort of thing before?"

"No, I'd never done it before. I'd been too cowardly."

She sat staring thoughtfully down into her coffee cup. Then she suddenly looked up at him.

"You don't mind my questioning you this way, do you? You see, it's all so tremendously important."

Although Widder did not see, he felt that her viewpoint ought at least to be respected.

"But the thing's over and done with," he protested. "And no amount of talking can put it right."

"Then you feel that it ought to be put right if you found a way of doing it?" she asked almost hopefully.

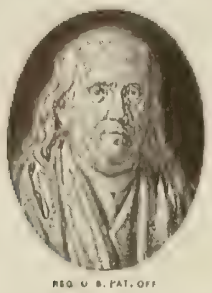
"Yes, it ought to be put right," he agreed, but without enthusiasm. Twenty dollars, he remembered, was twenty dollars. And bills of that size did not grow on bushes. Never, in a whole year's time, had he been twenty dollars ahead of the game.

"So, you see, the thing's not over and done with. It's really only beginning."

"Beginning?" echoed Widder.

(Continued on Page 49)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.: D.: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

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By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 22, 1916

Too Busy

WE DO not know any good reason to discredit the intimations from Washington that Congress will be too busy at this session to take up the matter of a national budget. That would be rather like Congress. Nobody we know of, in Washington or out, denies that the present method of spending public money inevitably leads to extravagance and inefficiency. But in this particular session Congress will spend more money than ever before, and its time will be so fully occupied with disbursing a billion and a quarter of the public's funds that probably it will be unable to devote any attention to the incidental matter of spending the money wisely.

Spending the money is the exigent thing. Considering how it may be spent to the best purpose is a thing for leisurely deliberation. You have perhaps taken a small child with a nickel into a candy shop and observed that it immediately spent the nickel for the first article of confection that met its eye, and then looked round the shop to see whether there was something else it might have liked better.

True, there is much to do at this session, which—one may hope—will be short. But a national budget has been discussed for several years. The faults of the present system have been copiously described and pretty unanimously admitted. We come now to greater expenditures than ever; but there has really been no time, and there is no time now, to adopt a better method.

The Pay Envelope

PROBABLY two-thirds of the inhabitants of the United States live out of a pay envelope—that is, on wages, or on salaries that are only wages under a politer name. Employees of manufactures, mines and railroads exceed ten millions. There are six million farm laborers. Skilled workmen not in manufactures, such as carpenters, masons, plumbers, dressmakers, number a million and a half. There are salespeople, teamsters, laborers in the building trades, and so on. Though these figures are only rough approximations, one can count up twenty-five millions who are pretty certainly on the pay roll.

There are many others whose status is uncertain. For example, there is no way of telling whether the butcher, baker, blacksmith or barber is an employee or a proprietor. But of thirty-eight million people gainfully employed, about two-thirds no doubt live on wages. They may be proprietors, too, of a savings-bank account, a few bonds, a house and lot. But their main dependence for a livelihood is the pay envelope.

Hence the tremendous importance of wages—for probably about nine salaries out of ten are indistinguishable from wages except by name.

The yearly wage bill of the country has been estimated at fourteen billion dollars, which we take to be conservative. This would be a little under half the estimated total national income of thirty billions. The remainder goes largely to ten millions, or thereabout, of employers or proprietors—largely because there are the professional people to be paid, and some of those on the pay roll are proprietors, too, although relatively, no doubt, to only a small extent. The ten millions, or thereabout, includes nearly six million farmers—roughly one-third tenants, two-thirds owners—considerably over a million retail dealers, and a very large number of other small proprietors who do not think they are getting an undue share.

As a large and everstanding proposition, there should be more and always more in the pay envelope. But you cannot cut out of a given piece of cloth more garments than the cloth contains.

The Nation's Meat Market

A LETTER from a country banker raises the question whether the big packers' domination of the meat trade operates injuriously to the livestock industry. Many people in the livestock industry believe it does; but it is a hard case to prove.

We had a big wheat crop in 1914 and one that broke the record in 1915, yet wheat prices are high. The export demand, they say, accounts for this. Well, there is a big export demand for beef and pork products too.

Shipments in 1915 were much larger than in 1914, yet prices are not higher. They were rather lower in 1915 than in 1914.

In considering this contrast the fact that the meat trade is largely in the hands of a few men naturally attracts attention. The business of these men has been investigated as thoroughly as any in the country, and the Government's prosecution of them failed. Their position in the meat trade seems to be a result of free competition, with the ablest competitors naturally coming out on top.

As contrasted with the packing industry, the livestock industry is unorganized. A foot-and-mouth epidemic, a short corn crop, or soft corn in a given region, points to a final decrease in the supply of meat animals and ought to be a reason for higher prices. But usually, in fact, its first result is a great rush of stock to market, which lowers prices. Grain can be held indefinitely at small expense. To hold livestock, which must be fed daily, involves much expense.

The meat market operated unsatisfactorily to growers last year. The question is whether the trouble did not arise from complete lack of organization in the growing end rather than from highly developed organization in the packing end.

The War Decision

A TROUBLESOME thing about this war is the difficulty of deciding whether its object has been achieved. Both sides say the prime object is to make sure that another like war shall not occur for a long time to come. The Germans say they must secure the independence of the Fatherland, with due weight in the world and due liberty to expand, and with reasonable guaranties that its present enemies shall not again attack it. The Allies generally say the grand object is to reduce Germany to such a state that it cannot attack a neighbor for fifty or a hundred years. Napoleon seemed to have reduced Prussia to that state, but in little more than fifty years it was overrunning Austria and France.

To make Germany actually impotent and negligible would probably involve a quantity of military destruction compared with which the quantity already wrought would be small. France seemed pretty thoroughly crushed after the Franco-Prussian War, but has a far more formidable army now than ever under the third Napoleon. Shattering a virile state into actual helplessness is a tremendously tall order. On the other hand, a distinct failure to conquer on Germany's part, an acknowledgment that she is unable to overcome her enemies—with the natural revulsion of her people against enormous sacrifices that accomplished nothing—might very well put an end to any danger of aggression from her government.

A liberal peace treaty may very well be more lasting than a drastic one. The most useful object of the war is to get the notion of fighting out of Europe's head.

Definitions

THE common tongue has been enriched within the last year or so by a new word—one of those highly convenient controversial terms that mean whatever the user chooses to imply. The word is "pacifist."

If you should ask a pacifist probably he would say the word meant one who believed lasting peace among nations to be a practically attainable object, because people are growing more humane; because it is increasingly evident that trade is a more dependable instrument of national aggrandizement than war is; because the certain costs of war outweigh any probable advantages to be derived from it; because the masses of the common people see more and more clearly that they suffer the losses of war and gain nothing from its victories, so that every government will be more and more reluctant to start a quarrel. Probably he would say a pacifist was one who believed in circulating and insisting upon these reasons against war, hoping thereby to create a universal body of opinion that would permanently check military aggression.

If you ask a violent opponent he would probably say pacifist meant a fool, a poltroon, a traitor who believed in submitting to every injury and would cheerfully hand the United States or his children or the wife of his bosom over to anybody who made a truculent demand. The word is used indifferently as a synonym for Christian, philosopher, humanitarian, ass, coward, demagogue, knave. It could be applied with equal appropriateness to Washington, who counseled avoidance of European quarrels, or to Benedict Arnold, who sought to end the Revolutionary War by betraying his country.

It is nice to have a handful of these large, loose terms lying round. They save one the effort of exact thought.

Borrowing on Land

OVER a year ago the Land Bank of the State of New York was established by the legislature to mobilize farm-mortgage and town-mortgage credit. It was to act for local coöperative loan associations already long in existence, taking their mortgages on real estate and selling its bonds or debentures based on such mortgages.

The primary machinery for the scheme—namely, the local associations—had been in operation for years. But it is only just recently that the Land Bank made its first issue of bonds—fifty thousand dollars in amount, bearing four and a half per cent interest and sold at par. It took many months to get the plan into operation. Of course, if it had been necessary to begin at the bottom and first organize the local loan associations it would have taken much longer.

Settled business practices of any sort change slowly, even though a better substitute is offered. To put a national farm-credit scheme into extensive operation will be the work of years. Congress should keep that in mind in its legislation on the subject. A good many hopeful people think it can be done in a few weeks; but they are doomed to disappointment.

War and Savings

IT IS calculated that the destruction of wealth which existed prior to the war has, so far, been slight. Some bridges, buildings, ships, and so on, have been destroyed; but the total, when bulked against the aggregate possessions of Europe, is so small that if a census of the wealth of the belligerent countries were taken to-day the sum would differ from that of July, 1914, by only an infinitesimal fraction.

Normally, it is estimated, the belligerent countries save about seven and a half billion dollars a year—producing that much more than they consume, the surplus going largely into what are called permanent improvements, such as railroads, factories, ships, and what not. Since war began they have saved nothing. That is the first item of war loss and—except, of course, the loss of human life and limb—the most important one. Then they have either withdrawn investments previously made in neutral countries or gone into debt in those countries to the amount of three or four billions more.

Broadly speaking, whatever is consumed during the war is also produced during the war; so there is no actual diminution of wealth except in the comparatively rare cases where something that existed before the war is destroyed. But nothing is saved. That, aside from human labor power, is the first item in war loss. The individual who saves nothing is financing himself on a war footing. How many of them there are in this peaceful land!

Making an Army

ON TWO points advocates of extensive preparedness are generally vague. First is the cost. Our little military establishment costs about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year. What such a one as they dream of would cost, on any possible plan, is something a Ways and Means Committee—coming up for reëlection next year or the year following—would shudder to think of. The other point is officers. Nobody insists more on the necessity of training for common soldiers than big army men do. But training for officers is even more essential. Without an adequate staff of well-trained officers any body of fighting men is little better than the raw militia which your big army man so scorns.

Proper training of officers is not to be had on any free-and-easy democratic sixty-days-a-year-for-two-years plan. Especially nowadays, when fighting is so much a matter of mechanics, efficient army officers must, in the main, be trained like professors of any other science.

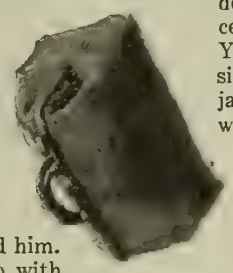
We now have forty-seven hundred officers to eighty-seven thousand men—roughly one officer to eighteen men—the officers' proper training, of course, requiring decidedly longer than that of the men. If we are to have a big force, fit to fight on call, we should begin by specially educating thirty or forty thousand young men for the profession of arms.

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

The Nick of Time—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN THE little outer room of the Air Boat Company's office—with its glossy new rosewood desk, three speckless chairs, and tall metal filing case also brand new and quite empty—a blond, ample young woman sat reading a magazine love story and chewing gum. She was the company's stenographer; but as the company transacted no business of any sort, and virtually nobody except Albert Lamb and Billy Wiggins ever came to the office or called up on the telephone, her position might be regarded as a sinecure.



She glanced up impassively as Albert Lamb stepped in and passed briskly to the inner room, where Billy Wiggins impatiently awaited him.

"Well, Billy, the job is done," said Lamb with radiant finality as he dropped into a chair by the shiny table. "He will buy a thousand shares of Air Boat stock at a hundred dollars a share and carry it for me ten days. At the end of that time I'm to take it off his hands at a hundred and fifteen dollars a share. And if I don't take it off his hands at a hundred and fifteen dollars a share he knows he can sell it to John M. Schwer at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a share—at least he thinks he knows it."

He referred to George G. Gardner, actual head of the firm of Winslow, Gardner & Taft, brokers, whose sumptuous offices occupied part of the ground floor of the Cereal National Bank Building—fourteen stories beneath the Air Boat Company's smart little office.

Lamb had been buying a large quantity of Air Boat stock through Mr. Gardner's firm and paying spot cash for it—which did not inconvenience him in the least, because Billy Wiggins was the real seller of the stock; so the money Lamb handed over to Mr. Gardner one day, to pay for Air Boat stock, was handed over to Billy by another broker the next day and immediately came back to Lamb. The last transaction involved one thousand shares at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a share, the money having been paid down in New York under circumstances which led Mr. Gardner to believe that the real purchaser was John M. Schwer, president of the Nazareth Steel Company.

For a moment after Lamb's portentous announcement there was silence in the little room, while the partners indulged that mental gratification which is natural to men who have carried an arduous enterprise to a triumphant conclusion.

Billy Wiggins' broad and snub-nosed face expanded in a grin of deep felicity.

"Gee!" he murmured with a touch of awe. "This has been a he-one! We'll go round the world—or all that's left outside the war zones."

"I was looking up the sailings when I was in New York," Lamb replied, thoughtfully tapping his chin with the end of a forefinger. "We had best beat it the minute we get our hands on George G. Gardner's money. Arthur Tracy is carrying a thousand shares for us too. There'll be a terrible roar when they find out what they've got."

"Let 'em roar!" Billy replied confidently. "We'll have ten days' start, and roaring's all they can do anyhow."

"Yes; but it will be just as well to get the passports and the tickets under other names," Lamb observed with a dreamy little smile. "They'll be so hot when they find out what they've got that they might do something foolish like trying to have us pinched on the other side. It will be better to give 'em a month or two to cool off. We'll take passage under some other names."

"They couldn't possibly get anything on Molly?" Billy inquired.

"Not a chance!" Lamb affirmed. "She's going to buy that swell little toy shop on Fifth Avenue. She wants to be a real business woman." He thought it over and repeated: "Not a chance! Of course we won't leave a trace here. We'll leave just a hundred and ninety-five dollars' worth of slightly used furniture and ninety cents' worth of fat stenographer—and our blessing. You'd better tow that stuff out in the lake and sink it," he added, nodding to a long steel box, japanned a cheerful cherry red, which stood on the window ledge behind the table.

Billy turned round in his chair and took from the box, with an affectionate grin, a roll of blue prints and a folded document comprising four long typewritten sheets, with a sheet of heavy green paper on the back for a cover. The blue prints contained diagrams showing exactly how the appliances covered by the Air Boat Company's patents were used on a submarine.

The document purported to be a contract between Albert Lamb, president of the Air Boat Company, and John M. Schwer, president of the Nazareth Steel Company, by the terms of which the latter company was to pay the former a royalty of five thousand dollars for every submarine on which the patented appliances were used. They had hired a draftsman to make the blue prints from some cuts in a scientific journal, and they had traced the bold, sprawling signature of John M. Schwer at the bottom of the contract from a facsimile of the same under Mr. Schwer's portrait in a magazine article. These objects were the foundation of their good fortune and Billy looked them over for a moment with an affectionate grin.

"I'll fetch a suit case up here," he said, "and carry 'em away. I can burn 'em up in the grate in our sitting room at the hotel."

"Well, I'll take a five-thirty train back to New York this afternoon," Lamb remarked. "Maybe it would have been better to have the deal come off here; but I want to be down there and fix up about our passage and getting our money into foreign bills, and so on. Gardner will pay for this thousand shares of stock through his New York correspondents. They'll pay the money over to Schuyler & Billings, and, of course, Schuyler & Billings will pay it to me. I'll wire you; but, anyway, you take a fast train Thursday afternoon and we'll sail Friday. Meantime keep Benny Winslow jollied along. Benny has been worth a whole lot of money to us."

He referred to Benjamin Franklin Winslow—a nephew of the nominal head of Winslow, Gardner & Taft—whom they had taken into their confidence and even made a director of the Air Boat Company, in perfect assurance that when they showed him their blue prints and alleged contract with John M. Schwer he would promptly pass the information along to his chief, George G. Gardner.

Benny was then twenty-six years old and still abhorred coats and hats. He was commonly to be seen in the customers' room at the rear of Winslow, Gardner & Taft's sumptuous offices, in his shirt sleeves, with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows, smoking a formidable brier or meerschaum pipe, his trousers loosely held up by a rusty leather belt. If he had an errand to do at another broker's office or a bank, and it was anything above zero, he simply stuck one hand in his trousers pocket and put the pipe over in the corner of his mouth, and sallied forth. Now and then he appeared on the financial thoroughfare tugging a bulldog of bloodcurdling appearance by a chain.

He seemed to have an enormous acquaintance. Other young men—often with caps or hats stuck on the extreme

It Was Only a Quarter of Seven When Benny Winslow Drifted Across His Small Field of Vision

back of their heads—flocked to Winslow, Gardner & Taft's to see him. With heads close together they studied the broad tape ticker or the inner pages of the newspapers with an intentness that might have indicated profound interest in stocks and bonds—only the items they studied were exclusively about sporting events.

When Benny Winslow was constrained to such an effete article as a hat he mostly chose something quite unusual. Just now, for example, he was wearing a soiled headpiece that had originally been bright green, with a brick-red band round it, and a place on the flopping brim where apparently a dog had chewed it. Yet many of the most substantial patrons of Winslow, Gardner & Taft were very glad to converse with Benny—on the subject of golf, as to which his extensive knowledge and expert opinions inspired them with a respect as great as their good-natured contempt for his views on financial matters.

He was an amiable, sociable, open-hearted young man—and, as Billy Wiggins remarked, open-headed too; for his plastic mind readily took whatever impression a really aggressive will sought to imprint on it.

George G. Gardner's will was of the aggressive sort. His sallow face, round shoulders and irascible temper indicated dyspepsia. Being forbidden to smoke cigars, he ate them. Constant trouble with his digestion gave a yellowish tinge to the whites of his eyes and made them slightly bloodshot. Being bald, he had a superstition that even the lightest draft striking on his unprotected head gave him neuralgia; so he always wore a hat in the office. Just now it was a panama article, turned far down in front and far up in the back. His dark and somewhat bloodshot eyes, gleaming out from under the down-turned brim of the hat, had a rather sinister suggestion. Aside from that, his caustic tongue and uncertain temper kept Benny Winslow in a sort of surreptitious terror of him.

In his private office, the door being shut, Mr. Gardner was speaking to Benny Winslow with a kind of irascible incisiveness—holding a telegram in his left hand.

"Lamb has bought a lot of that stock through this office," he was saying; "and he paid cash for it. Somebody in New York bought a thousand shares through this office and paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars a share for it. I know that, because the hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars passed through my own hands. It looks as though John Schwer had bought it. Of course, if John Schwer is after this stock at anything like a hundred and twenty-five dollars a share it's safe stuff to buy at par; so I told Lamb I'd have our New York correspondents buy a thousand shares that Schuyler & Billings have got at par and carry it for him ten days. Understand?"

Benny nodded with an air of deep interest. With his slightly bloodshot eyes fixed hard on the young man's face Mr. Gardner continued:

"That's a hundred thousand dollars, and a hundred thousand dollars is a good deal of money. You understand, Benny, the most I know about this Air Boat Company is what you told me—and you're a good deal of a sucker. I thought I'd better inquire a little myself. Now, Tom Gregory's one of the best friends I've got on earth—he wouldn't go back on me in a hundred years; and Tom Gregory's thick with Peter Cowles, and Peter Cowles is thick with John Schwer; so I wrote to Tom Gregory about it confidentially. Here's the answer."

He held up the telegram and Benny read, under a New York date line:

It's a fake. C. has seen S. S. never heard of any such concern and never signed any such contract. C. wants to see the contract. Can't you send it to me? T. G.

"But I've seen the contract!" Benny exclaimed excitedly. "It's right up in the company's office now. I've seen a check to their order signed by John M. Schwer. As I told you before, this submarine business is all contraband and under the hat. If it got out that the Nazareth Steel Company was making submarines for the Allies the Government would stop it. Lamb and Billy Wiggins both told me John Schwer would be bound to deny the contract if anybody asked him. They said they'd deny it themselves. What I told you, you know, was confidential," he added in mild accusation.

"Well, never you mind about that!" Mr. Gardner replied harshly. "Denying things to outsiders is one thing; but denying 'em to a man who's been your close friend for twenty years, as Peter Cowles has been John Schwer's friend, is another thing. Now you understand this is just as safe with Tom Gregory as it would be with me. It was through you I got into this thing, young man; and now I propose to know where I stand. If that contract's genuine—why, it's all right; but I propose to know. And if I can't know I'll throw it overboard.

"Now see here!" He prodded an imperative forefinger against the young man's collar bone. "Don't you bother any about keeping things confidential for Lamb and Wiggins. I want some confidential business myself. You're a director of that Air Boat Company. You just slide up to the office and get that contract. Then you hop on the De Luxe to-day and beat it to New York, and hand that contract to Tom Gregory. Understand, this is confidential for me!" He emphasized the pronoun heavily and dug his finger harder against Benny's collar bone. "Look sharp now; for you've only got two hours!"

Under the powerful spur of Mr. Gardner's will Benny, bareheaded and coatless, went straight to the smart little office of the Air Boat Company. As usual, only the plump stenographer occupied it. He nodded to her darkly—strengthening himself with the fact that he was a duly elected director of the company—passed to the inner room, opened the japanned box, and secured the green-covered document. He was going out with it in his hand—frowning forbiddingly for the benefit of the plump stenographer—but his nerve rather failed him. He couldn't quite overcome the secret anxiety to apologize to somebody, or everybody, so he wheeled round, returned to the shiny new table in the inner room and wrote a note.

"Give that to Mr. Wiggins when he returns," he said portentously to the stenographer as he laid the note on her desk.

Now, though virtually nobody ever came to the Air Boat office or called over the telephone, it had been deemed expedient—lest possibly somebody might come or call up and think it strange that the office should be deserted—to have somebody always on guard between half past nine and half past four. About noon, therefore, Billy Wiggins relieved the ample stenographer for half an hour while she regaled herself with sweet cakes and coffee in a cafeteria up the street.

It was just past noon and she was putting on her hat when Billy came bursting in, his broad, snub-nosed face radiant with good humor. Passing out, she mentioned the note on her desk. Billy recognized the handwriting and for a moment stood grinning at it—grinning at the shiny new furniture; grinning at the whole world. His mind was all clear blue sky, with the sun shining its brightest and a gentle breeze rippling the ripening grain. In that expansive mood—with even a little chuckle as he wondered what Benny Winslow wanted—he dropped down at the stenographer's desk, tore open the envelope and read as follows:

Dear Billy: An intimate friend of Mr. Gardner, who is an intimate friend of a man who is an intimate friend of John Schwer, has raised a question about the genuineness of our contract. Of course we understand Schwer would be bound to deny it; but Mr. Gardner don't, quite. I told him I'd stake my life the contract was all right. To prove it I'm taking it down to New York to-day on the De Luxe, to be verified. Don't worry now. It will all be in strictest confidence. Think you will see, on reflection, I am acting wisely, since the question has been raised. B. F. W.

When he finished reading Billy's mouth was open and his eyes had a glassy stare. Half paralyzed as he was for the moment, he got himself out of the chair—muttering to his anguished heart that it could not really be true—and went to the inner room. It needed hardly a glance to assure him the contract was gone; and as he gaped into the box he was riven by vain remorse because he had neglected that very morning to bring down a suit case and carry off the contract and blue prints.

For a moment he had just wit enough to appreciate the nature of the calamity. The contract, of course, was a forgery. Therefore, it was not merely that he feared Lamb might miss selling Mr. Gardner a thousand shares of Air Boat stock. The grueling point of the situation was that, instead of affluently journeying round the world, they stood a beautiful chance of spending a long time in very circumscribed, unaffluent circumstances.

Billy's mind was by no means the subtle and complicated machine that Lamb's was. Benny's note, so to speak, knocked him over the head and tossed him into a deep, cold sea; but when he rose to the surface he went into action instantly. With a hand that trembled slightly he jerked out his watch. It was fourteen minutes past twelve and the De Luxe left at twelve-forty.

He burst from the office and ran to the elevator. Incidentally jostling half a dozen indignant persons, he raced through the lower hall and out on the flagging. Then he could fairly have burst into tears, for there was not a taxi in sight. The only daylight moment between the Flood and the Millennium when there was no taxi in sight on lower La Salle Street must be just that one particular moment of such crucial importance to himself! All awash inside, he went on a dogtrot toward the Board of Trade and caught a cab at the corner.

"Beat it!" he said to the driver; yet somehow his glassy eye registered the sight along the street, and in a moment

The Murdered Bag, With a Horrid Gash Across Its Abdomen, Would Probably be Discovered in Husking Time That Fall

he pounded and shouted frantically—almost going through the front of the cab when the driver clamped on all brakes.

Billy tore the door open, raced madly back to the leather-goods store, the show window of which had given him an idea. There he seized an empty bag, flung a bill at the astonished young lady behind the counter, and then ran back to the cab, bag in hand.

The compartments on the train were all gone. He could get nothing but an upper berth, which proved to be at the front of the first sleeper, behind the dining car. He swung aboard as the wheels began to turn and dropped into the seat, wiping his brow.

He had not, so far, really had an idea. Mostly, being confronted with a quite poignant danger, he had just acted on the bulldoggy instinct to fly headlong at the point whence the danger rose. It had been rather vaguely in his mind to get on the train, get Benny Winslow, and get the contract away from him. Now, however, as his tumultuous thoughts settled into some semblance of order, he began to perceive that falling on a passenger, clouting him over the head and going through his baggage would be rather impracticable.

Of course Benny had the contract on instructions from George G. Gardner. That was a plain inference from his note. And George G. Gardner was not a person who could be easily persuaded the moon was made of green cheese. Benny Winslow himself had plenty of sportsmanly sand. Going at him hammer and tongs would scarcely answer. There was the chance of snuggling up to him and finding an opportunity to purloin—or, more accurately, recover—the contract; but anything that roused Benny's suspicion would clearly heighten the danger. If only he could get hold of the contract now, without Benny's knowing it!

The more he thought about it, the clearer it seemed this was the safest course—in a situation where the maximum of safety was about equal to that of a powder factory with several intoxicated hands smoking cigarettes.

It struck him presently that Benny had not gone by to the dining car for luncheon. When he did go by there would be an opportunity to explore the train.

Billy had not even a newspaper behind which to conceal himself; but he huddled low down in the corner of the seat, jammed his hat over his brows, and kept an eye on the aisle along which Benny must pass on his way to the diner. At a quarter after one he had not passed. Then Billy painfully surmised that he had gone to the diner before the train started and would presently be returning; so, with a heavy and foreboding heart, he got up and walked through the train.

Of course Benny, traveling at the firm's expense, would have a compartment or drawing-room if he had been able to get one. The doors of many of the compartments and drawing-rooms were closed. Those that were open, and the berths in the open cars, disclosed no sign of Benjamin F. Winslow.

How would any sign be disclosed? Billy pondered that gloomily as he seated himself in the observation car. He did not know; and he soon began to be haunted by a notion that Benny, having finished his luncheon, would come into the observation car and discover him. By now it seemed fairly a matter of life or death to keep his presence on the train unknown to Benny.

He waited miserably, not daring to go forward—though he was hungry and wanted luncheon himself—and fearing to sit where he was.

In his low and harrowed mental state he thought he had been a fool to catch the train at all. It would have been better, he reflected, if he had stayed in Chicago and told Lamb of the situation over the long-distance telephone. Now he was in the contemptible position of the person who had the bear by the tail. He could not let go and it was exceedingly doubtful if he could hold on.

As he beat from one angle to another of the case, every point of view showed a still more somber outlook than the last. For Benny to find him on the train at all would be a suspicious circumstance, probably leading straight to disaster. . . . The train would get to New York at half past nine in the morning. Half an hour later Benny would hand the contract to the intimate friend of the intimate friend, and half an hour after that it would be all over except adjusting the handcuffs. . . . He could find Lamb and they could probably get as far as New Haven before the police were notified.

After some sodden hours the train stopped at Toledo. A desperate young man, whose broad and snub-nosed face was set in a formidable scowl under the brim of a hat that was jammed as far down on his head as it would go, slipped from the observation car, walked rapidly along the platform and climbed swiftly aboard the first sleeper behind the dining car, where he dived into the lavatory and huddled in the corner of the seat. As smoking was done in the

Her Position Might be Regarded as a Sinecure

buffet car, the lavatory seemed as safe as anything could be. Just as the train started it occurred to him that he should have sent Lamb a telegram from Toledo; but, of course, he thought—with bitterness exceeding gall and wormwood—it would not have occurred to him until it was too late!

He tried to light up. Certainly he must do something or other. Presently he resolved to wait until Benny went in to dinner—then make a desperate effort to locate his baggage. He would even describe Benny to the various porters—tell some ghastly lie about being a friend of Benny's, and Benny's having sent him from the dining car to get some cigars out of his bag. Of course that would stamp him with identification marks from head to foot when Benny presently discovered that the contract had been abstracted; but he was stamped all over and virtually in the hands of the hangman anyway.

Having made this dismal resolution it was necessary to know when Benny went into the dining car. And then a real piece of luck befell him—that is, somebody had dropped an afternoon newspaper in the lavatory. He picked it up—the richest gift luck had for him: a crumpled penny newspaper. Poor as the offering was, he was so dispirited that he could have shed a grateful tear over it.

But he was immediately reminded that luck is inconstant. Going out to his section, where he meant to curl up in the corner of the seat and hide his face behind the newspaper, he discovered the porter holding his bag and slightly shaking it, with a surprised and inquiring expression on his dusky face.

The bag, of course, was absolutely empty, and the porter was evidently speculating as to why a passenger should come aboard with no other belonging than a void and globular piece of leather. He murmured apologetically as Billy pushed into the seat and glowered at him.

By his nerves it seemed many hours that he sat humped in the corner of the seat with his hat over his brows and the newspaper before his face, peering steadily over the top of it; but by his watch it was only a quarter of seven when the sandy hair and amiable face of Benny Winslow drifted across his small field of vision. When the car door closed behind the sandy topknot Billy got up poignantly aware that it was to be now or never.

First, he would try to locate Benny's baggage himself though, as he had no idea what it looked like, that was difficult. That failing, he would apply to the porters and so stick his head in the noose. He passed slowly through the cars, lingering like a reluctant lover in the front hall at eleven-thirty P. M. over every bag and suit case that might possibly have been left by a sandy-headed young man who had just gone in to dinner. He even picked up several bags, looking for a name or initials.

When he entered the compartment car the porter was coming up the aisle, and stepped into a compartment, the door of which was open, to let him pass while Billy cursed him in silent bitterness, because that very compartment might be Benny's. Many of the doors were shut, but that of the very last compartment was open. The berth light was burning inside. Its rays illumined a sporting magazine that lay on the green plush seat. Beside the magazine lay a soft hat, which had once been bright green, with a brick-red band round it, and a place on the limp brim that looked as though a dog had chewed it. Also, a large meerschaum pipe, with a deer carved on the bowl, lay on the window ledge.

Billy glanced over his shoulder. The porter was standing at the farther end of the aisle with his back turned. Slipping swiftly into the compartment Billy shut the door behind him and turned the lock. A squat and scarred brown bag with tarnished brass mountings stood on the floor at the end of the seat. He turned it up and saw the initials "B. F. W." marked in black letters across the end.

There was no doubt about it; but the bag was locked. He reached eagerly into his pocket and again could fairly have burst into tears—for he had no knife.

There was not a chance of lugging that bag out of the car without being seen. There was no possible place to hide it and recover it later. The porter might step back any minute and, knowing the door of the compartment had been left open, inquire why it was now closed.

All this Billy realized in a moment.

He turned out the berth light and looked through the window. It was already dusk. He could see the weedy bank of the grading on which the train was running, a lonesome-looking country road and a cornfield across the road. He pushed up the double window sashes, seized the accursed bag and hurled it forth.

It had hardly left his hand before he heard a hollow roaring under the wheels up ahead; then the braces of a red iron bridge and a muddy little river flashed into view beneath him and out of view in a twinkling. If he had waited only a minute he could have thrown the bag into the river; and his heart was constricted afresh as he realized that even that little bit of luck must be denied him.

He was getting the window shut when the jerk and rattle underneath showed they were passing over a switch. Then the delicately rosy electric lights of a village, starring the gathering dusk, flashed into view. He saw the gray front of a ramshackle livery stable, on which a large black horse rampant on woodeny legs was painted.

The porter's back was still turned when he stepped from the compartment, but he would rather the porter should not see him again just then; so he went into the observation car.

Billy remembered that the weedy bank had been mown not long before, so it was only stubbled over. The bag might be found that evening. Certainly it would be found next day. Meantime its loss would be discovered as soon as its owner returned from dinner. Of course Benny would make a great row about it. Undoubtedly they would search the train from end to end for it. He could see them searching, with Benny in their wake. Naturally, then, Benny would discover him and surmise that he had taken the bag.

When the bag was found next day—inquiries having been telegraphed all along the road Benny would know he had thrown it off the train; and any lingering doubt that Benny or anybody else might have as to the bogus character of the contract would be fairly removed, even before Benny, with his recovered bag, turned the contract over to the intimate friend of the intimate friend. It would have been much better if he had let the bag alone!

Pondering this and all else that had happened since he neglected to destroy the bogus contract that morning or the day before, Billy fell into a state so utterly hopeless that he could only say to himself: "No, sir; I ain't got any more brains than a scared jack rabbit!"

In this sodden state he was aware that the train was slowing down, and two or three minutes later he awoke to the fact that it had stopped at Cleveland. In his desperation it flashed on him that he might as well leave the train there. Of course he had a ticket through to New York. He could not very well take off his bag without some sort of explanation to the porter at the carsteps, and he did not feel just fit or equal to making any explanations about anything to anybody. Naturally if he left the train without explanation, leaving an empty bag behind him, the porter would remember it when that searching for Benny's bag began.

The porter would describe him and Benny would recognize the description. Yet, even at that, he was just as well off the train as on it.

Billy got off, therefore, and started toward the station. On the way he met the porter of the buffet car coming back toward the train with three telegrams for passengers in his hand. Billy was not aware that his brain was working at all rather thought it had been shut off; but, without the

slightest reflection or hesitation, he stopped the porter, asking:

"Got a wire there for me?"

By way of answer the porter spread out the three yellow envelopes for his inspection. One of them was addressed to P. J. Wilson. That seemed as good a name to Billy as any other; so he took it.

Merely tearing the envelope open, and without bothering to see what the message was about, he ran up to his own car, telegram in one hand and torn envelope in the other.

"Just got a wire here," he explained hastily to his porter. "I've got to get off."

He could not wait to see the conductor, but gave an address to which the unused portion of his ticket might be mailed, and hastened away, empty bag in hand, anxious to be out of sight lest Benny should stroll along the platform and see him, or unfortunate Mr. P. J. Wilson set up an inquiry for his telegram.

Billy's brain, it seemed, had waked up. In the station he made some inquiries and learned that the village where there was a ramshackle gray livery stable with a rampant black horse painted on its front was named Highville and lay twenty-three miles west of the city; also, that an eastbound night express left Cleveland at eleven-forty.

He took a cab uptown to a public garage and twenty minutes later was seated in a likely-looking car behind a likely-looking driver, from whom he borrowed a stout jackknife. It turned out to be a fine moonlight night for driving or any other purpose. Passing through Highville, he told the driver to proceed to a muddy little river just west of the village and to wait with the car on the bridge while he went farther afoot.

When he returned to the car on the bridge Benny Winslow's murdered bag, with a horrid gash across its abdomen, lay in a field of tall corn, where it would probably be discovered in husking time that fall, while its contents had been transferred to Billy's bag—all except a folded typewritten document, with a green paper cover, which was in Billy's inside coat pocket. At Cleveland he had time to send a long night telegram to Lamb, in New York.

At nine-thirty next morning Benny Winslow alighted from the De Luxe in an unhappy frame of mind.

"They'll be sure to notify me at the Waldorf the minute they hear anything now, won't they?" he said anxiously to the Pullman conductor; and, having no bag to carry, he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and tramped dolorously down the long platform to the gate.

Passing that, he was astonished and much disconcerted when Albert Lamb suddenly fell on him as though he were a long-lost brother who had just come out of the war zone.

"You can bet your last dollar," said Lamb with a relieved laugh, "that I'm mighty glad to see you. Ever since Wiggins telegraphed me that you'd taken the contract out of the office and were bringing it down here I've been as nervous as a cat. Of course you know that contract is terribly important to us. Now that you're safely here with it, I'll have some appetite for breakfast. Then we'll go right over to John M. Schwer together with it and have him verify it."

So Albert discoursed on the way to the taxi stand, while Benny's heart sank lower and lower and his eyes dulled with misery. It was only when they were near the hotel that he mustered up courage to tell Lamb the contract was lost.

For a long minute after that shocking disclosure Lamb sat staring speechlessly at him.

"Why, Benny—you've ruined us! You've ruined us!" he faltered, while the culprit miserably hung his head.

"You know John M. Schwer is trying to get control of the company," Lamb explained with a frightened expression. "If he knew that contract was lost he'd hold us up he'd repudiate—he'd make us sell at his own price. Oh, you've ruined me!"

Benny faltered a hope that the railroad people would find his bag before night.

"But, Benny," Lamb gasped, "don't breathe a word to anybody in Wall Street about that contract being lost—not a syllable! If a hint of it got to John M. Schwer he'd bust us sky-high sure!"

And Benny eagerly promised to make that small amends for his great crime.

The railroad people did not find the bag however; and that evening crushed Benny Winslow sat in Lamb's room at the hotel. Lamb was there and so was Billy Wiggins—who, it seemed, had also become very nervous about the contract; so much so that he had taken an afternoon train for New York. Benny's feelings in the presence of the two men who had trusted him, and with whose hearts' blood his hands were figuratively dripping, may be imagined. He appreciated the vital necessity of concealing the loss of the contract; not a syllable about it must get out, lest it reach John M. Schwer.

"But, you see, I've got to make some sort of report to Mr. Gardner in the morning," the criminal dismally reminded them. "He'll be expecting a telegram from me and inquiring why he doesn't get it."

"Why, there's only one thing to do," said Lamb decisively: "You must telegraph him over his New York correspondent's private wire: 'Contract all right!' That's the only way to keep him still."

And Benny did it.

Directly after receiving Benny's wire Mr. Gardner telegraphed his New York correspondents to purchase at one hundred dollars a share the thousand shares of Air Boat stock that some unnamed person had left with Schuyler & Billings. Leaving Schuyler & Billings' office with their check for a hundred thousand dollars, less commissions, in his pocket, Lamb went over to the Monolithic National Bank, where Billy was waiting for him.

They were standing together at the rail the next forenoon as the steamer for Bordeaux plowed tranquilly past the Statue of Liberty. Ever since they left the dock the cloud on Billy's face had been gradually lightening. Now it passed altogether. He contemplated the statue, and inferentially all that lay beyond it, with a broad, warm grin.

"You know," he said with energy, "when I found the contract was gone I was that balled up and buffaloed I thought something permanent had happened to my head! But now—why, if we find it dull over there we'll get the Sultan to swap us the Dardanelles for the Suez Canal."

THE STORY OF COTTON

WHEN and where cotton was first produced for industrial purposes is still a matter of doubt. There are vague references through all history to a plant "which, instead of fruit, produces wool of a finer and better quality than that of sheep." It is, however, a well-established fact that the earlier people of India, Persia, Egypt and China had long been engaged in the cultivation of cotton and the weaving of it into crude cloth for garments. Owing to the perishable nature of cotton, no examples of cotton manufacture of any great antiquity have come down to us, and we must, therefore, depend upon the written word of history for our authority.

The earliest record of the plant in the Western Hemisphere is had from Columbus, who found it growing wild in the islands of the West Indies, where the natives had crudely fashioned the fibers into twine, from which they made fishing nets and garments. Magellan, who in 1519 circumnavigated the globe, reported that in Brazil the natives were using the cotton domestically; while Cortez, in his conquest of Mexico, found the manufacture of cotton goods well advanced, and sent back as presents to his king, Charles V, many garments of curious weave and coloring which had been made by the natives of that historic land.

From all the evidence we have it would seem that the cotton plant is indigenous to the tropical and the semi-tropical regions of the two hemispheres. The first notice of the plant in the portion of America now known as the United States was in 1536, when one of the earliest explorers in America found it growing in what is now Louisiana. From this date forward references to the existence of cotton in this part of the world became more frequent until, in 1607, we have the first evidence of its cultivation by the American colonists. The recognition of cotton as a profitable crop, however, did not come until the time of the American Revolution, and it is from this period that we must take up the development of the industry from an economic standpoint.

Up to this time the methods used in separating the seed from the fiber, in spinning and in weaving differed only slightly from those employed by the most primitive people. True, there had been some advance in the method of weaving, and a machine had been invented which did the work of eight spinning wheels; but, in the main, the hand loom and the spinning wheel were still part of the necessary domestic household equipment. By far the greatest mechanical hindrance to the development of the industry was the lack of adequate means of separating the seed from the cotton fiber. There had been little advance from the primitive roller-gin, which was fashioned after the ancient Hindu churka; and only one hundred and fifty years ago whole families toiled laboriously to clean a few pounds of lint a day.

With the breaking out of the Revolution came the first great stimulus to the industry. Imports of cloth and clothing from England being cut off, the colonists had to look to their own efforts to provide these necessary articles. This breaking away from the mother country left them free to produce what they would, and to market it where they chose. The decline in the culture of tobacco at about this time, due to depletion of the soil by successive cropping without rotation, led the colonists to the cultivation of cotton on a more extensive scale. Then, with the end of the war, came immigrants from Europe who settled mostly in the South, and who, though they first turned to raising wheat and Indian corn, later took up the cultivation of cotton.

Meanwhile great changes had been taking place in Great Britain in the methods of marketing the cotton. There grew up a class of merchants who undertook to supply the spinners and weavers with the raw materials and to find a market for the finished product. These traders were the forerunners of our modern shippers and converters. Similar changes took place upon this side of the water, and it was this development that formed the beginning of the business machine of the modern cotton industry.

Then followed in quick succession in England the invention of the spinning jenny, the water frame, the self-acting mule and the power loom, which were soon duplicated on this side of the water from plans that were sent over. By far the greatest mechanical achievement in the whole history of this industry was the invention of the saw-gin by Eli Whitney. Before its invention one insurmountable obstacle had remained—that of separating the seed from the fiber cheaply and efficiently. Here was a machine that would do the work of fifty people, and do it better. There are many types of gin in use today, but they are almost without exception adaptations or improvements of this first contrivance by Whitney.

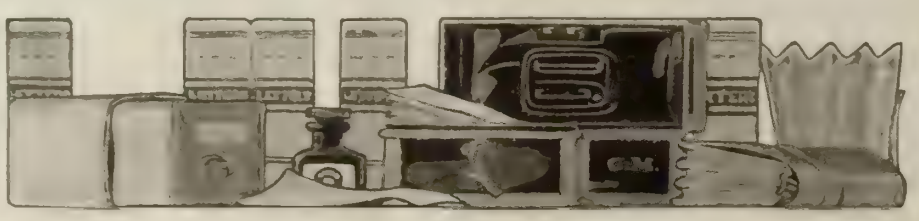
From this point forward events moved quickly in the development of this infant industry. The factory system was established, under which the home manufacturer became an operative in the factory, and there followed as an inevitable result the specializing of operations. In 1789 Samuel Slater, "the father of American cotton manufacture," an Englishman, arrived in this country and entered into a contract with William Almy and Smith Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, to construct cotton-spinning machinery after the latest English models. In 1790 Slater started in the same state a mill, with three carding machines and seventy-two spindles, which was virtually the beginning of cotton manufacture in this country. About this time, also, the introduction of sea-island or long-staple cotton stimulated the manufacture of fine fabrics, in which a long silky staple was an essential. This variety, which had been propagated from seed brought from Barbados, found a friendly climate in the islands that skirt the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

English manufacturers at this time were quick to recognize the possibilities of growth of the American markets and quickly invaded this new country with English-made cotton goods. In 1789, under the influence of Hamilton's plea for protection, the first cotton tariff was levied and a duty of three cents a pound imposed on all imported cottons. Along with the growing competition with English manufacturers came the dawning realization that slave labor would solve the problem of cheap production of the raw material. So we find the establishment of extensive plantations owned in large part by absentee English land-owners and operated almost wholly by slaves. Cotton was not responsible for the institution of slavery in this country, as slave labor had been a prominent feature of the industrial life of the American Colonies for one hundred and fifty years before this time, though it must be admitted that the subsequent importation of slaves was directly the result of the development of the cotton industry and the consequent increased demand for the raw material.

The downfall of the United States Bank and the establishment of state banks caused another impetus to the industry. These state banks granted loans to finance the purchase of cotton lands, which gave such an unnatural stimulus to the growing of cotton that for a time great fear was felt by some for the safety of the industry. There followed, also, the private loaning of funds to planters, which loans were secured by the growing crops. This loaning or advancing money to the poor planter, whose crop perhaps had been a failure the year before and who did not possess the funds to buy new seed, had a singularly beneficial influence and has given rise to a class of merchants, called factors, who regularly take it upon themselves to finance the growing crop. One adverse influence this system exerted was that it tended to exhaust the soil, as the small planter, being constantly in debt to the factor, feared to lose his further credit by changing to some other crop than cotton; and the worn-out farm in the South is still part of the stock in trade of the unscrupulous real-estate promoter.

The Civil War and the downfall of slavery worked great temporary damage to this rapidly growing industry. In March, 1861, the Morrill Tariff Act was passed, levying heavier duties on imported cotton goods. This gave a new impetus to the industry and tended to offset the first influence of hostilities, while the imposing of a heavy war tariff for revenue purposes during the following year still further strengthened the position of the American cotton manufacturer. Cotton production in this year amounted to 4,500,000 bales, which sold at an average price of 31 cents a pound. In the year 1863, which was a year of great prosperity in general business, production of cotton amounted to only 1,600,000 bales, which sold at an average price of 67 cents a pound. In 1864 the production of less than one million bales recorded the extraordinarily high price of one dollar a pound, and fortunes were made in a day in New Orleans. As the war drew to a close the planters returned to their farms and the industry gradually regained normal proportions.

From this period on, and up to the time of the outbreak of the present war, the industry has kept pace with the growth of the country and the increasing varieties of goods demanded by the ever-changing styles.



From Generation to Generation

The Sign of Mechanical Excellence the World Over

Since 1842 Case manufacturing principles have followed the uncompromising standards of excellence outlined by the founder of this company, Jerome I. Case.

During these years buyers throughout the world have been made happy by the excellence of Case products—from the simplest to those which solve the more difficult problems of power. In this more than three score years grandfather has advised father and father has passed the word on to son, and now son passes it on to son, that this honored name is his guarantee of excellence in design, sincerity in manufacture and straightforwardness in sales.

PEDIGREED INDEED

This singular history gives the 1916 Case "40" an enviable place in car building. It represents a fusion of the old-time genuineness in manufacture, with tomorrow's style in design and finish. People who have owned Case Cars know that they contain those fundamentals which insure splendid service, therefore full value.

TOMORROW'S CAR TODAY

The unusual comfort of this car is gained, not alone by the use of the cantilever springs, but by the Case way of suspending these springs from the rear axle so that they do only spring duty.

The divided front seats—the upholstery in real grain leather, which by the way is removable as a unit for cleaning or changing to another color—together with the unusual room, both in the front compartment and in the tonneau, will excite further praise. Then when you come to test those parts beneath the hood, whether it be in a hard pull or up a steep incline, or on the car's 100,000th mile, you will find the Case motor well deserving of the characterization—"the motor that makes extra cylinders unnecessary."

MORE DETAILS

The fact that all wiring is housed in waterproof, rustless, flexible conduits, illustrates the care in the planning of details. The junction box between the body and the chassis also indicates the sincerity which you will find if you go through the car with a microscope. By the way, we urge you to study minutely every part. These are but a few of the many things which make this car of excellent value. Of course, Westinghouse ignition, lighting and starting equipment needs no further comment.

NEW CAR—NEW PRICE

We announced this car at the price of $1090, with the statement that it contains all of the merit of our earlier "40" which sold for $2300. So we stick to those fundamentals instilled in the early workers of this Company by its founder.

In designing and building this car, we have thought of you who buy with an intelligent understanding of what makes value. Let us prove to you, if you will, what Case means by value. We welcome the opportunity of showing and explaining to you a car that we believe will appeal to your good judgment and good taste.

TO DEALERS: We have an unusually interesting proposition. If interested, write or telegraph for particulars.

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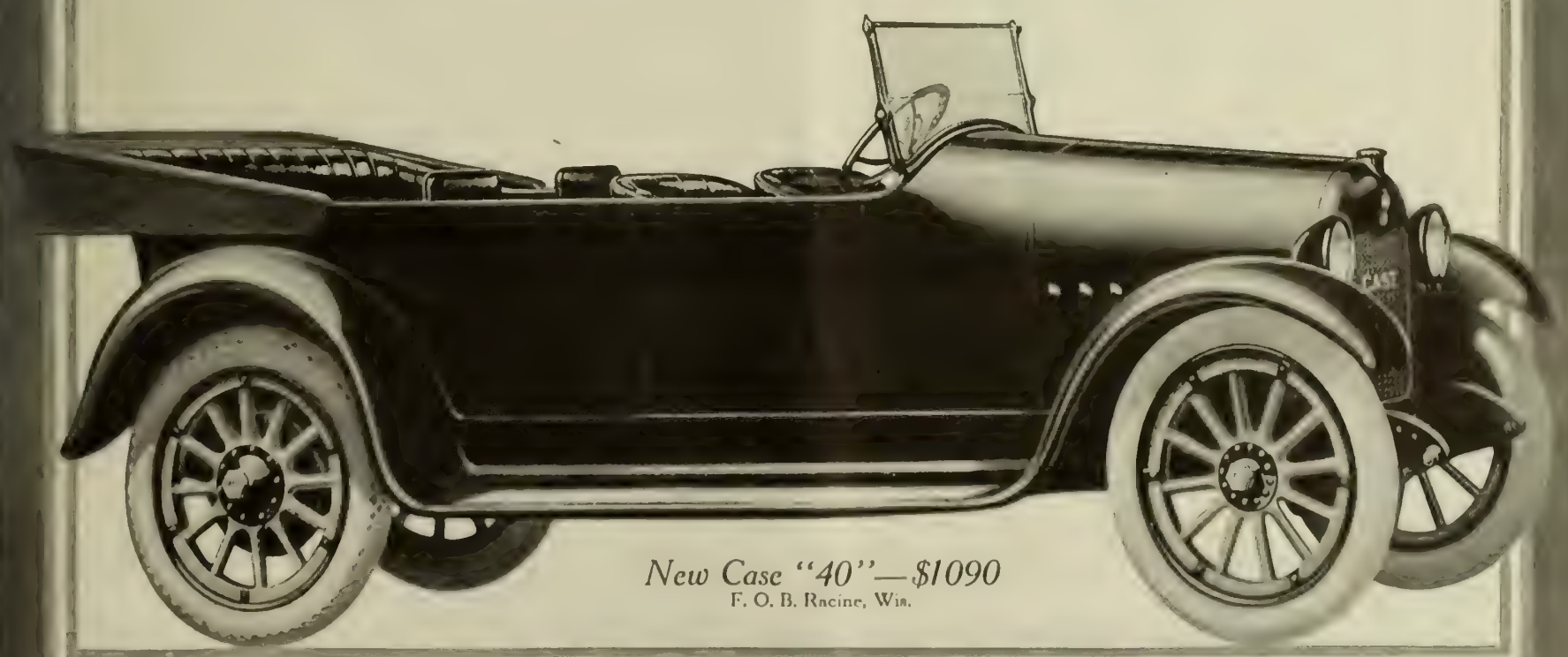

New Case "40"—$1090

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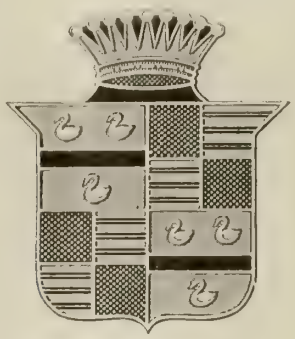
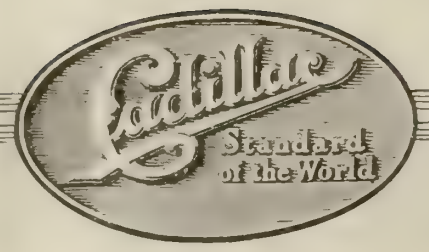


THE BEST REASON IN THE WORLD FOR BUYING A CADILLAC IS WHAT EVERYONE THINKS, AND SAYS, AND KNOWS ABOUT THE CADILLAC



"THE CROWD WAS—"

(Continued from Page 12)

loses even that. I am inclined to the belief that its fretfulness is due to unfamiliarity with common usage in old everyday life. In his or her respective sphere nearly every member of one of these society crowds is Somebody, with a capital S—or they think they are somebodies, which amounts to the same thing; and somebodies are accustomed to more attention to their comfort than they can receive in a crowd.

I have seen men, and women too, in the football and boat-race and polo crushes guilty of discourtesy that they would never dream of under ordinary circumstances; pushing, jostling, elbowing, snatching, and talking in a way that would probably bring the blush of shame to their cheeks did they reflect on the matter afterward.

And that leads me to another thought: Why will men, and occasionally women, do things when they are in a crowd that they would under no circumstances think of doing were they alone? I don't mean in a society crowd particularly; I mean in any crowd. I have seen college men old enough to know better go rampaging through crowded trains, yelling, singing, breaking hats and treading on innocent corns like the veriest rowdies. I have seen gray-haired gentlemen doing strangely undignified clogs on the station platforms at New London, while waiting for the boat-race trains to pull out. I have seen ladies, their voices high-pitched and their arms flying wide and wild, performing in a manner that I know is foreign to their make-up.

Some fellow once delivered himself of a heavy scientific discourse to me about this, but the nearest I could get to the nub of his notion was that we are all children at heart, and have the childish instinct to show off if we can get an audience.

A Harvard-Princeton or a Princeton-Yale crowd differs in some respects from a Harvard-Yale crowd, although they will naturally be made up of the same people. The chief difference, of course, is the feeling—the spirit of rivalry between the crowds. It may be bitterly hostile in one instance, or friendly or wholly indifferent in another. It depends largely on football conditions as they exist at the moment.

It has been my observation, however, that the Princeton college following is a bit more democratic than the following of either Yale or Harvard. It is not so democratic as a crowd at the Thanksgiving Day game between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania, perhaps, but it is more affable than either the Yale or Harvard folks. To get real democracy in football crowds—or in any other crowds, for that matter—you have to go pretty well West. It doesn't exist to any alarming extent in the East.

Boat-Race Spectators

Withal, the big football crowds, the Harvard-Yale-Princeton assemblages, are my favorite crowds. They are my favorites because they are always large. They combine personality and color. They may not have quite so much color per game as the soldiers and sailors splatter over the Army and Navy event, but they have enough. And they are always good-looking crowds and rich-looking crowds.

Counting in the railroad transportation, hotel bills and incidentals, with the money paid for admission, any of these modern football crowds represents an enormous expenditure. A million dollars is a conservative estimate, and it must be remembered that this is a cash expenditure. Figure in the acres of motor cars which always surround the football field on the day of a big game, with some reference to the furs and the jewelry to be seen about the premises, and you have visible evidence of wealth that makes it hard to believe that times have ever been anything but extremely soft.

The Yale-Harvard boat race at New London always brings out a big, typical Yale-Harvard crowd a society crowd and with the Thames River jammed with the beautiful white pleasure yachts of the multimillionaires, and with the big excursion steamers from the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, it is bound to be a very colorful crowd event. It is the same crowd you will see at a Yale-Harvard football game, and yet it is not the same. It leaves its crowd personality and its enthusiasm on the gridiron, and, taking only its color, reaches New London just as a very large crowd.

It is a perfunctory crowd, this boat-race crowd. Maybe it is perfunctory because the boat race is often perfunctory. The enthusiasm seems to me to be forced and mechanical. This is, I think, because the crowd is not in close touch with the race itself. It follows the contest in observation trains running along either bank of the river, and half the time the shells are hidden from the view of the spectators by intervening hills and buildings. At all times during the race the spectators are far away from the boats.

There are only two contestants in this race anyway, and often it has resulted in such a hollow victory for one or the other as to remove the interest early in the struggle. Even when it is close the crowd sometimes loses the thrill. A couple of years ago they had a finish which was drawn so fine that the thousands of people on one observation train never learned the result until they got back to town. Under the circumstances, the old spine-chilling, blood-tingling outburst at the moment of victory is frequently missing at New London.

It is different at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, however. There they hold the intercollegiate regatta, with such colleges competing as Cornell, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Columbia, Wisconsin and far Western institutions, and there is gathered every year a varied crowd that has all the color of the New London assemblage, and a considerable personality of its own. The nature of the course over which the race is held enables the spectators to keep fairly close to the shells, and there have been many very vivid crowd pictures filmed up there on the Hudson, with the Palisades as a background.

Baseball in London

I do not believe that any considerable number of people in an American boat-race crowd really understand much about the sport; at least you never hear as much technical conversation in a boat-race crowd as you do at a football or baseball game or even at a lawn-tennis tournament. But they appreciate it as a spectacle, and they know when it is a real sporting contest, so they have their moments of aquatic aberration.

Sometimes a crowd will be unenthusiastic because it is not familiar with the nature of the entertainment provided, and sometimes because of the quality of the entertainment. A baseball crowd probably goes to the greatest extremes of all crowds in displaying its feelings. One moment it will be quite mad with enthusiasm, and the next it will be stolidly indifferent or will be caustically "panning" the players.

The most unenthusiastic big crowd I ever saw was over in London, when the two American baseball teams that went round the world as the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox played an exhibition game before King George and a throng of his subjects. But this was not a cold crowd. It was a friendly, interested crowd, and the lack of enthusiasm was due solely to the fact that it did not understand baseball. A few Americans were present, and you could hear their voices lifting out of the silences now and then, but even their enthusiasm was rather perfunctory.

The game was played at Chelsea Field, which I believe is a football field. Now over in this country sport followers have for years been impressed by the size of the crowds that were said to turn out for the English football games. The attendance was frequently given as well over a hundred thousand, and even though admission prices for sporting events there are trifling as compared to the prices in America, these crowds were regarded as amazing.

The crowd that saw the ball game was about twenty-five thousand by turnstile count. Nearly every paper in London estimated it at anywhere from seventy to a hundred thousand. An American newspaper man who was traveling with the ball clubs made the statement in his paper that it would have been impossible to get five thousand more people into the field with a shoehorn, and intimated that the London estimates might be a good line on those other huge crowds we had been hearing about.

"This will keep him warm!"

Yes, *keep*—that is the right word, and no doubt this sturdy youngster speaks from his own experience. There is something more than a mere temporary glow of enjoyment in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Its warming, invigorating effect *stays by you.* The rich meaty stock—made from choice beef—is in itself strengthening and sustaining. It also contains selected white potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, tender corn, "baby" lima beans, small peas, green okra and a suggestion of red peppers, besides a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni. And all is delightfully flavored with celery and parsley.

The regular use of this nourishing soup tends to build up and fortify the body permanently against all kinds of weather and all kinds of wearing work. Hadn't you better order half-a-dozen from your grocer *today?*

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Ah! That's good old Barrington Hall. I can always detect the difference when my wife is persuaded to buy some other coffee!"

BLENDING Coffee is an art. But maintaining a standard formula in which crop variations are successfully balanced, year in and year out, is a science.

The formula from which we blend

For Drip or Filter Pots, order PUL-VO-DRIP Barrington Hall in RED TOP CANS

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

conforms to a standard that is never permitted to vary and is composed of choice, old crop coffees, mellowed by careful aging. The absence of dust and bitter, flavor-smothering chaff makes a marked improvement in the flavor, while the clean, minute granulation insures quick steeping, and adds to its healthfulness and economy.

40¢ lb Higher In Extreme West

Try It At Our Expense

Barrington Hall is for sale in all cities and most towns, at 40c to 45c per pound, according to locality. Send your grocer's name and we will mail you a trial can, enough for six cups of this delicious coffee. Also a booklet explaining the Baker-ized Process and coupon good for an aluminum coffee measure when you buy your first pound.

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For TONE-PERFECTION, richness of VOLUME, and absolute DUPLICATION of the musical masterpieces of all the World, you must own a

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Prices $15 to $300 in all Woods

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NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

When Playing the Wonderful Pathé Discs. The Pathé Sapphire Ball never wears out itself, and cannot injure the surface of the record. All Pathé Discs are double-sided and priced at 75c to $2.50.

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PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

When the English sporting writers saw this statement they first accused the American of faulty eyesight. Then they said that Chelsea Field is one of the smallest of the English football fields; but the fact remains that they estimated that crowd at over three times what it really was, and no one will ever be able to convince the American baseball people on the tour that those other English crowds are not also overestimated in similar proportion.

It is a very difficult matter accurately to estimate any crowd, even where the exact capacity of an inclosure is known. A baseball magnate told me one day that he had never seen a guess at any crowd that came within a couple of thousand of being correct, unless the crowd was extremely small.

"They always overestimate my big crowds and underestimate my small crowds," he said.

Once I saw a crowd, witnessing a sport it did not fully understand, grow wildly enthusiastic. That was at the Johnson-Willard fight in Havana, before about fifteen thousand people, of which at least twelve thousand were Cubans. The English crowd which saw the ball game would have been thoroughly conversant with the prize fight, and the Cuban crowd which saw the fight would have known every detail of the baseball game, as that has practically become their national sport; but at the time of the Willard-Johnson affair fighting was almost as unfamiliar to the Cubans as baseball to the English.

There had been a few fights in Havana just before the championship, but this was Cuba's first glimpse of a real championship battle, with all the curious side lights and scenic trimmings that are provided for these performances by Americans. Nevertheless, when the big white Kansan dropped the old black champion in the twenty-sixth round there was a wild scene of jubilation, with the Cubans furnishing most of the emotional fireworks.

Afterward I traced their exuberation to a certain racial prejudice, but I am inclined to the belief that they would have been just as demonstrative had two white men been contesting.

The Latin crowd is as quick to grasp a sport involving a test of skill or brain or brawn as an American crowd, and I have never yet seen a sport that completely stumped an American assemblage. Americans are now introducing the Cubans to horse racing, which used to draw some of the greatest and most colorful crowds in this country but which has of late years fallen into some decay. Once in a great while an old-time racing crowd turns out, but the old spirit, or rather the old fever, is gone. The chief characteristic of racing crowds is that they present the same faces day in and day out.

The Lawn Tennis Gallery

Probably the most decorous gathering ever assembled—size, and the fact that nearly everybody present thoroughly understood the nature of the business at hand, considered—was at the international lawn-tennis tournament of a couple of years ago held at Forest Hills on Long Island. It was a semisociety crowd, and it was deeply interested in the tournament; but its enthusiasm was repressed because, as a matter of courtesy to the visiting Australian players, the management had requested that applause be confined to handclapping.

There was plenty of that, but even a lot of handclapping does not make much of a disturbance outdoors. A small boy clinging to the limb of a tree outside the courts almost ruined the decorum, however, when he bawled at Maurice McLoughlin:

"Go git 'em, Mac!"

All tennis tournament crowds are not repressed. There was a considerable outburst at Forest Hills only last year, when Johnston, the young Californian, beat McLaughlin for the championship. It was almost as much of a demonstration as you see at a football game. There are times when an American crowd simply cannot be repressed, and as a general thing it is always looking for the opportunity to be just the reverse. I have seen a couple of thousand men wake up from a sound sleep in the wee hours of the morning, at a six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden in New York, and start raving over a sprint by the weary riders.

The six-day races used to attract about the toughest crowds to be found anywhere. The underworld of New York made it a sort of holiday week, and gunmen, thieves, pickpockets and bad men generally would gather for the event.

The last two years the management has cleared out this element and, oddly enough, you hear many old six-day race fans complaining that it has taken the color out of the affair.

The most picturesque crowds I have ever witnessed were at the Frontier Day celebration in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where reproductions of the wild and woolly West are presented every year. It attracts people from the mountains and plains and cities and hamlets of the Rocky Mountain West, and a crowd of those people has more personality than you can find in any other crowd anywhere in the land. I have attended a lot of fairs and carnivals and celebrations of one kind or another, which are fixed events in various towns throughout the country, from Watermelon Day at Rocky Ford, Colorado, to the flower festivals of the West Coast towns, and though the crowds which they attract may lack the color and impressive size of the Eastern assemblages, they are generally much more interesting.

A political-convention crowd, large or small, is generally a deadly dull crowd. It nearly always takes itself as a matter of too much importance; it gazes out upon the world from very serious eyes. A secret-order conclave or convention, even of national scope, may improvise a lot of color for itself, but is apt to be mighty perfunctory. A circus crowd in a small town is ten times as interesting.

When Boston Forgot Herself

One of the most orderly crowds I ever witnessed was assembled on the plains of Eastern Colorado some years ago for the incendiary purpose of burning a negro who had committed a singularly atrocious crime. This crowd was as quiet and as well behaved as a church congregation, which I suppose is the most orderly of all American assemblages.

One of the most disorderly crowds I ever saw was a Philadelphia baseball crowd which earnestly endeavored to mob the New York Giants after a game in which the umpire had rendered a decision distasteful to the Philadelphians. This particular crowd was not only disorderly in the sudden ireful effervescence characteristic of baseball crowds but it was a sullenly vengeful crowd. It waited until long after the game was over and rocked the players as they appeared in their street clothes.

In the old days visiting ball players used to put on their uniforms at their hotel and ride through the streets to the ball yard in busses, and it was no uncommon thing for them to be assaulted by hostile crowds. Of late years, however, these uniformed parades have been abandoned, just to avoid disorder, and it is very rarely that a baseball crowd nurses its anger to the extent of pursuing the players after a game, as in the case I have cited.

This Philadelphia crowd was rather a dangerous crowd for the time being, but as a general proposition baseball crowds, however excited they may seem, are not really dangerous. They blow off steam with a great deal of noise, but it is seldom that anyone is harmed. In effete Boston no longer ago than last summer, Ty Cobb, of the Detroit club, received a police escort off the field, so great was the apparent hostility of the cultured Bostonese toward the famous player; but it is doubtful if Ty would have been hurt had he walked through the crowd alone.

The American spirit of fair play nearly always bobs up in cases of this kind, if the crowd has a minute or two to reflect. A hoodlum may occasionally throw a pop bottle and knock an umpire kicking, but the big majority of the crowd deprecates that sort of business, no matter how excited it may be. Every American crowd is always intensely partisan where a contest of any nature is involved; but after all you will find down beneath their partisanship the old principle of sport: "May the best man win!"

It is a common theory that in point of sympathy the American crowd is always with the under dog; that it always pulls for the fellow who isn't supposed to have a chance; and that is true—up to a certain point. It is true just as long as the under dog is making a showing. Then the crowd roots for him with might and main. Then the crowd climbs upon chairs, and shrieks and whistles and throws hats into the air.

(Concluded on Page 33)

Motor-Driven

Why Car Makers and Car Owners are stampeding to the New

Stewart Warning Signal

THE Stewart-Warner Corporation is again first to market a high-grade *Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signal,* at $6, just as it was also the first to market the now famous Hand-Operated Warning Signal, the first $5 Signal (just reduced to $3.50), and as it was the first, years ago, to bring out a high-grade Speedometer at about half the price that other speedometers were selling for.

It has always been the policy of this Corporation to give its patrons the benefit of lower prices made possible through quantity production.

Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signals have come to stay.

They are the type of Warning Signal used on highest priced cars, and are demanded by people who are willing to pay for the best that the market affords. Heretofore, a good Motor-Driven Warning Signal was priced from $10 to $35.

Some motorists do not understand the difference between a so-called "vibrator" and a real motor-driven signal. An electric "vibrator" is operated by only a coil, and makes a "buzz." This type has been used until now except on the highest priced cars, because electric motor-driven warning signals formerly cost more.

The Stewart Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signal is going to have even a greater Vogue than the Stewart Hand-Operated Warning Signal, which was introduced on the market only a year ago, but which met with such instant favor as to necessitate manufacturing facilities producing 3,000 a day.

We have now completed new buildings, equipped them with the finest automatic machinery, and have employed the best possible electrical experts.

We are getting after the Motor-Driven Signal business just as we went after the Hand-Operated Signal business and got it, and just as we went after the Speedometer business and got it.

Think of it—$6 for a high-grade Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signal that before this would have cost anywhere from $10 to $35.

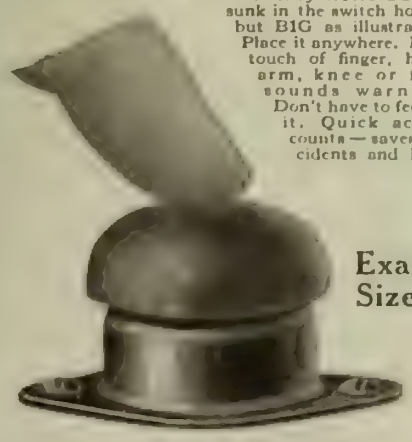
Remember also that there is more and more need for a proper warning signal on your car. Laws are being passed right and left to protect the public. There are crusades for safety being carried on everywhere, in every city and country town.

Sometimes the difference between a little buzz and a resounding blast, such as you get from the Stewart Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signal, may save a life.

$6

Price including bracket, also 10 feet of wiring and the entirely new BIG PUSH BUTTON pictured below at left.

You Can't Miss It even in the dark. Not a tiny little button sunk in the switch holder, but BIG as illustration. Place it anywhere. Mere touch of finger, hand, arm, knee or foot sounds warning. Don't have to feel for it. Quick action counts—saves accidents and lives.



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An Electric Motor-Driven Signal consists of a motor, electrically driven, which at the touch of your finger on the button turns over 7,000 or more revolutions a minute.

The blast is made by a ratchet on the end of this rapidly revolving motor shaft striking against a sounding diaphragm and makes that loud, barking noise you hear a mile back on a country road—the warning that makes you pay attention and get out of the way.

For your own protection and for the protection of others, you cannot afford now to be without this proper Warning Signal on your car.

Car manufacturers are equipping their cars with the Stewart Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signal.

See that the car you buy is so equipped.

30 Days' Trial Offer

If not thoroughly satisfied after 30 days' trial, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Quickly installed. Accept no other.

Stewart Hand-operated Warning Signal

For those desiring a Hand Operated Signal, there is nothing better on the market. The price was formerly $5, and now has just been reduced to $3.50. Hundreds of thousands on cars everywhere. Its long, penetrating warning blast "*Makes them pay attention.*" Operated by mere touch of finger, hand or arm. Quick action counts. Handsome in appearance.

NOW $3.50

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

"What Bearings are used in this Car?"

"Are the bearings so very important, Dick?"
"They certainly are, Mary."

"Because it can be truthfully said that the car we buy is only as good as the Bearings upon which its mechanism is mounted.

"They carry the weight of my loaded car—resist the shocks and jars of the road—nullify the stresses and strains imposed upon the entire mechanism—and at the same time reduce friction to the vanishing point wherever rotating motion occurs in the chassis.

"I've been asked that question many times lately," said the salesman.

"And I want to say that *our* cars are equipped with New Departure Ball Bearings. These Bearings have been selected by our engineers because of their unexcelled efficiency proven by the severest experimental and practical service tests.

"Then again," continued the salesman, "New Departure Ball Bearings are noiseless and foolproof—and by their own inherent durability extend the life of the car itself.

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

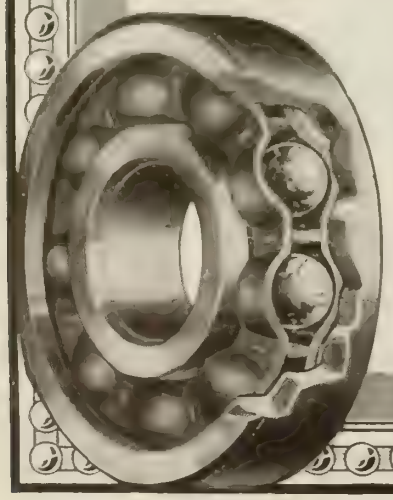
New Departure Single Row Type
A highly perfected anti-friction Bearing for use where radial load only are to be carried.

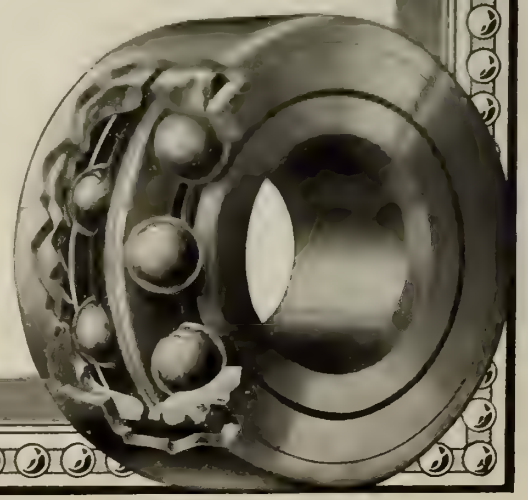
"The overcoming of friction means much to me, because friction causes rapid wear and waste of power. By conserving this power I am enabled to get greater mileage per gallon of gasoline and oil. The saving of wear also pulls down my upkeep expense."

"Like everything in this car, Sir, the New Departure Ball Bearings are absolutely guaranteed."

There are more good reasons why *you* should buy a New Departure equipped car in our illustrated booklet, "New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner." Write for Booklet "A."

New Departure Double Row Type
A single, self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying all the loads and stresses simultaneously from whatever direction they may come, with equal efficiency, and reducing friction to the vanishing point.





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(Concluded from Page 30)

But when the upper dog - the fellow who was expected to win—commences winning—ah, then the crowd is right with him! If it is at a prize fight you will hear the lads jeering the reeling under dog and imploring the upper dog to "knock him dead!" If it is at a boat race, and the crew that "doped" best is showing a wide gap of open water, you'll hear derisive laughs for the ruck-rowers running along the observation trains. If it is at a baseball or football game, the delegation that is losing is characterized as a "bunch of bums."

Yes, yes! The American crowd is with the under dog as long as he has a chance; but above all else the American crowd is with the winner, with the best man. And I regret to say that it sometimes makes mighty little difference how the winner wins, just so he wins. This is especially true of professional sport. A prize fighter may be robbed of a championship title by a palpably bad decision, but you see the crowd trailing, not with the victim of the robbery but with the man who profited thereby. A ball club may be beaten out of a pennant on some technicality, but the crowds that go to see the World's Series involving the beneficiary of the technicality are in no way lessened.

The injustice of the deal may rankle in the bosoms of the fair-minded for a time, but the mass of the people—the crowd—doesn't ask "How did he win?" It asks "Did he win?" Any excuse for a defeat, no matter how well grounded, is pronounced an "alibi" nowadays, and "alibis" are not popular with the crowd. The crowd is with the winner. It says: "May the best man win"; but it is apt to accept the winner as the best man, regardless. We are a great sport-loving people, and exponents of the square deal and all that, but how we do admire a winner!

Brass Buttons in New York

The worst-looking crowd I ever saw—worst in appearance—was a crowd of some thirty thousand at a bull fight in the City of Mexico during Huerta's régime; but it was a well-behaved crowd. It was madly enthusiastic at times but never disorderly. It was just a ragged, poverty-stricken multitude, but I was told that this was an exceptionally temperate assemblage for a bull fight. In the old days, I was informed, the lads in the bleachers used often to tear up the seats and hurl 'em at the bull fighters; but now they have concrete seats, which cannot be plucked from their base.

An election night or a New Year's Eve crowd in New York is a reasonably boisterous assemblage, but it has one redeeming feature, which is that no one has to get mixed up with it unless he desires. Reënforced by old John Barleycorn and equipped with "ticklers" and confetti and cow bells, a million people, more or less, jammed into a few blocks of Broadway can make night fairly hideous.

New York crowds are the most docile and thoroughly disciplined crowds in the land, when the police are round, and luckily the police are generally round. When they are absent the New York crowd can get as wild as the west wind. The New Yorker, or at least the New Yorker who is apt to be found in a crowd, is powerfully impressed by a blue uniform. Nowhere else in America do you find a policeman so greatly respected. I have heard it suggested that this is because there is a large foreign population in the city, taught from generations back in the old countries to respect the majesty of brass buttons and other visible forms of authority.

A New York policeman lets a crowd go farther than would an officer of any other town, and can gather it in again more rapidly. A New York policeman is accustomed to large crowds, and never gets alarmed about them. As long as a crowd which is supposed to be solely on pleasure bent, as on a New Year's Eve, does not get violent, the big-town policemen stand by and grin good-naturedly. When they do take an assemblage in hand, however, they are most rude and primitive. They never use clubs, as often occurs in other cities when a problem in crowd handling develops, but they have a method of hurling their big bodies up against human barricades in a way that is mighty jarring on the system.

The New York police department does not permit uniformed officers inside a ball yard or any other place to which admission is charged, save in case of grave necessity, on the theory that it is the duty of the management to police its own premises. Wherefore, a myriad of special policemen, in gray and khaki uniforms of private agencies, are employed; but a New York crowd is not particularly impressed by these specials. It knows full well that the special officer's authority is limited, and it rather resents his presence; so whenever there is a big bulge in an assemblage a froth of gray or khaki is generally seen oozing out helplessly along the edges.

There is one special officer in New York, however, who seems to exercise a curious spell over a crowd. His name is Tom O'Neill, and he generally has charge of a squad of men at the ball games and boxing matches. He is a burly fellow with a tawny mustache and is always dressed in civilian clothes; but he is known by sight to many thousands of people. Any time a row breaks out in a crowd Tom marches right into the middle of the disorder, always all alone, and I have never yet seen him fail to stop the trouble without resorting to force.

A regular policeman in uniform could doubtless do the same thing, but a man in the attire of a special would only be jeered and derided, and maybe assaulted. An umpire walking off the field with a crowd raging at his heels, but with Tom O'Neill stalking at his elbow, is as safe as if he were in a church. The secret of Tom's success is doubtless his courage, and the fact that the crowd rather feels that it knows him, that he is a personal acquaintance.

I have seen the late Jack Sheridan, the American League umpire, who was quite well along in years in the latter days of his umpirical career, move snapping and snarling like an old lion through an enraged crowd at the Polo Grounds, and never a hand would be raised against him. The crowd would be hating old Jack virulently, but any man who offered to harm him would probably have been licked by nine other men in the crowd at once—because the crowd felt that it knew Jack and because it admired his courage. It wanted to pester him, in the same spirit that small boys pester a school-teacher, but it did not want to harm him.

A crowd turns on mighty little things. One night, in a little boxing club on the lower East Side of New York, an Irishman named Charley Egan was fighting an Italian. The place was jammed with Italians, all rooting wildly for their countryman to win, but he had just barely weathered the first round. When the second round was only a few seconds old it became apparent that the Italian was no match for Egan, and a murmur of discontent passed over the crowd. In that crowd were East Siders of vast disrepute. There had been some little betting on the Italian. No officers were present, and very few Americans.

Saved by a Song

Looking back through the haze of smoke that filled the low-ceilinged room it seemed that the dark faces wore strangely sinister expressions, and one thought of long, sharp stilettos and loose-tongued revolvers. The storm broke when Egan finally cut loose a swinging wallop and dropped the Italian in his own corner.

As the Irishman turned away from his prostrate opponent and walked back to his handlers the crowd erupted in wild turmoil and began pushing over the chairs and screaming threats of violence against the Americans. To get to his dressing room through the ring Egan would have to pass through that infuriated mob. He sat down on the stool in his corner for a moment, his face very white, and the crowd kept shoving closer to the ring.

Suddenly Danny Morgan, Egan's manager and a rather noted handler of pugilists round New York, remembered that Egan was a good singer. He clambered into the ring and pressed his lips to Egan's ear.

"Sing!" hissed Morgan. "Sing, you son-of-a-gun, sing!"

Leaping to his feet and lifting one gloved hand in air, while his opponent lay stretched across a chair in the opposite corner, still unconscious, Egan broke out a rich baritone in Last Night Was the End of the World. He sang as if he were inspired too. The tumult hushed. The sinister faces softened. When the last notes of Egan's voice drifted out into the thick smoke the crowd began applauding, and in the end the Irish boxer passed through an aisle of applauding Italians to the sanctity of his dressing room.

The largest crowd that ever attended a boxing exhibition in America was at the meeting of Packey McFarland and Mike Gibbons, at Brighton Beach last summer. It numbered over twenty-five thousand, according to the official count, but the gate receipts were small compared to those of many fights. An American prize-fight crowd is always democratic enough, but is generally made up of a rough element. The very nature of the sport appeals to that sort of element.

Nowadays many women are at every fight held in New York, but their presence has had no softening influence. The fight fans are a poor lot of sports anyway. There was a time when I would have wagered that of all crowds a fight crowd would give a woman the most respectful attention; but one night at the St. Nicholas Rink, in New York, a woman made a suffrage speech from the ring, and the crowd tried to hoot her down. Since then I haven't had a very high regard for the sportsmanship of the fight followers.

Every year in America millions of words are sent rattling round the country, via telegraph wires, describing big crowds. The telegraph companies now have platoons of carefully selected operators who tramp in the wake of the great gatherings, their instruments under their arms, to assist in moving the armies of trained and tried adjectives marshaled by the reporters. Over two hundred thousand words will be sent out of New London, Poughkeepsie, New Haven or Cambridge, or from the scene of a big prize fight or polo game, and at least half that "file" will be descriptive of the crowd.

Kid Watts' Motto

Among these words you will find many and many a good old veteran word to which the experience is nothing new—gray and grizzled old words that have seen experience in crowds, from presidential inaugurations to lynching bees.

Modestly I claim acquaintance, and even close friendship, with some of these war-worn words. We have been little pals together in many a feverish fight for the first edition.

When a crowd is very small they have helped me make it small but enthusiastic or representative. When it is very large they have carried me swiftly along on palpitating phrase to many a semicolon and period. For me, assisted by friendly old words, the banked thousands will pulsate when Hoozis drops back to the forty-yard line for a try at goal from the field. The sea of faces will be drawn or tense. There will be blazes, breakers or waves of color. Soprano screams may be heard. Wild, mighty, furious or tremendous roars will be emitted and there will be something about the weather—always something about the weather; the transparent or fleckless or somber or dripping skies; the tang in the air, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

Back in the newspaper offices the copy readers will refer to this as "flubdub"—this crowd stuff—and that sounds belittling, especially if it is translated as meaning to flub, or even to dub; but "flubdub" is the fat on which telegraph companies feed round a big American crowd.

I have come to the conclusion, after careful observation, that an Eastern crowd, and especially a New York crowd, will stand for more indignities and even downright abusive treatment than crowds anywhere else in the country. An Eastern crowd rarely resents any sort of imposition, from suddenly increased prices of admission to the most miserable accommodations. A Western crowd will quickly and vociferously complain, while a Southern crowd is wholly intolerant of ill-treatment—and, therefore, crowds down South get the best treatment.

I suggested this thought to my friends Mosey and Kid Watts, the other evening, when I happened to meet them on the platform of the Grand Central subway station in New York at the rush hour. It was the first time Mosey and Kid Watts and I have ever met in a crowd, all off duty.

"Well," said Kid Watts as we approached the open side door of a packed Bronx express train, and were suddenly charged upon from behind by a big subway guard, and pushed and prodded and pounded and generally manhandled and maltreated until we were finally wedged into bare breathing space in a car, "maybe it's so. Maybe New York crowds do stand for a lot. Still," he added thoughtfully, "you mus' remember 'at it's always all righ' to trim a New Yorker any time you get a crack at him."

"On the Pulse of the World"

A famous visitor to Chicago once said, "When I am here I feel that my hand is on the pulse of the world." Centrally located in the heart of these world-activities is this towering example of modern genius in service—

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Men who meet to make history in big business, art or science; the woman traveling alone; the experienced tourist or the stranger new to Chicago—all find their wishes law at Hotel La Salle.

RATES

One person	Per day
Room with detached bath	$2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
Room with private bath	$3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00

Two persons	Per day
Room with detached bath	$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00
Room with private bath—	
Double room	5.00 to 8.00
Single Room with double bed	4.00, 4.50 and 5.00

Two Connecting Rooms with Bath

Two persons	$5.00 to $ 8.00
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SENSE AND NONSENSE

De Projical Son

THE old fellow who is the originator of the following sermon must be thought of as wearing a long Prince Albert coat about two sizes too large for him, his trousers folding up round his ankles like an accordion, his eyebrows long, shaggy and white, his beard short and nappy, what little mustache he has in each corner of his mouth being also white.

After taking off his old beaver hat, which was clean of hair in spots, and displaying a perfectly bald head, with the exception of a little white hair round the edges, he adjusted on his nose a pair of old-fashioned gold square-rimmed eyeglasses; and, snapping his eyes once or twice at his congregation over his eyeglasses, and then once or twice under them, he proceeded to deliver the following sermon.

The old darky could not read, but learned his sermons by hearing some minister deliver them. This is the reason why the old fellow got so mixed up:

Befo' I selexes de tex' to-night, my belubbed brederen, I wants to call yo' detention to de fac' dat de regular choir practice will tek place in dis church on Friday night at half pas' seben.

On Monday night dar will be a meetin' of de deacons. At dis meetin' I wants to have a report from de coal committee. We didn't have no report 'tall from dis committee las' year, an' we can't spec' de railroad company in Goldsboro to keep open coal cars on de sidetrack all dis winter like dey did las'. We will now proceed wid de sermon.

In selexing de tex' to-night, my fellow sufferers, I wants yo' to go 'way back wid me to de time when Chaderack, Comeback and Lettergo walked through de flaring flames of de fiery furnace, when de lions was cas' into Daniel's den, and Jonah swallowed de Prince of Wales; and dar we find de stunnin' words dat "A suttin man had two sons."

Now de youngest son were a very contemptionable young man, who were in no wise reposed to do de will of he father; an' he were, darfo', a projical son, an' de las' state of dat man was wuss dan de fust state.

Now de Scriptures tell us dat de young man got tired a-livin' easy, so he call to he pa and say: "Pa, gimme my share of de substum, an' I will tek it an' go 'way into a fur country, an' yo'll see my face no mo'."

Now I reckon de ole man were tired botherin' wid de projical an' he were willing to let him hoe he own row, caze we read in de Book dat de young man tek his share of de substum and gone into a fur country; an' dar he spen' he substum in riotous extrabigance, high libin' an' sin, till bye-mbye he money were all throw' away and he were reduced to a great needcessity. So great were de needcessity what de young man were reduced to dat he were compel' to hire heself out to a rich man to min' hog.

Now de Scriptures don't says so, but it am supposed dat dis were a very mean white man, caze we read in de Book dat de young man were fain to full his stomach on de hus's where he fed he hog wid. So when he come to heself he say: "De very servant on my Pa's place got bread to eat an' I ain't had none. I's gwine back to de ole man an' ax him to tek me as a hired man on he plantation." So he tek he pearl rings off he han' an' throw 'em to de hog; an' de hog run at 'em, caze Scriptures tell us: "If you cas' yo' pearl' befo' swine dey'll turn roun' an' ren' you."

Now when de young man were yet a long way off he were overtook by a great deluge of rain, an' it rained forty years and forty mont's.

So great were de deluge dat de young man were overtook by dat he were compel' to buil' heself a boat to keep from gittin' drownded; and after he sail' roun' in he boat for a mont', a mont' and a half or two mont's, he lit on Mount Ararat, wid de olive branch in he mouth.

Jest as soon as de young man lit on de olive branch, wid Mount Ararat in he mouth, he pa see him comin', an' he run out to meet him; an' he ketch him an' hug him an' throw he han's roun' he neck an' cry: "O Absolum, my son, my son Absolum!" Den he gib him another ring to put on he han', an' a gole stud wid a white shirt in de bosom, an' he call to de hired man an' tell him to kill a fat calf an' mek a great feas'. An' 'cordin' to de way he say so it were done.

After de feas' were all ready de ole man he sen' roun' an' invite all he rich neighbor' an' dey all wid one consent begin to mek excuse. One man say he jest taken in a piece of new groun' an' he ain't got time; another say he jest bought a yoke of oxen an' he got to look after he purchase; an' another man say he jest married a nice young wife an'—an'—an'—he wa'n't hongry.

Well, when de ole man fine out how all he rich neighbor' discount him, he git vex'; an' he call he hired man an' tell him to go out into the highways an' into de byways an' gether all he kin fine, caze de bline kin see, an' de lame kin walk, an' de deef kin hear, an' my son Absolum what was dead am alive agin.

So de hired man he go an' he gether de bline, an' de lame, an' de halt, an' de deef, an' all de po' people in dat lan'; an' he fotch 'em an' he sit 'em down, an' dey mek a great feas'. An' after dey done eat up everything de fragments what dey gether up fill' seben baskets full an' five small fishes over.

I would like to continue de preachments longer to you dis evenin', my fellow sufferers; but de fac' is dar's a po' cullud 'oman dyin' down de road dar, an' she can't die till I git dar.

So we will now close de suvvices by singin' de sixteent' hymn on de 'leven' page in de book:

"Come, ye sinners, po' an' needy, weak an' wounded, sick an' so'."

Now while de contribution box am bein' circumambulated roun', de choir will please vociferate.

A Free Advertisement

THE following, which appeared on a circular recently issued in China, has just been sent to us by one of our friends there as an example of Oriental advertising for English trade:

NOTICE

THE RAILWAY HOTEL.

Hangchow was a famous place in ancient times. But .now. since the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway has been connected. the commerce is gradually Prospered. The most prosperous place is the Hanghlow Railway Station and those places near it. of course there are many hotels stood. but neither of them is close to the RaiLway station. nor is built up in the best foroign style. so the masters of the hotel having spent much money begin to build the great building. the Railway Hotel. on its upper part there is the Roof-Garden. and by using the electrie passing the people can go up and down without any on-foot trouble. while on the lowe part the merchant shops supplying with different kinds of things are arranged. so that the things may be conveniently bought up. Everything is protty. handsomo and well-arranged. the ladies and gentlemen. who reach it. will forget togo back for the sake of enjoying themselves. Now let us show some best and peculiar cbarcteristics as following.

(1) The Location. It is slightly opposite to the Hangchow Railway station. when you leave the train. and walk foward a few steps you will see the beautiful building in front of you. It is close to th large street ching-ho-fang. chen-hwang hill west lake and some oth er famous places.

(2) The Building. It is a three-storied house. and is built in the foreign up-to-dog style. The roof-garden on the upper part furnished with seats for tea. and the merchant shops on the lower part supply with best productions. The hotel in the middle consists altogether of about more than hundred rooms. about more than sixty rooms in each story. It is full of bright rays and fresh air. Large and beautiful are the hall and the dinin room. which may be let for marriage. feast giving. meeting. etc. The rest. such as the garden. the lawn, the newsroom. and the play-ground. are very pretty. and are built of the magnificent and skilful works. which the others can not be compared with.

(3) The preparation. The foreign furnitures. the large iron-beds. and those fine and usoful things are furnished. The hotel also provided with the beautiful spreadings. the silk beduilts, the mosquito nets and the electric lamps. which may be used by the passenggers without paying any money. It is still much bett for the passengers that the decorations. foods. drinks. and implements are providid too. In a word. the hotel provides with every thing. and makes it as good as possible.

(4) The Supply. The hotel supplies with foreign and chinese feast. or dinary dinner. lunch and all kinds of foods. The water is filtered. and it is very clean indeed The diligent and trustful boys and maidens are hired. and the passengers may call them at pleasure. The commitee who especially has the duty of adhering will do the passengers. order at any time There are chairs and sedan-chairs prepared for those who want to go ou for doing business or else and also many necessary articles supplied.

(5) The communication. The hotel is very close to the Hangchow Railway Station. so the luggage and goods may be delivered back to the passengers by the committee if they give him the bill. He can also get a ticket or send up a report of transporting goods etc. for them. If they want to see some friends or visit the famous places. the boat. the jinricsha. the chair and the horse may be hired in a moderate price. letters and telegrams can also be despatched fer them by the hotel.

How Van Got Left

WHEN Charles E. Van Loan was a sporting writer his duties took him to the training camp of James J. Jeffries at the time Jeff was preparing for the battle with Jack Johnson at Reno. There Van encountered an old acquaintance in the person of black Bob Armstrong, who was quite a fighter in his day, later a good trainer, and always one of the great characters of the ring.

At that time Van had a slight weakness for a pastime that amounted to a passion with Armstrong—to wit, craps. Bob had cleaned up the Jeffries camp so thoroughly that no one but himself had any money until Van arrived with a sprightly new bank roll. Hearing of the Armstrong affluence, Charley decided that it was up to him to maintain the supremacy of the white race.

Without saying anything to anyone concerning his intentions, he inveigled Bob out behind a barn one afternoon, and there they jousted with the little ivory cubes until along toward sunset. Then Bob appeared—alone.

"Where's Van?" growled Jeffries. "Where'd you leave Van?"

"Mist' Van Loon?" said Bob innocently. "He out behine de ba'n. Ah lef' him theah."

"What's he doing?" asked Jeff. "Did you leave him gettin' ideas?"

"No, suh," said Bob. "Ah reckon not. Ah lef' him wivout no ideas a-tall. Mist' Jeff," he said confidentially, "Ah lef' dat Mist' Van Loon wiv jes de puspuh rashun in his han'. Dat's how Ah lef' Mist' Van Loon."

A Boxing Battery

ON SUMMER nights the baseball field of the Brooklyn National League Club, in Flatbush, is turned into an open-air boxing arena, with the ring stretched on a platform over the home plate.

Al McCoy, who claims the middleweight championship, was fighting Young Ahearn, an Englishman, one evening, and was getting a liberal plastering from the gloved hands of the Briton.

It was such a poor show that the crowd soon lost interest and settled back into a deep silence.

Along about the sixth round, with Ahearn keeping up a steady bombardment of McCoy's bleeding features, a voice was heard inquiring:

"Wonder who're the batteries for this game?"

Out of the hush that lay over the upper tier of the grand stand came a loud roar as a big fellow rose in his seat and announced with true umpirical effect:

"Ahearn, pitchin'; McCoy, catchin'!"

HENREE TRIED

(Concluded from Page 15)

By a desperate effort I reached her before she touched the floor; otherwise she must have done herself an injury. The door banged against the wall behind us, rebounded and shut.

I will not deny that the situation put my coolness and resource to a tremendous strain. I was kneeling on the rug with madame in my arms, feeling as helpless as it is possible for Henri Giraud to feel. Her beauty was of the sort that is most appealing in affliction, and she lay inert across my knees. Once she heaved a deep sigh.

I called loudly for help. I begged madame to open her eyes, to revive, to return to the world and those who loved her. Perhaps my agitation drove me to impulses of speech that were of no practical value at the moment, m'sieu, and to invent plans for her aid impossible of execution; but I urge in extenuation the extraordinary nature of my plight.

In the midst of my outcries a sharp rap sounded on the door. It was thrown open without further ceremony and the lady's male companion appeared on the threshold.

"So!" said he. "Here you are, hey?" And then to me: "What do you mean by being here with my wife?"

It did not take me a flicker of time to grasp my dilemma. Firmness was required, but it was no time for violence. I released madame, who flopped on the floor. The shock acted as a stimulant, for almost immediately she sat up.

"Please close that door," I requested. "There is no need for a scene. This unfortunate circumstance, sir, can be explained to your entire satisfaction."

Instead of acceding to my proposal he grew blustering.

"Ssh!" came a warning, and the head waiter of the Reese eased through the door. "What's the matter here?"

The other stated his grievance, without abating his tones a jot. "What do you know about that, Roger? Hey? Phone for the police! Things've come to a pretty pass when a wife'll carry on like this under a man's nose. Get a cop! I'll teach them a lesson!"

Police! A cop! Imagine my consternation, m'sieu! If the police were called in I was a ruined man. My motives would be impugned, my reputation irreparably lost, and Roxie—I made a step forward, but the head waiter forestalled me.

"I wouldn't raise a rumpus if I were you," he advised. "It would only hurt every one of you without doing a particle of good. Why not be reasonable? Probably Mr. Giraud would be willing to talk business?"

Talk business! You can imagine how I pricked up my ears; the affair assumed at once an entirely different aspect. In a flash I saw it all, the whole diabolical scheme. It was blackmail!

Drawing myself up, I bent my brows on them and said with an air of authority that could not fail to impress: "Enough! Stand aside, m'sieu, and permit me to pass. I discern your infamy!"

His answer was to push against the door, but he was defeated in his object of closing it by a foot dexterously inserted in the opening. And from the owner of the foot came a halloo that made my heart leap:

"Henree! Oh, Henree!"

"Joe!" I shouted in a great voice. "Here I am! *A moi*, my friend! To the rescue!"

A strong heave, and the dear fellow lurched into the room, almost overturning the fellow Roger.

"What's this?" he demanded angrily. "What're you up to now, Frenchy? We've been waiting ten minutes! The girls got tired of sitting round all dressed up and made me bring 'em along. They're in the dressing room now."

Then he espied madame sitting forlornly on the floor and his eyes opened wide. Next he stared at Roger; from him to the husband; and immediately his expression changed. He appeared to dilate with rage; his aspect became positively terrifying.

Not a word did he utter, but, fixing the culprit with a penetrating look, he began to shed his coat. Slowly and warily he did it, and then his lips began to move. I was astounded until I caught the syllables they formed: "One, two, three, four——" Yes; he was counting.

Next he began to circle round his adversary on the balls of his feet, like a pugilist seeking an opening, his body crouched and every muscle taut. In that moment M'sieu Joe, small as he doubtless was, seemed a giant, a thunderbolt of avenging wrath. His lips continued to move rapidly, almost without sound. I tingled with delightful expectancy; it was plain that M'sieu Joe meditated an assault on my enemy, a *coup de poing*, perhaps a shrewd buffet on the ear. How bitterly I regretted never having imparted to him the trick of the feet, whereby he might deliver a kick in a vulnerable spot.

Poltroon that he was, the conspirator backed up. "Hold on a minute! Who're you? What're you buttin' in for?"

"Forty-eight, forty-nine—FIFTY!" finished M'sieu Joe in a yell of triumph, and launched himself through space.

Ah, my friend, how magnificent he was! Though dwarfed by the huge stature of his adversary, his brave heart amply offset this disadvantage. He was a very demon of force. His agility was beyond defense; he rained blow upon blow, accompanying each one with a grunt of effort, then a joyous whoop.

"Keep off, Henree!" he shouted fiercely when I essayed a feint in rear. "Leave him to me! He's my meat!"

And at it he went with redoubled fury. I seized a chair. If the fellow called Roger, or madame, ventured to intervene, it was my intention to deliver a stroke upon the head, regardless of consequences—to bean them. But they did nothing. They dodged away behind the bed to be out of harm, and there watched the combat.

Combat, did I say? It could not be termed anything so dignified. The blackmailer's courage was not equal to his bulk. He opposed but the feeblest resistance to M'sieu Joe's onslaught. He was, indeed, my friend's meat. Soon M'sieu Joe had him prone on the floor, howling for mercy; but no mercy did he show. Again and again did M'sieu Joe bang his head against the boards, belaboring the wretch with feet and fists. The uproar was deafening. Of course it could not fail to attract attention and people came running from both ends of the hall. They blocked the door.

Among them was Madame Hicks. I descried her headdress above the throng and was instantly seized of a peculiar sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach, for Mlle. Roxie was with her. Taking in the situation in a trice, madame thrust through the crowd and confronted her husband at the moment he abandoned his cowed victim.

"*Mister* Hicks!" she exclaimed.

"Don't you 'mister' me," said M'sieu Joe, breathless and disheveled but exulting. "What d'you think of Handsome Hubert now? Why don't you take a picture of him? Ain't his eyes pretty? And his mouth too?"

"Joe, what's the matter? What's he doing here?"

My friend snorted and unceremoniously slammed the door in the faces of the spectators. He drew on his coat. There was a strange new confidence in his bearing.

"Why, him and this hussy tried to pull the badger game on poor ol' Henree. So I bust him. That's about what I thought he'd come to! What do you think of your sweet-scented Hubert now?"

What madame thought of him was plainly revealed in the complete indifference she betrayed for the fellow's sufferings. He was wiping his mouth and sniffling; madame averted her face. But when she looked at her husband her eyes were soft.

"You can beat his bloody head off for all I care, dear," she said. "Did he hurt you?"

"He couldn't smash an aig!" said M'sieu Joe.

Meanwhile, there was Mlle. Roxie to be reckoned with. She was standing aloof, gazing upon the tableau in chilly silence. Her lips were compressed; one foot beat a tattoo on the floor. The symptoms were not to my liking, and I perceived that an early elucidation of the mystery was advisable.

"Madame," I said to the fair Patsy, "is that person the husband of that lady?"

My fiancée took it upon herself to reply: "Not so's you could talk about it. She's got one husband already that I know of, in Los Angeles. How's Phil, Florida?"

The woman behind the bed did not answer.

"I reckon the show business must have been rotten lately? Huh?" continued Mlle. Roxie remorselessly. Then she burst into a shrill laugh. "Well, for land's sake, look at your eyebrow!"

Of course the feat was impossible of performance for Florida, but we all looked at it for her. M'sieu, the lady had no left eyebrow at all! I was stricken cold with amazement. Where the beautiful thin line had been was only a smear, a faint smudge.

"Let's get out of here," suggested M'sieu Joe. His righteous fury appeased, discretion asserted itself. "They'll be bustin' in agin in a minute and we can't afford a ruckus. That's the trouble about bein' rich. Come on, leave these sorry rascals go, Henree. I mean you too," he said wrathfully to the waiter. "I believe you were in on this. And if I hadn't promised my wife to act like a gen'l'man I'd wear you out, you big —— Say, what time is it?"

A ludicrous amazement was reflected in his countenance.

"Ten minutes past twelve," I told him.

"The New Year," said M'sieu Joe. "And I've had a fight, and Patsy's cussed, and Henree's in bad! Our good resolutions didn't last five minutes!"

His expression was so rueful that I felt an irresistible impulse to laugh, serious as was my predicament. Madame joined in. Only Roxie remained grave.

"Well, anyhow, we made 'em," said madame happily. "That's something, hey, Henree? Let's go. So long, you two. Back to the mines for you, Hubert—you big stew!"

Out we went. I led toward the Palm Garden, but Mlle. Roxie turned and deliberately walked away. Anger and injured pride showed in every line of her back.

"What's the matter, Roxie?" called out Madame Hicks. "Where're you going? Say, come back here!"

But Roxie kept on going. I could only gape. M'sieu Joe seemed to be equally at a loss, but his surprise was tinctured with impatience.

"Well, I declare!" cried madame, and went in pursuit, leaving us to wait.

Presently she returned alone. "Roxie," she said, "won't come back. She's gone home. You've up and done it this time, Frenchy!"

"Home? How? Why? What is the meaning of this, madame?"

"She's broken the engagement," was the answer. "And she told me to tell you it wouldn't do any good to follow or to bother her any more. She says she thinks she likes Alf Jackson better anyhow. So here's your ring."

"But," I stammered, my thoughts sadly confused, "why—what where then is the diamond necklace?"

Madame threw at me a glance of unutterable reproach.

"Oh, Henree, you sure ain't going to be that short! Of course she'll keep it to remember you by."

Time and place were alike unsuitable for contention on this score.

"But our marriage!" I protested. "What reason does she give? This is terrible! It is unjust cruel wicked! Because I have been the innocent victim "

"Maybe so, Henree," replied madame, rippling into laughter again, "but Roxie thinks different. And take a tip from me wipe Florida's eyebrow off your cheek!"

Burpee's Annual

The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of the Leading American Seed Catalog for 1916 is brighter and better than ever before. It offers the greatest novelty in Sweet Peas, the unique "Fiery Cross", and other novelties in Rare Flowers and Choice Vegetables, some of which cannot be had elsewhere. This book of 182 pages tells all about proved and tested

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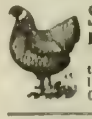

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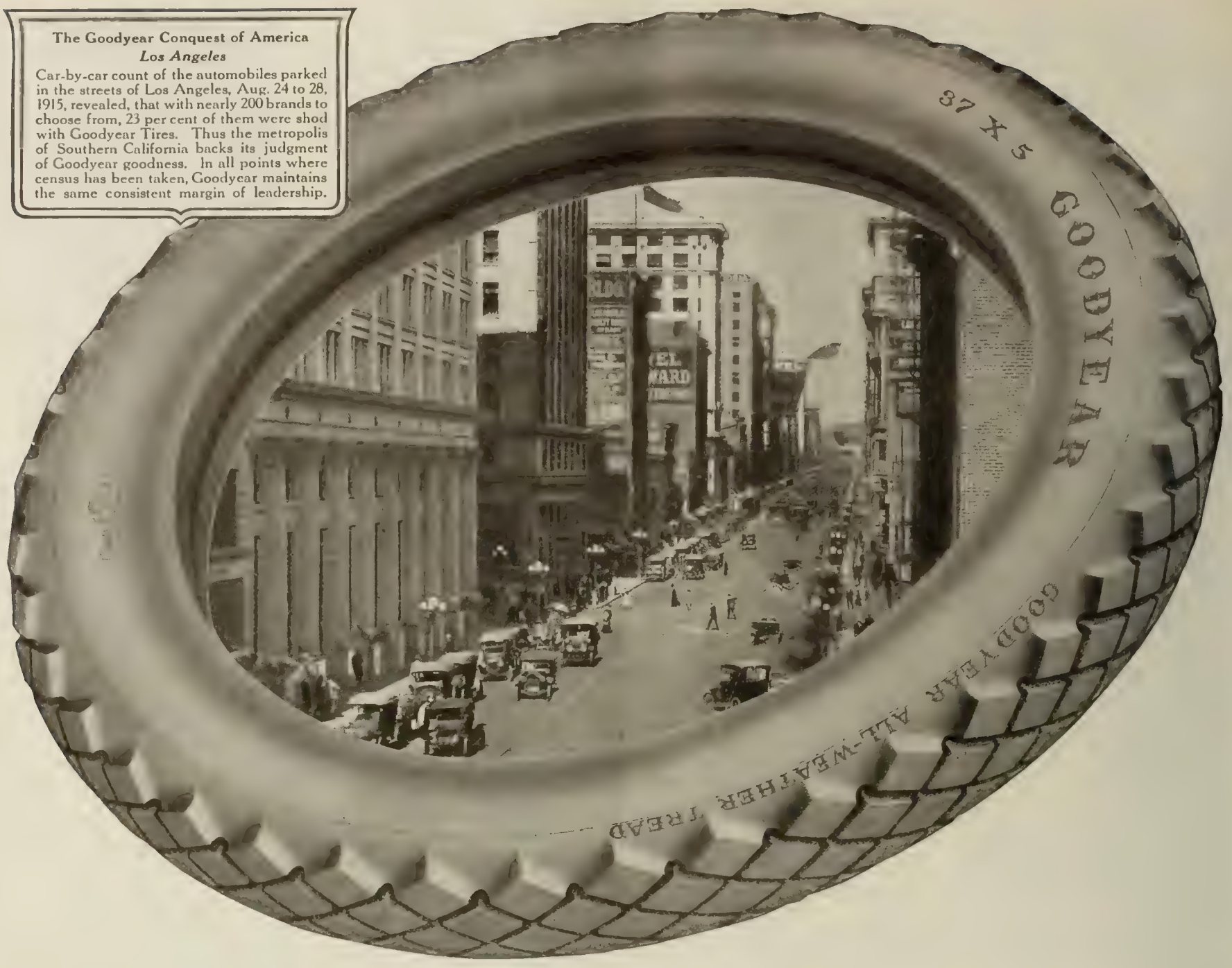
Los Angeles

Car-by-car count of the automobiles parked in the streets of Los Angeles, Aug. 24 to 28, 1915, revealed, that with nearly 200 brands to choose from, 23 per cent of them were shod with Goodyear Tires. Thus the metropolis of Southern California backs its judgment of Goodyear goodness. In all points where census has been taken, Goodyear maintains the same consistent margin of leadership.



An Economic Law Turned Upside Down?

Have Goodyear Tires overturned what practically amounts to an economic law?

It is a business axiom that in the distribution of any article of almost universal use, the largest market rarely goes to the product of higher price.

But buyers in the tire world have apparently broken this law.

They have awarded the greatest market to Goodyear Tires.

And Goodyear Tires are not the tires of lower price, but of higher price than many others.

Such a condition has never obtained before, to our knowledge, in the industrial history of America.

All the artificial barriers which usually separate one price-class from another have been broken down by Goodyear Tires.

All of the various grades of automobile ownership have been merged into one tire grade — and that one tire grade is Goodyear.

There is no national or international standard of tire quality higher than the Goodyear standard.

And though there are scores of tires of lower price, no other tire in the world is selling so widely as Goodyear.

It is easy to understand why this is so.

A lower price will not compensate a man for poor results in a tire.

Having invested hundreds, or thousands, in a motor car, he will not let a trifling additional cost stand in the way of getting the highest measure of safety and service and the greatest possible mileage.

In apparently overturning an economic law the tire buyers of America are simply obeying the law of common sense.

They gladly pay a very little more for Goodyear Tires because they feel they cannot afford to dispense with Goodyear qualities; and because, for a little more, Goodyear gives a great deal more.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

The Goodyear Conquest of America
Detroit

Detroit has something more than 30,000 motor cars. Actual count Aug. 25 to 29, 1915, showed 23 per cent of the cars parked in the business section were equipped with Goodyear Tires. Of Detroit's 25 manufacturers of passenger cars, electrics and light trucks, 15 ship from 20 to 100 per cent of their cars with Goodyear Tires on all wheels, though they can get other tires at as low or lower prices.

Lead in the Nation As in the Cities

Detroit and Los Angeles—both automobile centers—are unanimous in their preference for Goodyear Tires.

The birthplace of the industry, Detroit remains the home of the leading motor car manufacturers of America, whose combined output constitutes the bulk of this country's annual production.

It is said that, in proportion to its population, Los Angeles has more motor cars in use than any other city in the world.

One reflects, largely, the opinions of manufacturers; the other, the opinions of owners.

In the case of Goodyear Tires, there is not the slightest difference of thought between the two classes.

Our tire census of Detroit and Los Angeles shows that, in each city, Goodyear is favored with a lead of 23 per cent.

And this condition is not peculiar to Detroit, or to Los Angeles, or to almost any other city we should name.

It is a national condition. It affects all parts of the country.

The people at large, by their voluntary buying of Goodyear Tires, have made it plain that they prefer Goodyear Tires above all others.

Without regard to the cars they own, a million motorists or more—in the cities and towns and on the farms—buy Goodyear Tires because they last longer and give less trouble, and because they know that in the end Goodyear Tires cost less.

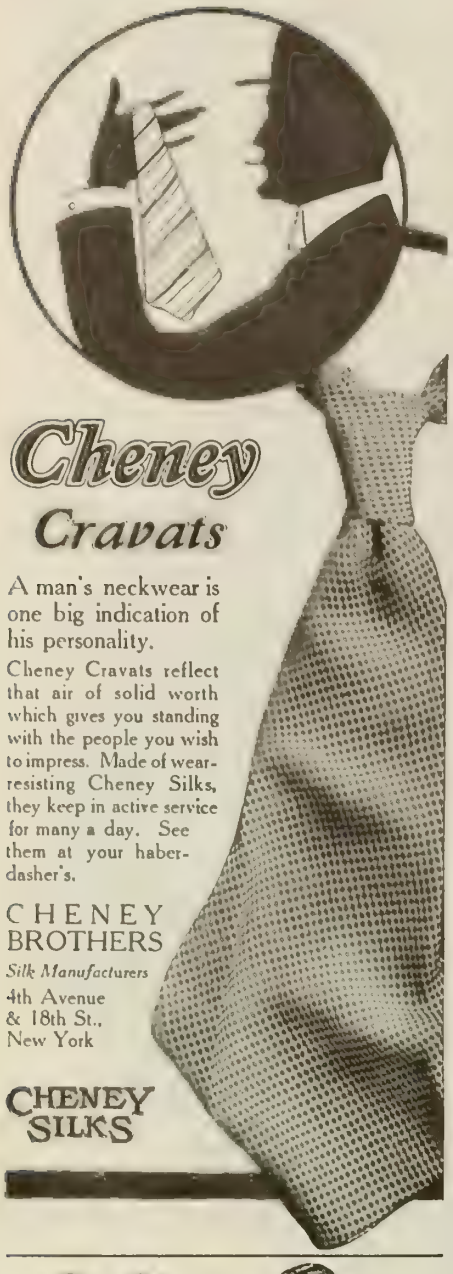
The reasons for this lower cost of Goodyear Tires are found in their quality and construction.

Goodyear No-Hook Tires are built with five features which guard against the five great causes of tire deterioration:

They are fortified against rim-cutting by our No-Rim-Cut feature; against blow-outs by our On-Air cure; against loose treads by our rubber rivets; against insecurity by our multiple braided piano wires base; and against puncture and skidding by our double-thick All-Weather tread.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO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A man's neckwear is one big indication of his personality.
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CHENEY BROTHERS
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CHENEY SILKS

GIVE your trousers the proper hang. Adjust to every motion. No straining or pulling when you stoop or lean. Buy a pair today—wear them a week—and if you are not satisfied—take them back and get your money. Every pair sold under a positive guarantee.

Be sure you get the genuine with the name "KADY" on the buckles. At leading dealers'—50 cents.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO., Mansfield, Ohio

TYPEWRITER MUFFLER

IN this hustling, bustling age your nerves and your brains are racked by the NOISES which surround you on all sides. Your head aches, your nerves tingle, your temper is irritated, and your CAPACITY for CONCENTRATION and, in consequence, your EARNING CAPACITY, are restricted.

You cannot control the noise of the street, but you CAN REDUCE noise in the office by using our TYPEWRITER MUFFLER (patent applied for).

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ONCE A SCOTCHMAN, ALWAYS

(Continued from Page 10)

game is there. Of course it took genius to do this with Angus, and I've never denied that Ellabelle has it. I bet there wasn't a day in all them years that Angus didn't believe himself to be a stubborn, domineering brute, riding roughshod over the poor little wreck of a woman. If he didn't it wasn't for want of his wife accusing him of it in so many words—and perhaps a few more.

"I guess she got to feeling so sure of herself she let her work coarsen up. Anyway, when little Angus come to be eighteen his pa shocked her one day by saying he must go back home to some good college. 'You mean England,' says Ellabelle, they being at the time in some other foreign domains.

"'I do not,' says Angus, 'nor Sweden nor Japan nor German East Africa. I mean the United States.' 'You're jesting,' says she. 'You wrong me cruelly,' says Angus. 'The lad's eighteen and threatening to be a foreigner. Should he stay here longer it would set in his blood.' 'Remember his weak throat,' says Ellabelle. 'I did,' says Angus. 'To save you trouble I sent for a specialist to look him over. He says the lad has never a flaw in his throat. We'll go soon.'

"Of course it was dirty work on the part of Angus, getting to the specialist first, but she saw she had to take it. She knew it was like the time they agreed on his name—she could see the Scotch blood leaping in his veins. So she gave in with never a mutter that Angus could hear. That's part of the genius of Ellabelle, knowing when she can and when she positively cannot, and making no foolish struggle in the latter event.

"Back they come to New York and young Angus went to the swellest college Ellabelle could learn about, and they had a town house and a country house and Ellabelle prepared to dazzle New York society, having met frayed ends of it in her years abroad. But she couldn't seem to put it over. Lots of male and female society foreigners that she'd met would come and put up with her and linger on in the most friendly manner, but Ellabelle never fools herself so very much. She knew she wasn't making the least dent in New York itself. She got uncomfortable there. I bet she had that feeling you get when you're riding your horse over soft ground and all at once he begins to bog down.

"Anyway they come West after a year or so, where Angus had more drag and Ellabelle could feel more important. Not back to Wallace, of course. Ellabelle had forgotten the name of that town, and also they come over a road that misses the thriving little town of North Platte by several hundred miles. And pretty soon they got into this darned swell little suburb out from San Francisco, through knowing one of the old families that had lived there man and boy for upward of four years. It's a town where I believe they won't let you get off the train unless you got a visitor's card and a valet.

"Here at last Ellabelle felt she might come into her own, for parties seemed to recognize her true worth at once. Some of them indeed she could buffalo right on the spot, for she hadn't lived in Europe and such places all them years for nothing. So, camping in a miserable rented shack that never cost a penny over seventy thousand dollars, with only thirty-eight rooms and no proper space for the servants, they set to work building their present marble palace—there's inside and outside pictures of it in a magazine somewhere round here—bigger than the state insane asylum and very tasty and expensive, with hand-painted ceilings and pergolas and cafés and hot and cold water and everything.

"It was then I first see Ellabelle after all the years, and I want to tell you she was impressive. She looked like the descendant of a long line of ancestry or something and she spoke as good as any reciter you ever heard in a hall. Last time I had seen her she was still forgetting about the r's—she'd say: 'Oh, there-urr you ah!' thus showing she was at least half Iowa in breed—but nothing like that now. She could give the English cards and spades and beat them at their own game. Her face looked a little bit overmassaged and she was having trouble keeping her hips down, and wore a patent chin-squeezer nights, and her hair couldn't be trusted to itself long at a time; but she knew how to dress and she'd learned decency in the use of the diamond except when it was really proper to break out all over with 'em. You'd look at her twice in any show ring. Ain't women the wonders! Gazing at Ellabelle when she had everything on, you'd never dream that she'd come up from the vilest dregs only a few years before helping cook for the harvest hands in Iowa, feeding Union Pacific passengers at twenty-two a month or splitting her own kindling at Wallace, Idaho, and dreaming about a new silk dress for next year, or mebbe the year after if things went well.

"Men ain't that way. Angus had took no care of his figure, which was now paunchy, his hair was gray, and he was either shedding or had been roached, and he had lines of care and food in his face, and took no pains whatever with his accent—or with what he said, for that matter. I never saw a man yet that could hide a disgraceful past like a woman can. They don't seem to have any pride. Most of 'em act like they don't care a hoot whether people find it out on 'em or not.

"Angus was always reckless that way, adding to his wife's burden of anxiety. She'd got her own vile past well buried, but she never knew when his was going to stick its ugly head up out of its grave. He'd go along all right for a while like one of the best set had ought to—then Zooey! We was out to dinner at another millionaire's one night—in that town you're either a millionaire or drawing wages from one—and Angus talked along with his host for half an hour about the impossibility of getting a decent valet on this side of the water, Americans not knowing their place like the English do, till you'd have thought he was born to it, and then all at once he breaks out about the hardwood finish to the dining room, and how the art of graining has perished and ought to be revived. 'And I wish I had a silver dollar,' he says, 'for every door like that one there that I've grained to resemble the natural wood so cunningly you'd never guess it—hardly.'

"At that his break didn't faze anyone but Ellabelle. The host was an old train robber who'd cut your throat for two bits—I'll bet he couldn't play an honest game of solitaire—and he let out himself right off that he had once worked in a livery stable and was proud of it; but poor Ellabelle, who'd been talking about the dear Countess of Comtessa or somebody, and the dukes and earls that was just one-two-three with her on the other side, she blushed up till it almost showed through the second coating. Angus was certainly poison ivy to her on occasion, and he'd refuse to listen to reason when she called him down about it. He'd do most of the things she asked him to about food and clothes and so forth—like the time he had the two gold teeth took out and replaced by real porcelain nature fakers—but he never could understand why he wasn't free to chat about the days when he earned what money he had.

"It was this time that I first saw little Angus since he had changed from a governess to a governor—or whatever they call the he-teacher of a millionaire's brat. He was home for the summer vacation. Naturally I'd been prejudiced against him not only by his mother's praise but by his father's steady coppering of the same. Judiciously comparing the two, I was led to expect a kind of a cross between Little Lord Fauntleroy and the late Sitting Bull, with the vices of each and the virtues of neither. Instead of which I found him a winsome whelp of six-foot or so with Scotch eyes and his mother's nose and chin and a good, big, straight mouth, and full of the most engaging bedevilments for one and all. He didn't seem to be any brighter in his studies than a brute of that age should be, and though there was something easy and grand in his manner that his pa and ma never had, he wasn't really any more foreign than what I be. Of course he spoke Eastern American instead of Western, but you forgive him that after a few minutes when you see how nice he naturally meant to be. I admit we took to each other from the start. They often say I'm a good mixer, but it took no talent to get next to that boy. I woke up the first night thinking I knew what old silly would do her darndest to adopt him if ever his poor pa and ma was to get buttered over the right of way in some railroad accident.

"And yet I didn't see Angus, Junior, one bit the way either of his parents saw him. Ellabelle seemed to look on him merely as a smart dresser and social know-it-all that would be a ninety-eight per cent credit to her in the position of society queen for which the good God had always intended her. And his father said he wasn't any good except to idle away his time and spend money, and would come to a bad end by manslaughter in a high-powered car, or in the alcoholic ward of some hospital; that he was, in fact, a mere helling scapegrace that would have been put in some good detention home years before if he hadn't been born to a father that was all kinds of a so-and-so old Scotch fool. There you get Angus, *fills*, from three different slants, and I ain't saying there wasn't justification for the other two besides mine. The boy could act in a crowd of tea-drinking women with a finish that made his father look like someone edging in to ask where they wanted the load of coal dumped. But also Angus, *peer*, was merely painting the lily, as they say, when he'd tell all the different kinds of Indian the boy was. That very summer before he went back to the educational center where they teach such arts, he helped wreck a road house a few miles up the line till it looked like one of them pictures of what a Zepplein does to a rare old English drugstore in London. And a week later he lost a race with the Los Angeles flyer, account of not having as good a roadbed to run on as the train had, and having to take too short a turn with his new car.

"I remember we three was wondering where he could be that night the telephone rung from the place where kindly strangers had hauled him for first aid to the foolish. But it was the boy himself that was able to talk and tell his anxious parents to forget all about it. His father took the message and as soon as he got the sense of it he begun to get hopeful that the kid had broke at least one leg—thinking, he must have been, of the matched pacing stallions that once did himself such a good turn without meaning to. His disappointment was pitiful as he turned to us after learning that he had lit on his head but only sustained a few bruises and sprains and concussions, with the wall-paper scraped off here and there.

"'Struck on his head, the only part of him that seems invulnerable,' says the fond father. 'What's that?' he yells, for the boy was talking again. He listened a minute, and it was right entertaining to watch his face work as the words come along. It registered all the evil that Scotland has suffered from her oppressors since they first thought up the name for it. Finally he begun to splutter back—it must have sounded fine at the other end—but he had to hang up, he was that emotional. After he got his face human again he says to us:

"'Would either of you think now that you could guess at what might have been his dying speech? Would you guess it might be words of cheer to the bereaved mother that nursed him, or even a word of comfort to the idiot father that never touched whip-leather to his back while he was still husky enough to get by with it? Well, you'd guess wild. He's but inflamed with indignation over the state of the road where he passed out for some minutes. He says it's a disgrace to any civilized community, and he means to make trouble about it with the county supervisor, who must be a murderer at heart, and then he'll take it up to the supreme court and see if we can't have roads in this country as good as Napoleon the First made them build in France, so a gentleman can speed up a bit over five miles an hour without breaking every bone in his body, to say nothing of totally ruining a car costing forty-eight hundred dollars of his good money, with the ink on the check for it scarce dry. He was going on to say that he had the race for the crossing as good as won and had just waved mockingly at the engineer of the defeated train who was pretending to feel indifferent about it—but I hung up on him. My strength was waning. Was he here this minute I make no doubt I'd go to the mat with him, unequal as we are in prowess.' He dribbled off into vicious mutterings of what he'd say to the boy if he was to come in the door.

"Then Ellabelle pipes up: 'And doesn't the dear boy say who was with him in this prank?'

"Angus snorted horribly at the word 'prank,' just like he'd never had one single advantage of foreign travel. 'He does indeed—one of those Hammersmith twin

louts was with him—the speckled devil with the lisp, I gather—and praise God his bones, at least, are broke in two places!'

"Ellabelle's eyes shined up at this with real delight. 'How terrible!' she says, not looking it. 'That's Gerald Hammersmith, son of Mrs. St. John Hammersmith, leader of the most exclusive set here—oh, she's quite in the lead of everything that has class! And after this we must know each other far, far better than we have in the past. She has never called up to this time. I must inquire after her poor boy directly to-morrow comes.' That is Ellabelle. Trust her not to overlook a single bet.

"Angus again snorted in a common way. 'St. John Hammersmith!' says he, steaming up. 'When he trammed ore for three-fifty a day and went to bed with his clothes on any night he'd the price of a quart of gin-and-beer mixed—liking to get his quick—his name was naked 'John' with never a Saint to it, which his widow tacked on a dozen years later. And speaking of names, Mrs. McDonald, I sorely regret you didn't name your own son after your first willful fancy. It was no good day for his father when you put my own name to him.'

"But Ellabelle paid no attention whatever to this rough stuff, being already engaged in courting the Hammersmith dame for the good of her social importance. I make no doubt before the maid finished rubbing in the complexion cream that night she had reduced this upstart to the ranks and stepped into her place as leader of the most exclusive social set between South San Francisco and old Henry Miller's ranch house at Gilroy. Anyway she kept talking to herself about it, almost over the mangled remains of her own son, as you might say.

"A year later the new mansion was done, setting in the center of sixty acres of well-manicured land as flat as a floor and naturally called Hillcrest. Angus asked me down for another visit. There had been grand doings to open the new house, and Ellabelle felt she was on the way to ruling things social with an iron hand if she was just careful and didn't overbet her cards. Angus, not being ashamed of his scandalous past, was really all that kept her nerves strung up. It seems he'd give her trouble while the painters and decorators was at work, hanging round 'em fascinated and telling 'em how he'd had to work ten hours a day in his time and how he could grain a door till it looked exactly like the natural wood, so they'd say it wasn't painted at all. And one day he become so inflamed with evil desire that Ellabelle, escorting a bunch of the real triple-platers through the mansion, found him with his coat off learning how to rub down a hardwood panel with oil and pumice stone. Gee! Wouldn't I like to of been there! I suppose I got a lower nature as well as the rest of us.

"After I'd been there a few days, along comes Angus, *fills*, out into the world from college to make a name for himself. By ingenuity or native brute force he had contrived to graduate. He was nice as ever and told me he was going to look about a bit until he could decide what his field of endeavor should be. Apparently it was breaking his neck in outdoor sports, including loop-the-loop in his new car on roads not meant for it, and delighting Ellabelle because he was a fine social drag in her favor, and enraging his father by the same reasons. Ellabelle was especially thrilled by his making up to a girl that was daughter to this here old train-robber I mentioned. It was looking like he might form an alliance, as they say, with this old family which had lived quite a decent life since they actually got it. The girl looked to me nice enough even for Angus, Junior, but his pa denounced her as a yellow-haired pest with none but frivolous aims in life, who wouldn't know whether a kitchen was a room in a house or a little woolly animal from Paraguay. We had some nice, friendly breakfasts, I believe not, whilst they discussed this poisonous topic, old Angus being only further embittered when it comes out that the train-robber is also dead set against this here alliance because his only daughter needs a decent, reputable man who would come home nights from some low mahogany den in a bank building, and not a worthless young hound that couldn't make a dollar of his own and had displayed no talent except for winning the notice of head waiters and policemen. Old Angus says he knows well enough his son can be arrested out of most crowds just on that description alone, but who is this So-and-So old thug to be saying it in public?

"And so it went, with Ellabelle living in high hopes and young Angus busy inventing new ways to bump himself off, and old Angus getting more and more seething—quiet enough outside, but so desperate inside that it wasn't any time at all till I saw he was just waiting for a good chance to make some horrible Scotch exhibition of himself.

"Then comes the fatal polo doings, with young Angus playing on the side that won, and Ellabelle being set up higher than ever till she actually begins to snub people here and there at the game that look like they'd swallow it, and old Angus ashamed and proud and glaring round as if he'd like to hear someone besides himself call his son a worthless young hound—if they wanted to start something.

"And the polo victory of course had to be celebrated by a banquet at the hotel, attended by all the players and their huskiest ruffian friends. They didn't have the ponies there, but I guess they would of if they'd thought of it. It must have been a good banquet, with vintages and song and that sort of thing—I believe they even tried to have food at first—and hearty indoor sports with the china and silver and chairs that had been thoughtlessly provided, and a couple of big mirrors that looked as if you could throw a catsup bottle clear through them, only you couldn't, because it would stop there after merely breaking the glass, and spatter in a helpless way.

"And of course there was speeches. The best one, as far as I could learn, was made by the owner of the outraged premises at a late hour—when the party was breaking up—as you might put it. He said the bill would be about eighteen hundred dollars, as near as he could tell at first glance. He was greeted with hearty laughter and applause from the high-spirited young incendiaries and retired hastily through an unsuspected door to the pantry as they rushed for him. It was then they found out what to do with the rest of the catsup—and did it—so the walls and ceiling wouldn't look so monotonous, and fixed the windows so they would let out the foul tobacco smoke, and completed a large painting of the Yosemite that hung on the wall, doing several things to it that hadn't occurred to the artist in his hurry, and performed a serious operation on the piano without the use of gas. The tables, I believe, was left flat on their backs.

"Angus, *fills*, was fetched home in a car by a gang of his roguish young playmates. They stopped down on the stately drive under my window and a quartet sung a pathetic song that run:

"Don't forget your parents,
Think all they done for you!

"Then young Angus ascended the marble steps to the top one, bared his agreeable head to the moonlight and made them a nice speech. He said the campaign now in progress, fellow citizens, marked the gravest crisis in the affairs of our grand old state that an intelligent constituency had ever been called upon to vote down, but that he felt they were on the eve of a sweeping victory that would sweep the corrupt hell-hounds of a venal opposition into an ignominy from which they would never be swept by any base act of his while they honored him with their suffrages, because his life was an open book and he challenged any son-of-a-gun within sound of his voice to challenge this to his face or take the consequences of being swept into oblivion by the high tide of a people's indignation that would sweep everything before it on the third day of November next, having been aroused in its might at last from the debasing sloth into which the corrupt hell-hounds of a venal opposition had swept them, but a brighter day had dawned which would sweep the onrushing hordes of petty chicanery to where they would get theirs; and, as one who had heard the call of an oppressed people, he would accept this fitting testimonial, not for its intrinsic worth but for the spirit in which it was tendered. As for the nefarious tariff on watch springs, sawed lumber and indigo, he would defer his masterly discussion of these burning issues to a more fitting time because a man had to get a little sleep now and then or he wasn't any good next day. In the meantime he thanked them one and all, and so, gentlemen, good night.

"The audience cheered hoarsely and drove off. I guess the speech would have been longer if a light hadn't showed in the east wing of the castle where Angus, *peer*, slept. And then all was peace and quiet till the storm broke on a rocky coast next day. It didn't really break until evening, but suspicious clouds no bigger than a man's hand might have been observed earlier. If young Angus took any breakfast that morning it was done in the privacy of his apartment under the pitying glances of a valet or something. But here he was at lunch, blithe as ever and full of merry details about the late disaster. He spoke with much humor about a wider use for tomato catsup than was ever encouraged by the old school of house decorators. Old Angus listened respectfully, taking only a few bites of food but chewing them long and thoughtfully. Ellabelle was chiefly interested in the names of the hearty young vandals. She was delighted to learn that they was all of the right set, and her eyes glowed with pride. The eyes of Angus, *peer*, was now glowing with what I could see was something else, though I couldn't make out just what it was. He never once exploded like you'd of thought he was due to.

"Then come a note for the boy which the perfect-mannered Englishman that was tending us said was brought by a messenger. Young Angus glanced at the page and broke out indignantly. 'The thieving old pirate!' he says. 'Last night he thought it would be about eighteen hundred dollars, and that sounded hysterical enough for the few little things we'd scratched or mussed up. I told him he would doubtless feel better this morning, but in any event to send the bill to me and I would pay it.'

"'Quite right of you,' says Ellabelle proudly.

"'And now the scoundrel sends me one for twenty-three hundred and odd. He's a robber, net!'

"Old Angus said never a word, but chewed slowly, whilst various puzzling expressions chased themselves acrost his eloquent face. I couldn't make a thing out of any of them.

"'Never patronize the fellow again,' says Ellabelle warmly.

"'As to that,' says her son, 'he hinted something last night about having me arrested if I ever tried to patronize him again, but that isn't the point. He's robbing me now.'

"'Oh, money!' says Ellabelle in a low tone of disgust and with a gesture like she was rebuking her son for mentioning such a thing before the servant.

"'But I don't like to be taken advantage of,' says he, looking very annoyed and grand. Then old Angus swallowed something he'd been chewing for eight minutes and spoke up with an entirely new expression that puzzled me more than ever.

"'If you're sure you have the right of it, don't you submit to the outrage.'

"Angus, Junior, backed up a little bit at this, not knowing quite how to take the old man's mildness. 'Oh, of course the fellow might win out if he took it into court,' he says. 'Everyone knows the courts are just a mass of corruption.'

"'True, I've heard gossip to that effect,' says his father. 'Yet there must be some way to thwart the crook. I'm feeling strangely ingenious at the moment.' He was very mild, and yet there was something sinister and Scotch about him that the boy felt.

"'Of course I'd pay it out of my own money,' he remarks generously.

"'Even so, I hate to see you cheated,' says his father kindly. 'I hate to have you pay unjust extortions out of the mere pittance your tight-fisted old father allows you.'

"Young Angus said nothing to this, but blushed and coughed uncomfortably.

"'If you hurt that hoted anything like twenty-three hundred dollars' worth, it must be an interesting sight,' his father goes on brightly.

"'Oh, it was funny at the time,' says Angus boy, cheering up again.

"'Things often are,' says old Angus. 'I'll have a look.'

"'At the bill?'

"'No, at the wreck,' says he. The old boy was still quiet on the outside, but was plainly under great excitement, for he now folded his napkin with care, a crime of which I knew Ellabelle had broken him the first week in New York, years before. I noticed their butler had the fine feeling to look steadily away at the wall during this obscenity. The offender then made a pleasant remark about the beauty of the day and left the palatial apartment swiftly.

(Continued on Page 44)

Multiply Your Bran Days

Bran days are usually bright days, due to bran's laxative effect. At least once daily, everybody should eat bran.

Try it one week and you'll never go without it.

A delicious bran dainty is Pettijohn's Food. It combines the bran with luscious wheat flakes, which everybody likes. And the bran is unground, as it should be.

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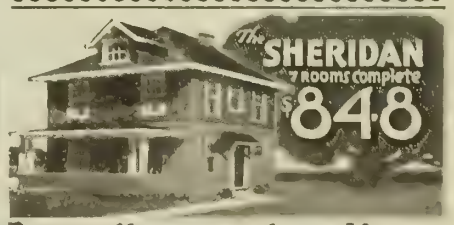

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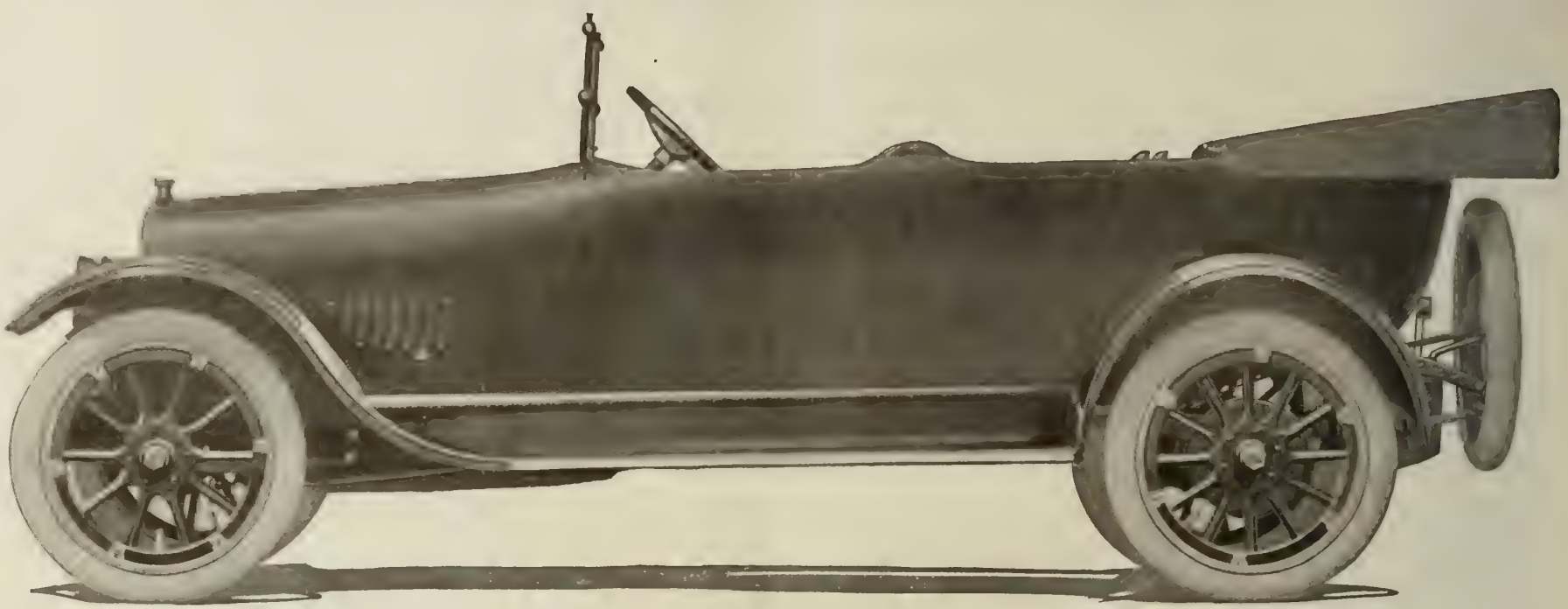


CHANDLER

Light-Weight Six

$1295

POWER: Ample to take this car, loaded, anywhere that any automobile can go.

SPEED: More than 999 out of every thousand car owners would even want or dare to use.

Motor: The Marvelous Chandler Motor, built in the Chandler factory for three years past and famous the world over. FREE FROM ANY HINT OF EXPERIMENTATION.

THE price of the new model Chandler Six—the leading six—is $1295.

The Chandler is built for the thousands of men and women who are ready now to buy this great car at this low price. It offers the motor-car quality they demand at a price that pleases them.

We are *proud* that with steel and aluminum and leather and all other motor-car materials so *high* we can sell the Chandler for a price so low.

Yes, there are lower prices. But there is no price so low for such a car.

We could build a *cheap* car. That would be easy. But it would be a problem, indeed, to build a *better* car.

We could build a *small* car. But the people who want the Chandler want roominess and power and sturdy construction and style.

So we build what we have every reason to believe is the best six-cylinder car in the world—then we fix the price as *low* as it can be made.

This policy has made the Chandler a price-pioneer in the quality six-cylinder field. This policy put on the market three years ago this month the first high-grade six selling for less than $2000—the $1785 Chandler. This policy reduced that price a year later to $1595, and this policy brings you now this Greater Six for $1295.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 501-551 E. 131st Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

New York City Address, 1890 Broadway Cable Address, Chanmotor

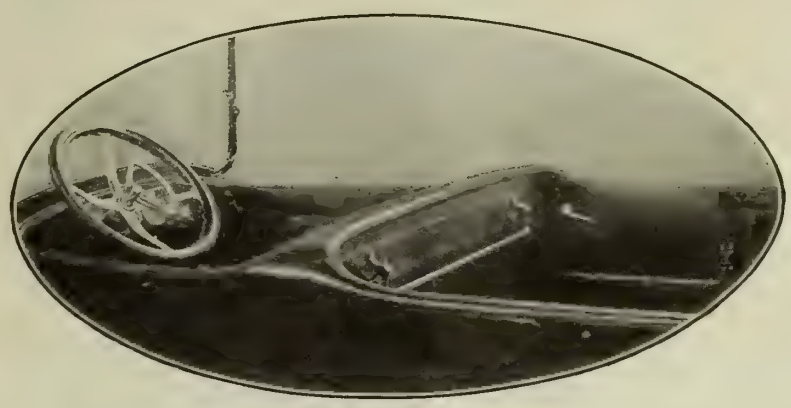
CHANDLER SIX for $1295

EVERYONE knows the Chandler pretty well, now, from the mechanical standpoint. Everyone knows how Chandler pioneered the Light Six field—long in advance of any other six at a price less than $2000. Everyone knows how the Chandler has made good right from the beginning.

The Chandler is almost everywhere in America now. Thousands of them, from coast to coast, in the hands of happy owners. So, we say, you know the mechanical excellence of this car. Now know the handsome new Chandler bodies.

Most Beautiful of All New Motor-Car Bodies

The big seven-passenger car with new body and walnut-paneled tonneau cowl, is simply a delight. In grace of line we do not believe there is any other car to match it. The picture gives you just a hint of its beauty, which is enhanced by the rich Chandler Blue finish. But you must see the car itself to know just how much we mean when we say it is the handsomest car of the year.



Showing the Handsomely Designed and Finished Chandler Walnut-paneled Tonneau Cowl

One of our dealers, when he first saw this new Chandler, asked how we were going to think of all the adjectives that would be required to describe it. And we answered that we weren't going to think of adjectives at all. We were simply going to tell the people that the Chandler is now a Greater Six than ever before, that the Chandler is a handsomer Six than ever before, and that a Chandler dealer in every city and almost every town of any size in America was ready to show them this car. And we knew that the Chandler record for leadership would inspire confidence, and that the car itself would make any attempt at describing it seem futile.

So you will go now to see this car at your dealer's. He is one of a thousand who have the new Chandlers ready for inspection and demonstration and who can give you delivery at any time you designate provided you place your order now.

Room to Spare, a Comfort-Margin

There are a good many automobiles with seats, *but not room*, for seven persons. The big Chandler is a real seven-passenger car. There's room to spare—a comfort-margin. The seats are wide and tilted a bit, and everyone speaks of the "leg-room."

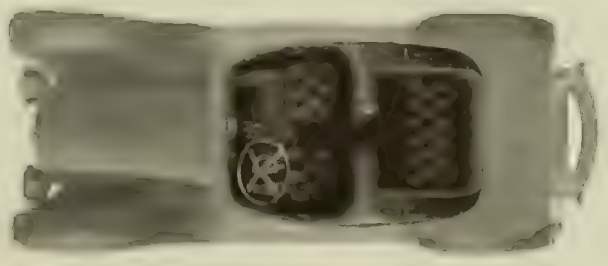
The interior finish, too, is in keeping with the rest of the car. The deep, pillowy hair cushions, upholstered in the new long-grain semi-glazed leather, the walnut-paneled tonneau cowl, and all the other niceties of finish and completeness, reflect our thought for your comfort and your sense of style.

Interesting Chandler Features

BODY FINISH—Chandler Blue, high finish. Fenders, wheels and motor hood black. Deep cushioned upholstery covered with long-grain semi-glazed leather.

EQUIPMENT—Highest grade equipment is a feature of the Chandler now as always, including Bosch High Tension Magneto, Gray & Davis separate unit Electric Starting and Lighting System, Chandler aluminum crank case, Chandler full-floating silent spiral-bevel-gear rear axle, silent chain drive for motor shafts, annular ball bearings, Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer, Stewart Vacuum gasoline feed, non-skid tires in rear, and all the usual incidental items.

The Chandler Four-Passenger Roadster



The cozy new four-passenger roadster, a snappy, stylish car viewed from any angle, is certain to be especially popular with small families. The rear seat is large enough to provide an unusual degree of comfort for two adult passengers.

The New Chandler Catalogue illustrates the Seven-Passenger Touring Car, the Four-Passenger Roadster, the Convertible Sedan and the Cabriolet, and all mechanical features fully. If you do not know your Chandler dealer write us today.

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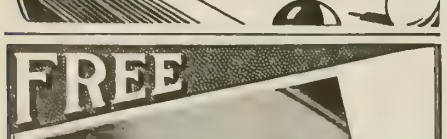

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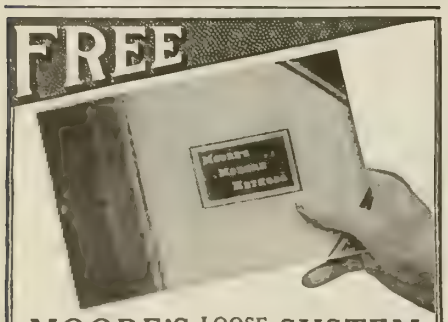

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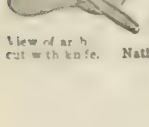

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(Continued from Page 41)

Young Angus and his mother looked at each other and strolled after him softly over rugs costing about eighty thousand dollars. The husband and father was being driven off by a man he could trust in a car they had let him have for his own use. Later Ellabelle confides to me that she mistrusts old Angus is contemplating some bit of his national deviltry. 'He had a strange look on his face,' says she, 'and you know—once a Scotchman, always a Scotchman! Oh, it would be pitiful if he did anything peculiarly Scotch just at our most critical period here!' Then she felt of her face to see if there was any nervous lines come into it, and there was, and she beat it for the maid to have 'em rubbed out ere they set.

"Yet at dinner that night everything seemed fine, with old Angus as jovial as I'd ever seen him, and the meal come to a cheerful end and we was having coffee in the Looey de Medisee saloon, I think it is, before a word was said about this here injured hotel.

"'You were far too modest this morning, you sly dog!' says Angus, *peer*, at last, chuckling delightedly. 'You misled me grievously. That job of wrecking shows genius of a quality that was all too rare in my time. I suspect it's the college that does it. I shouldn't wonder now if going through college is as good as a liberal education. I don't believe mere uneducated house-wreckers could have done so pretty a job in twice the time, and there's clever little touches they never would have thought of at all.'

"'It did look thorough when we left,' says young Angus, not quite knowing whether to laugh.

"'It's nothing short of sublime,' says his father proudly. 'I stood in that deserted banquet hall, though it looks never a bit like one, with ruin and desolation on every hand as far as the eye could reach. It inspired such awe in the bereaved owner and me that we instinctively spoke in hushed whispers. I've had no such gripping sensation as that since I gazed upon the dead city of Pompeii. No longer can it be said that Europe possesses all the impressive ruins.'

"Angus boy grinned cheerfully now, feeling that this tribute was heartfelt.

"'I suspect now,' goes on the old boy, 'that when the wreckage is cleared away we shall find the mangled bodies of several that perished when the bolts descended from a clear sky upon the gay scene.'

"'Perhaps under the tables,' says young Angus, chirking up still more at this geniality. 'Two or three went down early and may still be there.'

"'Yet twenty-three hundred for it is a monstrous outrage,' says the old man, changing his voice just a mite. 'Too well I know the cost of such repairs. Fifteen hundred at most would make the place better than ever—and to think that you, struggling along to keep up appearances on the little I give you, should be imposed upon by a crook that undoubtedly has the law on his side! I could endure no thought of it, so I foiled him.'

"'How?' says young Angus, kind of alarmed.

"Angus, *peer*, yawned and got up. 'It's a long story and would hardly interest you,' says he, moving over to the door. 'Besides, I must be to bed against the morrow, which will be a long, hard day for me.' His voice had tightened up.

"'What have you done?' demands Ellabelle passionately.

"'Saved your son eight hundred dollars,' says Angus, 'or the equivalent of his own earnings for something like eight hundred years at current prices for labor.'

"'I've a right to know,' says Ellabelle through her teeth and stiffening in her chair. Young Angus just set there with his mouth open.

"'So you have,' says old Angus, and he goes on as crisp as a bunch of celery: 'I told you I felt ingenious. I've kept this money in the family by the simple device of taking the job. I've engaged two other painters and decorators besides myself, a carpenter, an electrician, a glazier, and a few proletariats of minor talent for clearing away the wreckage. I shall be on the job at eight. The loafers won't start at seven, as I used to. Don't think I'd see any son of mine robbed before my very eyes. My new overalls are laid out and my valet has instructions to get me into them at seven, though he persists in believing I'm to attend a fancy-dress ball at some strangely fashionable hour. So I bid you all good evening.'

"Well, I guess that was the first time Ellabelle had really let go of herself since she was four years old or thereabouts. Talk about the empress of stormy emotion! For ten minutes the room sounded like a torture chamber of the dark Middle Ages. But the doctor reached there at last in a swift car, and him and the two maids managed to get her laid out all comfortable and moaning, though still with outbreaks about every twenty minutes that I could hear clear over on my side of the house.

"And down below my window on the marble porch Angus, *fills*, was walking swiftly up and down for about one hour. He made no speech like the night before. He just walked and walked. The part that struck me was that neither of them had ever seemed to have the slightest notion of pleading old Angus out of his mad folly. They both seemed to know the Scotch when it did break out.

"At seven-thirty the next morning the old boy in overalls and jumper and a cap was driven to his job in a car as big as an apartment house. The curtains to Ellabelle's Looey Seez houdoir remained drawn, with hourly bulletins from the two Swiss maids that she was passing away in great agony. Angus, Junior, was off early, too, in his snakiest car. A few minutes later they got a telephone from him sixty miles away that he would not be home to lunch. Old Angus had taken his own lunch with him in a tin pail he'd bought the day before, with a little cupola on top for the cup to put the bottle of cold coffee in.

"It was a joyous home that day, if you don't care how you talk. All it needed was a crêpe necktie on the knob of the front door. That ornery old hound, Angus, got in from his work at six, spotty with paint and smelling of oil and turpentine, but cheerful as a new father. He washed up, ridding himself of at least a third of the paint smell, looked in at Ellabelle's door to say, 'What! Not feeling well, mamma? Now, that's too bad!' ate a hearty dinner with me, young Angus not having been heard from further, and fell asleep in a gold armchair at ten minutes past nine.

"He was off again next morning. Ellabelle's health was still breaking down, but young Angus sneaked in and partook of a meager lunch with me. He was highly vexed with his pa. 'He's nothing but a scoundrelly old liar,' he says to me, 'saying that he gives me but a pittance. He's always given me a whale of an allowance. Why, actually, I've more than once had money left over at the end of the quarter. And now his talk about saving money! I tell you he has some other reason than money for breaking the mater's heart.' The boy looked very shrewd as he said this.

"That night at quitting time he was strangely down at the place with his own car to fetch his father home. 'I'll trust you this once,' says the old man, getting in and looking more than ever like a dissolute working man. On the way they passed this here yellow-haired daughter of the old train robber that there had been talk of the hoy making a match with. She was driving her own car and looked neither to right nor left.

"'Not speaking?' says old Angus.

"'She didn't see us,' says the boy.

"'She's ashamed of your father,' says the old man.

"'She's not,' says the boy.

"'You know it,' says the old scoundrel.

"'I'll show her,' says his son.

"Well, we had another cheerful evening, with Ellabelle sending word to old Angus that she wanted me to have the necklace of brilliants with the sapphire pendant, and the two faithful maids was to get suitable keepsakes out of the rest of her jewels, and would her son always wear the seal ring with her hair in it that she had given him when he was twenty? And the old devil started in to tell how much he could have saved by taking charge of the work in his own house, and how a union man nowadays would do just enough to keep within the law, and so on; but he got to yawning his head off and retired at nine, complaining that his valet that morning had cleaned and pressed his overalls. Young Angus looked very shrewd at me and again says: 'The old liar! He has some other reason than money. He can't fool me.'

"I kind of gathered from both of them the truth of what happened the next day. Young Angus himself showed up at the job about nine A. M., with a bundle under his arm. 'Where's the old man?' his father heard him demand of the carpenter, he usually speaking of old Angus as the governor.

"'Here,' says he from the top of a step-ladder in the entry which looked as if a glacier had passed through it.

"'Could you put me to work?' says the boy.

"'Don't get me to shaking with laughter up here,' says the old brute. 'Can't you see I'd be in peril of falling off?'

"Young Angus undoes his bundle and reveals overalls and a jumper which he gets into quickly. 'What do I do first?' says he.

"His father went on kalsomining and took never a look at him more. 'The time has largely passed here,' says he, 'for men that haven't learned to do something, but you might take some of the burnt umber there and work it well into a big goh of that putty till it's brown enough to match the woodwork. Should you display the least talent for that we may see later if you've any knack with a putty knife.'

"The new hand had brought no lunch with him, but his father spared him a few scraps from his own, and they all swigged beer from a pail of it they sent out for. So the scandal was now complete in all its details. The palatial dining room that night, heing a copy of a good church or something from ancient Italy, smelled like a paint shop indeed—and sounded like one through dinner. 'That woodwork will be fit to second-coat first thing in the morning,' says old Angus. 'I'll have it sandpapered in no time,' says the boy. 'Your sandpapering ain't bad,' says the other, 'though you have next to no skill with a brush.' 'I thought I was pretty good with that flat one though.' 'Oh, fair; just fair! First-coating needs little finesse. There! I forgot to order more rubbing varnish. Maybe the men will think of it.' And so on till they both yawned themselves off to their Scotch Renaysence apartments. Ellabelle had not yet learned the worst. It seemed to be felt that she had a right to perish without suffering the added ignominy of knowing her son was acting like a common wage slave.

"They was both on the job next day. Of course the disgraceful affair had by now penetrated to the remotest outlying marble shack. Several male millionaires this day appeared on the scene to josh Angus, *peer*, and Angus, *fills*, as they toiled at their degrading tasks. Not much attention was paid to 'em, it appears, not even to the old train robber who come to jest and remained to cross-examine Angus ahout how much he was really going to clear on the job, seriously now. Anything like that was bound to fascinate the old crook.

"And next day, close to quitting time, what happens but this here robber chieftain's petted daughter coming in and hanging round and begging to be let to help because it was such jolly fun. I believe she did get hold of a square of sandpaper with which she daintily tried to remove some fresh varnish that should have been let strictly alone; and when they both ordered her out in a frenzy of rage, what does she do but wait for 'em with her car which she made them enter and drove them to their abode like they belonged to the better class of people that one would care to know. The two fools was both kind of excited about this that night.

"The next day she breezes in again and tries to get them to knock off an hour early so she can take them to the country club for tea, but they refuse this, so she makes little putty statues of them both and drove a few nails where they would do no good and upset a bucket of paste and leaned a two-hundred-dollar lace thing against a varnished wall to the detriment of both, and fell off a step-ladder. Old Angus caught her and boxed her ears soundly. And again she drove them through the avenues of a colony of fine old families with money a little bit older, by a few days, and up the drive to their own door.

"Ellabelle was peeking between the plush curtains on this occasion, for some heartless busybody during the day had told her that her son and husband was both renegades now. And strangely enough, she begun to get back her strength from that very moment—seeing that exclusive and well-known young debby-tant consorting in public with the reprobates. I'm darned if she didn't have the genius after that to treat the whole thing as a practical joke, especially when she finds out that none of them exclusives had had it long enough to look down on another millionaire merely for pinching a penny now and then. Old Angus as a matter of fact had become just a little more important than she had ever been and could have snubbed anyone he wanted to. The only single one in the whole place that

throwed him down was his own English valet. He was found helpless drunk in a greenhouse the third day, having ruined nine thousand dollars' worth of orchids he'd gone to sleep amongst, and he resigned his position with bitter dignity the moment he recovered consciousness.

"Moreover, young Angus and this girl clenched without further opposition. Her train-robber father said the boy must have something in him even if he didn't look it, and old Angus said he still believed the girl to be nothing but a yellow-haired soubrette; but what should we expect of a woman, after all?

"The night the job was finished we had the jolliest dinner of my visit, with a whole gang of exclusive-setters at the groaning board, including this girl and her folks, and champagne, of which Angus, *peer*, consumed near one of the cut-glass vases full.

"I caught him with young Angus in the deserted library later, while the rest was one-stepping in the Henry Quatter ballroom or dance hall. The old man had his arms pretty well up on the boy's shoulders. Yes, sir, he was almost actually hugging him. The boy fled to this gilded café where the rest was, and old Angus, with his eyes shining very queer, he grabs me by the arm and says, 'Once when he was very small—though unusually large for his age of three, mind you—he had a way of scratching my face something painful with his little nails, and all in laughing play, you know. I tried to warn him, but he couldn't understand, of course; so, not knowing how else to instruct him, I scratched back one day, laughing myself like he was, but sinking my nails right fierce into the back of his little fat neck. He relaxed the tension in his own fingers. He was hurt, for the tears started, but he never cried. He just looked puzzled and kept on laughing, being bright to see I could play the game too. Only he saw it wasn't so good a game as he'd thought. I wonder what made me think of that, now! I don't know. Come—from yonder doorway we can see him as he dances.'

"And Ellabelle was saying gently to one and all, with her merry peal of laughter, 'Ah, yes—once a Scotchman, always ——'

"My land! It's ten o'clock. Don't them little white-faced beauties make the music! Honestly I'd like to have a cot out in the corral. We miss a lot of it in here."

Bringing Home Big Game

AN ENGLISH professional ivory hunter, who has killed with his own gun four hundred and forty-seven bull elephants—for their ivory alone—has written a book which shows him to be very positive in his notions as to what is safe to bring home the bacon—or the ivory. He says that any modern rifle will kill heavy game sometimes—the .256, the .303, the thirty, and so on; but that he wants one which will kill any dangerous animal—not occasionally but every time. For all kinds of game, except the rhino and elephant, he likes a lead or copper-nosed bullet of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred grains, with twenty-three hundred feet velocity at the muzzle.

It will be seen that he sticks to more lead and less velocity, being with these figures from five hundred to seven hundred feet muzzle velocity behind the game to-day. His experience is that the heavier bullet expands and uses all of its shocking quality in the body of the animal, and does not slip on through. His favorite rifle for this work was a .318 with copper-tipped bullets.

This same hunter worked out to his own satisfaction his ideas of a good elephant gun. He used a single-trigger, double-barreled English express rifle of .577 caliber with a seven-hundred-and-fifty-grain bullet driven by an axite charge equal to one hundred grains of cordite. He chose this load after experimenting with others. He tried a .600, with a nine-hundred-grain bullet; but found that it did not have the penetration of the .577, and the rifle weighed three pounds more—a disadvantage in field use.

On the other hand he found that the .577 had much greater stopping quality than the .500 or .450 the latter would sometimes do the work, but not invariably. He had his .577 rifle made with a twenty-six-inch barrel, which he found long enough—a rifle too long and too heavy is not desirable, even when one has a couple of hired Pullman porters to carry it. In brief, this man's preference to which he was entitled in view of his long record of success was the .318 for long range and the .577 for short, close and dangerous work.

Even with these powerful rifles one must not underestimate the need for accuracy on the part of the shooter. To hit an elephant in the brain is something of a trick, even when it is standing still. One aims at a spot back in the head, on a line between the eye and the ear of the elephant; but as the animal sometimes stands eight or nine feet high, obviously the angle to the brain changes in proportion to the distance from the animal itself. If you are close up you must aim below that line between the eye and the ear. If you are further off and you must not be so far off that you cannot shoot with exactness you aim closer on that line. Miss the brain, and you are worse off than if you had not shot.

I have never hunted in Africa, and so must write from hearsay as to these matters. A friend of mine, who has killed his charging elephant, says that the animal comes on, not with the trunk rolled up as you usually see it in the old pictures but with the trunk extended and moving about. The point of aim for the frontal shot is just at the base of the trunk; but that, also, must be taken on the right line to the brain, else the shot does not stop the animal. Indeed, this is a difficult shot to make successfully.

The heart shot on elephants is easier if one has time and if one can see the body of the animal in the cover. The heart lies rather low, back of the knee, much as it does in the buffalo or the grizzly bear. With a clean shot the high-power rifle will easily drive the bullet into the heart of an elephant. It is as large as a bucket; and if you know where it is, and can see the place, and have plenty of time—and a lot of other things—the heart shot is not so bad.

Another African hunter says that if an elephant is going away from you, you can make a spine shot—in the back above the hips—which often will drop him. This takes a tremendously hard-hitting load.

Yet another African hunter says that he has often put elephants *hors de combat* by the simple process of shooting them in the knee joint—the modern high-power rifle bursts open the joint and the animal drops. It cannot then rise and may be dispatched later at one's leisure. I have never heard of any other hunters who have tried this shot deliberately. This same man declares that if you stand in the face of a charging elephant and keep on firing at him, he will certainly turn.

Yet another hunter says that it is not difficult to side-step the charge of a rhinoceros if you have nerve enough to wait until it is close to you before you step aside. In any case these great animals are something like a street car in shape and size. One fancies that the theory of plenty of lead and plenty of powder would be more comforting at such a moment.

The keen-hitting small-bore arm is for the deliberate shot or the long-range shot. Between shooting at a standing animal and at a charging animal there is all the difference that is between shooting ducks over decoys and quail springing in cover—one is aiming work and the other is snapshooting.

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4—Too active and not enough executive ability for executive work, but for some reason forced into a position of authority.

5—Too restless to study and too ambitious for the mere manual labor which results from a lack of sufficient education commercially.

6—Too impractical for business life, yet ambitious commercially.

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8—The natural-born farmer whose proud parents prepare him for a profession.

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10—Detail men trying to do executive work. Natural-born executives compelled to do detail work.

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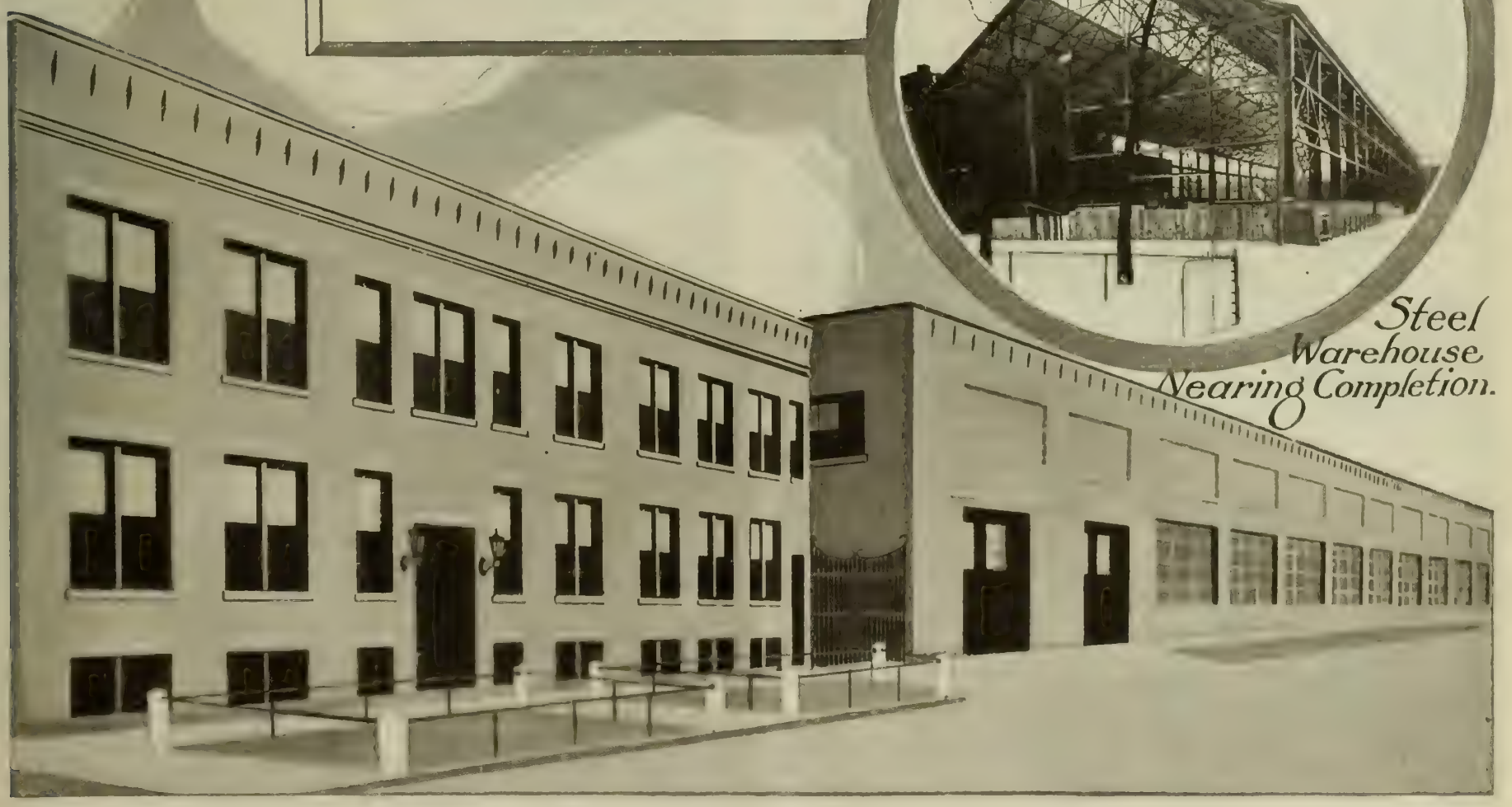

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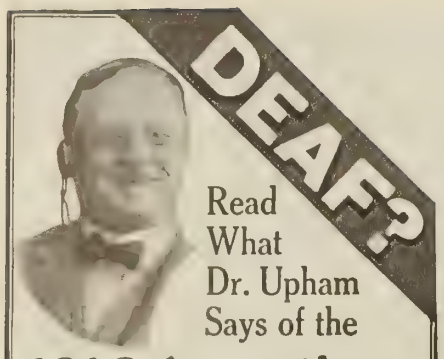

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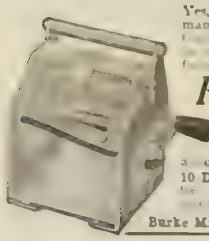

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THE MAN HUNTERS

(Concluded from Page 7)

Jack the Ripper had been located in every town of Europe. And no one was ever convicted.

There were a good many other things in this case that might have been followed. There were scraps of burnt paper covered with writing. This writing was classical in form; the *e*'s resembled the Greek *epsilon*. There was an old album opened at a particular place; and a sharp instrument, with which the assassination had been accomplished, had cut the pillowcase, showing that the deed had been done in the night and while the victim was asleep. All of these clews would have been followed under any Continental system. It was crude and rough, they pointed out, merely to reproduce the rising-sun postcard and depend on the newspapers to find the assassin.

On the other hand, Scotland Yard justifies its system on the ground that criminals must all be convicted by a jury, and that juries in England absolutely are not to be moved by metaphysical refinements.

"We define a crime roughly as a violation of the law," they say, "and not, like the Germans, as 'the product of the physiologically grounded psyche of the criminal and his environing external conditions.'

"We engage a constable in man-hunting, and not a professor of psychology."

They do not believe that a criminal can be distinguished because his temperature rises when the crime is discussed before him; or that one can put a gauge on his wrist and determine his guilt by his quickening pulse. A superintendent at Scotland Yard is very apt to smile when you tell him that Prof. Hans Gross, of the University of Gratz, asserts that what a woman suspected of crime does not say in words, or express in her features or by the movement of her hands, can always be determined by the position of her feet.

"In anger," says Gross, "when a woman cannot stamp, because that would be too expressive, she turns her soles slightly inward and makes small curves with the point on the ground. Impatience is shown by the alternating and swinging pressure of the heel and toe, repeated with increased rapidity. Defiance, by raising the sole so that the heel only is on the floor." And a certain dangerous mental state is always indicated when the foot is put forward and the shin bone slightly stretched out, with all the toes drawn in toward the sole of the foot, like a cat when it feels good.

Nor will he believe, with Friedrich Gerstäcker, that the character of a suspect can be determined by the way he wears his hat—namely, that the honest pedantic man wears his hat set squarely on his head; the nimble-witted and pleasant wears it slightly tipped; the frivolous wears it tipped at a greater angle; the extravagant, conceited and impudent wears the hat on the back of the head; while the pessimistic wears it pressed down on the forehead.

The Austrian Peasant Case

No constable in England would bother to make such observations. They say at Scotland Yard that the common belief that a criminal in a strange country, in attempting to escape in the night, always returns to the theater of crime is not reliable; and if it were it could not be explained by the German theory that in the night the right eye sees objects on the right too small, and the left eye sees objects on the left too small. Consequently, according to the eye in control, there is a tendency in the moving person to turn in nearer to either the right or left. He travels thus in a circle either to the right or left, according to his tendency to be governed by either his right or left eye; and that this false estimate can be definitely ascertained to be from three to seven tenths of one per cent.

Scotland Yard insists that a sensible constable of long experience is more apt to locate a criminal in a man hunt than a laboratory specialist is. They say that, though they may have failed to solve the criminal mysteries in the cases indicated by the German critics, they would be entirely incapable of the blunder of the Teuton criminologists in the Austrian Peasant case.

One morning, in a tributary of the Danube, the police found a body horribly mutilated. The hands, feet and head had been removed, and the entire trunk and extremities flayed. It had been sewed up in a sack after the hideous crime and thrown into the river, in the belief that this mutilation would completely prevent identification.

It was taken before the proper authorities and the professors sent for. They examined the body and reported that, from its muscular development, it was evidently a peasant of about sixty years of age. The examination of the contents of the stomach showed that it was filled with masticated bark. This was a disturbing and significant evidence. The condition of the body annulled a starvation theory and the professors finally declared that the peasant had been insane.

They analyzed the bark and determined that it came from the forest of a certain nobleman whose estates were a few miles above the point on the river where the floating body had been picked up. The nobleman was summoned to appear. When he arrived the mystery departed. He had killed a bear in the forest, removed the head and pelt, and ordered the forester to bury the carcass; but, instead, he had sown it up in a sack and thrown it into the river.

A Chinese Melodrama

The whole active force of Scotland Yard are practical policemen. They are not recruited from London. They come almost wholly from the country districts outside. The authorities prefer to have these new men, they say, directly from the plow, so that they have no interest in or relation to any city affair. They are trained in the regular metropolitan force and finally, if efficient, are assigned to the detective department.

Scotland Yard is a close, independent organization. It is not accountable to the London public. It cannot be controlled by it. It is little subject to the pressure of public opinion. It is entirely under the control of a commissioner, who is responsible alone to the Home Secretary. The people of London are not able to force explanations from Scotland Yard. The commissioner does not permit himself to be interrogated. No attacks are ever answered; no attempt is made to correct reports in the newspapers; no official ever gives out a statement for publication.

The expenditures of the department are not ever subject to public review. It happens, therefore, that Scotland Yard does not change and is not inconvenienced by change in administration. It is able to go ahead undisturbed with its work and to preserve a continuity in its investigations impossible to any public-detective center of the United States.

Scotland Yard's greatest difficulty in a man hunt is with the Continental criminal.

According to diplomatic custom it cannot communicate directly with the detective department in any foreign country. All communications must be made first to the foreign minister, who in turn communicates with the ambassador in London for his country. This ambassador takes the matter up with the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who finally turns it over to the Home Secretary, where it at last, in this roundabout method, reaches Scotland Yard. This very greatly complicates all criminal investigation attached to foreign affairs.

These international cases are the most incredible of any with which the detective centers have to contend.

The late chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard says that one Sunday a physician of very high standing brought him the most extraordinary letter he ever saw. It had been picked up back of Portland Place and was written from the Chinese Embassy in London. The envelope requested the finder to take it at once to the physician's address. A hostler, who picked it up, carried out that direction.

The envelope contained a letter from Mr. Sun Yat Sen, a Chinese reformer, saying that he had been kidnaped as he passed the Chinese Embassy and was now confined within it; that the intention on the part of the Chinese officials was to drug him, convey him to the dock and ship him to China; that, being in the embassy, he was constructively on Chinese territory and could not be interfered with by the English authorities; that if any difficulty should arise, as they had exterritorial authority over him, the Chinese would promptly decapitate him and end the controversy.

This communication seemed wholly incredible. Nevertheless it was precisely true. Mr. Sun Yat Sen was, in fact, a prisoner in the embassy; and it was only after long negotiations of great diplomatic delicacy that the Home Office was able to obtain his release.

Scotland Yard's method of arrest is always direct; it is never by ruse or finesse. Once the man hunt is ended and the quarry rounded up, the constables force in and seize him. It is a method unusually dangerous.

Take, for example, the Houndsditch affair, in December, 1910. Here four desperate foreign cracksmen entered a house adjoining a jeweler's shop. They were at work with a crowbar, forcing the wall, when sounds were detected and the police notified. When they attempted to force the door the cracksmen emptied their pistols into the group of constables on the steps.

These desperadoes were afterward located in the second story of a house in Sidney Street. Here they were besieged for a whole day, not only by the police force but also by a detachment of the First Battalion of the Scots Guards, and the house finally burned to the ground.

The police of New York were greatly amused at this all-day siege in the heart of London. But Scotland Yard showed by statistics that one was more apt to be shot on Broadway than in the province of Chihuahua during a Mexican revolution.

These Lithuanian desperadoes gave Scotland Yard no end of trouble; they were only to be taken after a pitched battle or running fight. If the final drama that began at Cheshunt Road, Tottenham, had come under the eye of an American spectator he would have believed that an enterprising motion-picture director was staging a thrilling "chasie." About nine-thirty one Thursday morning a cashier got out of a motor car, with the wages for his factory employees in a bag. He was accompanied only by the chauffeur. Two men rushed out, fired several shots, snatched the bag of money and ran away with it.

The End of the Chase

Both of the robbers were armed. Several persons were winged and fell out of the man hunt. Presently the police from a neighboring station joined in and the running fight advanced along the bank of the River Lea. When the robbers reached Chingford Road they found a street car. They covered the motorman and conductor with their pistols and compelled them to drive on. The police got a pony cart and followed. The robbers shot the pony.

Presently another street car approached from the opposite direction; the police commandeered it, reversed it, and the chase continued. The two cars went away madly on parallel tracks, the robbers in one, the police in the other. Finally the robbers abandoned their car as the police car began to overtake them and made off in the direction of Woodford, where at last in the deeps of Epping Forest they died like the cornered heroes of a Yellow Saga.

This system of man-hunting by hue and cry is apt to be a costly method. Like the direct form of arrest by forcible entry, it drives the trapped quarry into a resistance that otherwise he might have hesitated to present. This direct action and the method of following only the dominant clew are the distinguishing characteristics of Scotland Yard. They are illustrative of the English mind, which seizes only essential factors and drives through to its object on the shortest line.

So it happens that one finds the records of criminal trials crowded with convictions based on a single paramount item of circumstantial evidence, as in the Blight mystery, which Sir Ashley Cooper cleared up by showing that the assassin was left-handed; and the great Humphreys fraud, when a charter granted by Charles I to the Earl of Stirling was shown to be spurious because it contained margins in red ink, when red ink was not in use before 1780 in England.

We shall see how this method of Scotland Yard compares in efficiency with that of other great detective centers.

Author's Note—See European Police Systems, Fosdick; Days of My Years, Macnaghten; Science and the Criminal, Mitchell; Criminal Psychology, Gross; reports of trials, memoirs, and the like.

THE BREAKER

(Continued from Page 21)

"And I think it's the biggest thing," she thoughtfully added, "that has ever happened in all your life."

"It would be if I got caught," was Widder's grim amendment.

"But how about the man who got the bad twenty dollars?"

"It was at the branch of a big meat-market company," Widder explained.

"And you went purposely to a place like that?" she asked.

"I shouldn't have relished the idea of passing it off on a poor man."

"Of course!" she agreed. But there was a qualifying tone to her admission. "It won't be such a hardship for a big company like that to wait a few days."

"To wait for what?"

"Oh, don't you see?" she said quietly but almost desperately. "Don't you see that we can't leave things the way they are? It wouldn't be honest! It wouldn't be right!"

In theory Widder agreed with her. But man is the victim of circumstance, and the easier one's circumstances were, the easier it was to keep one's hands clean. And, with the poor, life had to be a perpetual compromise.

"But what are we to do?" he rather helplessly inquired.

"Do you realize that we took twenty dollars away from that company that didn't belong to us, twenty dollars we hadn't earned and had no right to? And don't you see that we'd never be able to forget it—that it would always stand there like a stain, a sort of blot we'd be secretly ashamed of?"

"But I don't see where you're to blame," protested Widder, feeling that his shoulders were broad enough to carry his own burdens.

"I'm in it as deep as you are. I used that money. I caused you to get it the way you did. And I've got to help you pay those people back. It's got to be done. We'll have to save and skimp until we get it together, every cent of it. It may be hard, but we'll have to do it."

Widder sat thinking it over.

"Nobody ever made good on any bad money I ever took in," he said gloomily.

"Can you remember where you got this bill?" she asked him.

"Yes," he acknowledged.

"Where?" she inquired, perplexed by his momentary embarrassment.

"I'd—I'd rather not tell you."

"Why?" she demanded.

"I don't think you'd believe me."

"I would believe you," she averred.

And Widder found something vastly consolatory in that perverse faith in him.

"It came out of a suitcase hidden away in my room. It came out of a suitcase," he continued, compelling himself to meet her questioning gaze, "that still holds twelve hundred bad twenty-dollar bills exactly like the one we're talking about!"

"And where did they come from?" she quietly inquired.

He told her, as circumstantially as he was able, of how the suitcase had come into his possession.

She sat with her elbow on the table and her chin in her hand, deep in thought. It seemed to take her some time to organize the story into acceptable coherence.

"So I was the god from the machine, after all," she finally averred. "It was I who made you break faith after all those months."

The quiet bitterness of her tone disturbed Widder not a little.

"You had no more to do with it than Mrs. Feeney," he protested. It startled him to find her less impressed by the story of the Calabrian's suitcase full of counterfeit than by the fact that she had remotely figured in the breaking of its first bill. But her next speech was even more of a surprise to him.

"Do you know, I'm almost glad of this," she declared as she got up from her chair and reached for her coat.

"Why?"

He was hoping, as he held her coat for her, that she would say because it had brought them together. But that was not the thought in her mind.

"Because it's cut a road out for us that we'll have to stick to. And there are times when people need a road they have to stick to!"

It was as they were walking homeward side by side that she arrested him with a sudden question.

"What are you going to do with that suitcase?" she asked out of a brief silence that had fallen between them.

Their pace slackened, as though retarded by the weight of a common burden.

"That's something I was just going to ask you about," Widder explained.

"It will always mean danger," she intimated. "More danger, I think, than you imagine."

Widder did not agree with her.

"The danger is past!" he quietly yet firmly announced.

"I don't mean that sort of danger," she made haste to explain. "I mean danger from some friend or confederate of this Calabrian. He may be in jail for life, as you say, but that would never stop him from sending out a message. And the type of man who would be sent such a message would take a desperate chance to get hold of a fortune like that, even in bad money!"

"But I don't think the man had any confederates or friends. If he had he would never have called on me as he did. And if they were coming after it they've had plenty of time to come!"

"There will always be the danger," she persisted.

"Then what would you advise me to do?"

She walked on in silence without answering.

Widder even repeated the question.

"Will you let me think it over, and tell you when I see you to-morrow night?"

"Will I see you to-morrow night?" he asked with a flutter of hope as they drew up in front of a red-brick rooming house with iron step rails.

She nodded.

"Will you come as soon after seven as you can? Then I'll be able to do those business letters for you."

"I'll come," he said as he shook hands with her a little awkwardly. He watched her as she went up the steps and worked for a moment or two over the unfamiliar lock. He watched her as she stepped inside and quietly closed the door behind her. Then he turned homeward along the quiet side street, viewing that familiar neighborhood as a returning traveler, after the fever of much wandering, views his native shores.

V

WIDDER'S day had been too much for him. Tired as he was that night, he found himself unable to sleep. He had no reserve processes of mind for assimilating the unexpected. His drab and tranquil days had left him inured only to monotony. Excitement seemed to have left his spirit without a leg to stand on. So, poised between heaven and earth, on his folding bed high up above the quiet midnight side street, he lay there with both his mind and his soul wide awake. He lay there trying to achieve an impersonal viewpoint of his own life.

It was not often that Widder tried to reach this viewpoint, but on this night his own existence seemed to stretch before him, plain to the eye, as lucid as that past that presents itself to a drowning man strangled into the ironically belated clairvoyance of death.

For the first time in many a long day Widder was suddenly able to comprehend life in its smallnesses, its meannesses, its eternal concessions to circumstances, its lapses from aspiration into inertia. He had made a failure of things. That was plain. And now he was no longer a young man. He walked doubly saddled by age because he had surrendered to the conditions of age. There had been a time, he forlornly remembered, when things were different, when he was impatient and restless and apt to chafe against his limitations. He had been full enough of hope, as a young man. But the years, with their stealthy erosions of defeat, had taken the edge off his ardor. The dust of time had dimmed his faith in himself. There had been a day when he was as ardent as Alice Tredwell herself, when he looked at life with the same timorous determination and demanded the same straightness of step. He still regarded himself as a business man, but he was without a business. It was only the crumbs of commerce that he had caught up, like a sparrow between cart wheels. He wasn't so good as a Hester Street push-cart man, for if he was a peddler he was one without even a cart.

He had been able to live. That was true. But merely to live was not enough.

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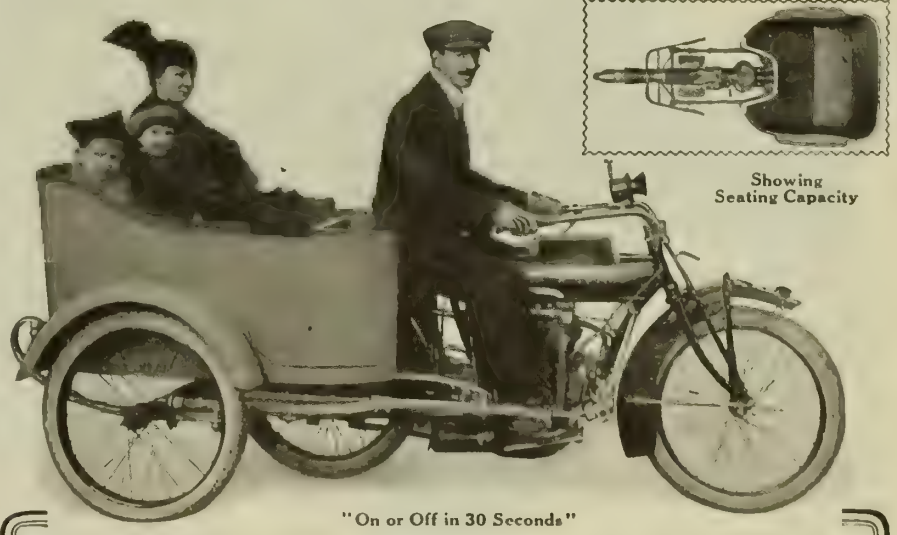

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Bracket clamps to front frame of motorcycle inconspicuous convenient foot rest. The CYGNET REAR CAR is attachable or detachable in thirty seconds. Just the thing for pleasure or business in town and for long runs in the country.

Delivery Bodies

Regular and special types for many kinds of fast, economical delivery. Druggists, Florists, Shoe Dealers, etc., and special types for Department Stores and other special delivery work. Ask for Cygnet Rear Car Delivery Catalog

Write at once for full information

$100 F. O. B. Buffalo

Early delivery assured by ordering now through your motorcycle dealer. Send us his name and the name and model of your motorcycle and ask for free Descriptive Catalog.

CYGNET REAR CAR

Cygnet Rear Car Co.
Dept. S, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dealers Write for Proposition.

DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

Warmth and protection and comfort are, of course, their chief attributes — but these Winter Cars are built with an eye to convenience as well

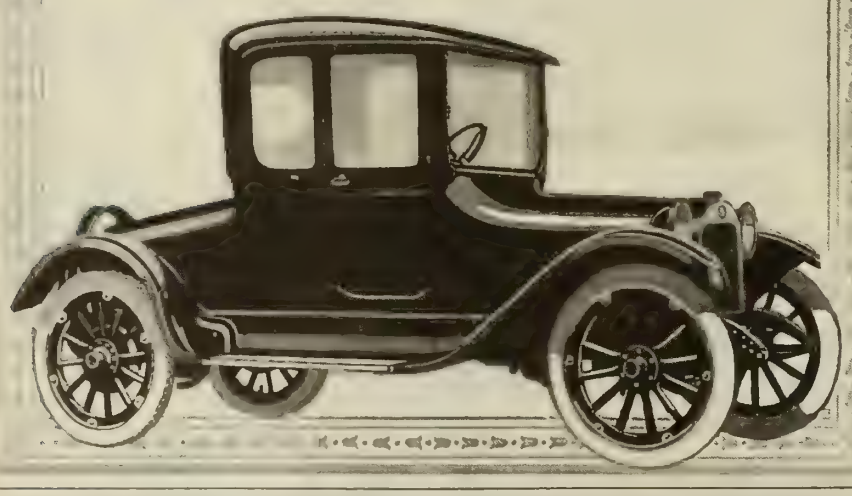
For instance, the doors are as high as those of a coupé. They open readily from within or without. Their wide swing makes entrance and exit easy. Ventilation is provided by means of adjustable windows. There is clear-vision on all sides, for driver and passenger.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low.

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price, $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Spare Time Positions for Students

C. H. Lewis, of the District of Columbia, devotes his spare moments during the college term to subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* His present arrangement gives him an assured salary of $12.00 a week throughout the year. He writes:

"One year ago I sent to you my first subscription order. Since that time I have made enough to pay for all my college expenses, clothing, books, and incidentals, and have saved over one hundred dollars besides. I expect to continue the work for my next five years in the medical school."

We have a hundred similar positions open to present or prospective students. We will pay a salary with liberal commissions at the start, or we will arrange to pay all educational expenses under our Scholarship Plan. Let us tell you about it.

Educational Division, Box 234, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The thought had come to him, in the German restaurant that night, that there was something both moving and joyous in commanding the reliance of others. But it was a luxury which had to be paid for. To be able to help somebody else implied extra effort, more sustained work. It meant a wider range of reckoning, this taking of young ladies out to German restaurants and watching their cheeks grow rosier with warm dinners and their eyes brighter with Vienna waltz music. It took money, as the old saying had it, to make the mare go! And all Widder had done was to eke out an existence, just as a wharf rat does. He had grown too self-immured and meek and easy-going. He had been too patient about his patents. His fireproof paint had been a good thing. More than one authority had told him that. And there should have been money in it. But he had grown fatalistic over its success deferred; he had not even gone to see the Brooklyn manufacturer who had written asking him to call. He had been too ashamed of his clothes.

That night in the restaurant, too, he had been ashamed of his clothes. They had seemed decidedly weedy. His linen had not been fresh. Alice Tredwell's quick eye had noticed the ragged sleeve edges of his overcoat. She had meditated on that challenging fringe, maternally, as though aching to get at it with needle and thread. Even his hat, twice blocked and rebound by Ginny Joe's Sixth Avenue Hat Shop, was faded almost to a bottle green. And his hair doubtlessly needed trimming. He could cut it himself above the ears of a Sunday morning, but the back of his head was a *terra incognita,* defying his fiercest contortions before his shaving-mirror. He seldom even thought of such things any more. It was easier not to worry over them. A twilight sleep of indifferency left him forgetful of the labors of respectability. He saw himself as a seedy incompetent, with his youth gone, with his manner of life deepened into the rut of fixed habit, receiving little from the world because he had come to expect little from it.

That impassioned midnight appraisal rather frightened Widder. His work had been desultory, he tried to tell himself, because he had worked without incentive. He had been like a motor car with a broken transmission rod. The force had been there, but it had not been applied. He had developed power without proving achievement. And now, he grimly asserted, he merely stood one step above a bread-line habitué. And again he cowered at the thought of such failure. He groaned aloud.

"I won't be a down-and-outer," he passionately avowed. "I won't!"

Then he lay still, almost holding his breath as still another accusatory memory swept over him. He had always prided himself on his honesty. He had refused to peddle a consumption cure on which there was a clear profit of one hundred and fifteen per cent. Whether it was based on cowardice or not, he wanted to be decent. It may or may not have been a mere accident of temperament. He had at least tried to live up to it. But now he had lost that claim, lost it forever. His weediness had crept even into his morals. Without stopping to realize the enormity of his act, he had that day become a "breaker" for a printer of counterfeit money. In breaking that bill he had broken the law. And the hall-room girl had been right. It was a blot, a blot that would have to be wiped out at any cost. For that, Widder realized in his lonely midnight travail, meant the worst failure of all. It was the kind of failure he couldn't face, for it implied the extermination of his peace of mind. And Widder could not live without peace.

"God help me!" he said with a tired groan as he turned to the wall. And God helped him by finally crowning his weariness with sleep.

VI

WIDDER was up and out early the next morning. The precipitancy of his departure, however, was possibly based more on a vague desire to avoid collision with Mrs. Feeney than on his determination for less erratic activities. But he had work to do and he intended to do it.

It made a difference, Widder began to see—this having a spur to prod one on a bit, this nursing of a secret purpose not to be thrust down. As he made his way northward, breasting the flowing tide of workers already hurrying southward, he refused to be a mere snag in the stream. He claimed his prerogative of right of way. He even bunted back, for the first time in his life, when that stream threatened to trespass on his path. He carried himself with more confidence and eluded with more assurance the superintendents of those buildings where canvassers were not allowed. Janitors and elevator boys he passed with a firmer eye, remembering that he was a man with a solemn obligation to fulfill.

He was less meek and self-obliterating. He was less mechanical and passive, too, in exploiting the virtues of his tap filter. He sang its praises with stridulous enthusiasm. He expatiated on the dangers of bottled water. He pointed out to hesitating housewives how a filter such as his instantly converted their faucet into a crystal spring. It became the watch dog of the household and the purifier of its potations. It insured the health of the little ones and lured husbands who betrayed a saddening tendency to imbibe in bar rooms back to the happy home circle. He gave a touch of enthusiasm to his efforts. Augustus Widder, in other words, for the first time in his life rose above being a day laborer and became an artist. And by five o'clock that afternoon, oddly enough, he had sold out his entire stock of nine filters, which was a record. It was so surprising a record, in fact, that on his way home he invested in a frugal half-dozen fresh collars and a new necktie, to say nothing of a pint of bulk oysters and a bottle of milk; for when you work hard, he solemnly announced, you must remember to feed well.

He was making his way upstairs with these purchases balanced on his arm when he was unexpectedly accosted by Mrs. Feeney, ponderously engaged in her perennial task of moderating gas flames to their most infinitesimal proportions. These sudden confrontations no longer startled Widder. Time had inured him to them. But Mrs. Feeney reversed a habit of life and turned a gas jet to its fullest, that she might have a more disconcertingly explicit view of her top-floor lodger.

"Yuh ain't lookin' your best, Mister Widder," she announced with dolorous triumph.

"I never felt better in my life," countered her lodger with unlooked-for testiness.

"Well, from now on yuh will suttinly be free of interference," asserted Mrs. Feeney.

"From whom?" demanded Widder.

"From them as hoodwinked yuh and bled yuh to the last," was the gloomily resigned response.

"I haven't noticed myself being 'bled,' as you call it," protested Widder.

"Twelve dollars is twelve dollars!" announced the axiomatic Mrs. Feeney. "Which yuh will never see again, Mister Widder, or twenty years o' housekeepin' has learnt me nothing about young women o' that type!"

Widder could not control his anger.

"Have you lost anything through that young woman?" he hotly demanded.

"No, Mister Widder, I have lost nothing. But no thanks to her. Early this morning a gen'l'man took that top-floor back, payin' two weeks in advance. And he ain't the kind who'd be annoyin' yuh night or day!"

"He hadn't better!" averred Widder with vague yet venomous exasperation as he brushed past the obstructing figure and started to mount the next stairway.

"It may seem lonesome like, for a time, Mister Widder," said the sorrowfully consoling Mrs. Feeney.

"That'll be my own business," Widder barked over the banister at her.

She groaned aloud as she turned down the flaring gas jet.

"Yuh suttinly ain't your old self, Mister Widder," she said in pained reproof. And her heavy sigh seemed one of regret for the happier days that were forever gone.

But Widder, as he mounted to his room and fed his canary and fried his oysters and hurriedly made his toilet, gave little thought to either Mrs. Feeney or the past. His mind, in fact, was engrossed on the immediate future. And at seven o'clock sharp, duly collared and scarfed and brushed, he presented himself at the new abode of Miss Alice Tredwell.

"I'm glad you came," she said as they shook hands. And, although Widder did not voice any indorsement of that statement, he was troubled by a perverse and heart-thumping joy at the sight of her.

She looked very businesslike in her blue serge skirt and her white shirt waist. And she seemed to have intrenched herself further behind this business-is-business façade by placing her open typewriter on a square

(Continued on Page 53)

New York to Chicago—a Thousand Miles—on a Gallon of Oil—Another World's Record for the Franklin Car

IF YOU were an automobile manufacturer and expected to stay in business for the rest of your life, which would you rather do, play to the unthinking, imitative automobile public, or find out what *type* of car will do the *most* for the *motorist* and build it for the man who has to be *shown?*

One thing that separates the Franklin Car amongst all the fine cars in America is the Franklin system of Direct-Air-Cooling.

And let us say right here that *Air-cooling is making more people think* than any other one principle in motor construction today.

Men have got to think about it because of what air-cooling is doing and will do.

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Engine turns more of the fuel into useful power than any other engine.

The test of the Franklin Car by the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in April, 1914, proved that *84.4 per cent. of the power* developed is *delivered to the ground in driving force.*

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Engine delivers the highest economy in gasoline.

The National Efficiency Test, on May 1, 1915, *proved the gasoline economy* of the Franklin—when 137 Franklin Cars, in all parts of the country, delivered an average of *32.1 miles on a gallon of gasoline.*

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling System does away with useless weights—the radiator, with its weight of water; the water-jackets, the piping, pump and pump accessories, pipe connections; the dead weight of castings and supports to carry these parts. It means less weight on the tires, a saving in drag, in wear, in grind.

The records of Franklin owners in every part of the United States, of *9630 miles to the set of tires,* proves that the saving of weight due to the Franklin System of Direct-Air-Cooling and flexible construction practically *doubles the life of tires.*

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Engine does away with all troubles of freezing and over-heating—no water to freeze—no water to boil.

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Engine delivers service twelve months in the year—regardless of climate, locality or weather conditions.

The Franklin Low Gear Run, August 1 to 4, 1915, proved the *perfect freedom of the Franklin Car from heating troubles*—a run of 860 miles from Walla Walla, Washington, to San Francisco, on Low Gear without once stopping the engine.

The new world's record for Oil Economy has just been established by the Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Engine—*one thousand miles on one gallon of oil.*

MOTORCAR FRANKLIN COMPANY
NEW YORK TO CHICAGO ON 1 GALLON OF OIL
FRANKLIN NON-STOP RUN
OFFICIALLY SUPERVISED BY THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA
YORK TO CHICAGO
ON
GALLON OF OIL

This Franklin Touring Sedan arrived in Chicago, at six minutes after six o'clock on the morning of November 20, 1915, after a no-stop run from New York City, establishing the world's record of 1046 miles on one gallon of oil. The lubricating system was officially sealed at the start. The car carried two observers throughout the trip, and the test was conducted from start to finish under the supervision of the Automobile Club of America.

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling System is *reducing the largest item of expense* in owning a car—the loss of value through wear and tear.

Every motorist can prove this for himself—find out the used-car value of any Franklin Car.

Remember once more, please, that these Franklin achievements have never been duplicated by any car, anywhere.

That the Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Car is the one type that meets the rapidly growing demand of thoughtful motorists for comfort, economy and reliability, is proved by the fact that Franklin dealers throughout the country have had more orders than they could fill; that we have just closed the biggest year in our history, and that we are compelled to double our facilities for building the Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Engines.

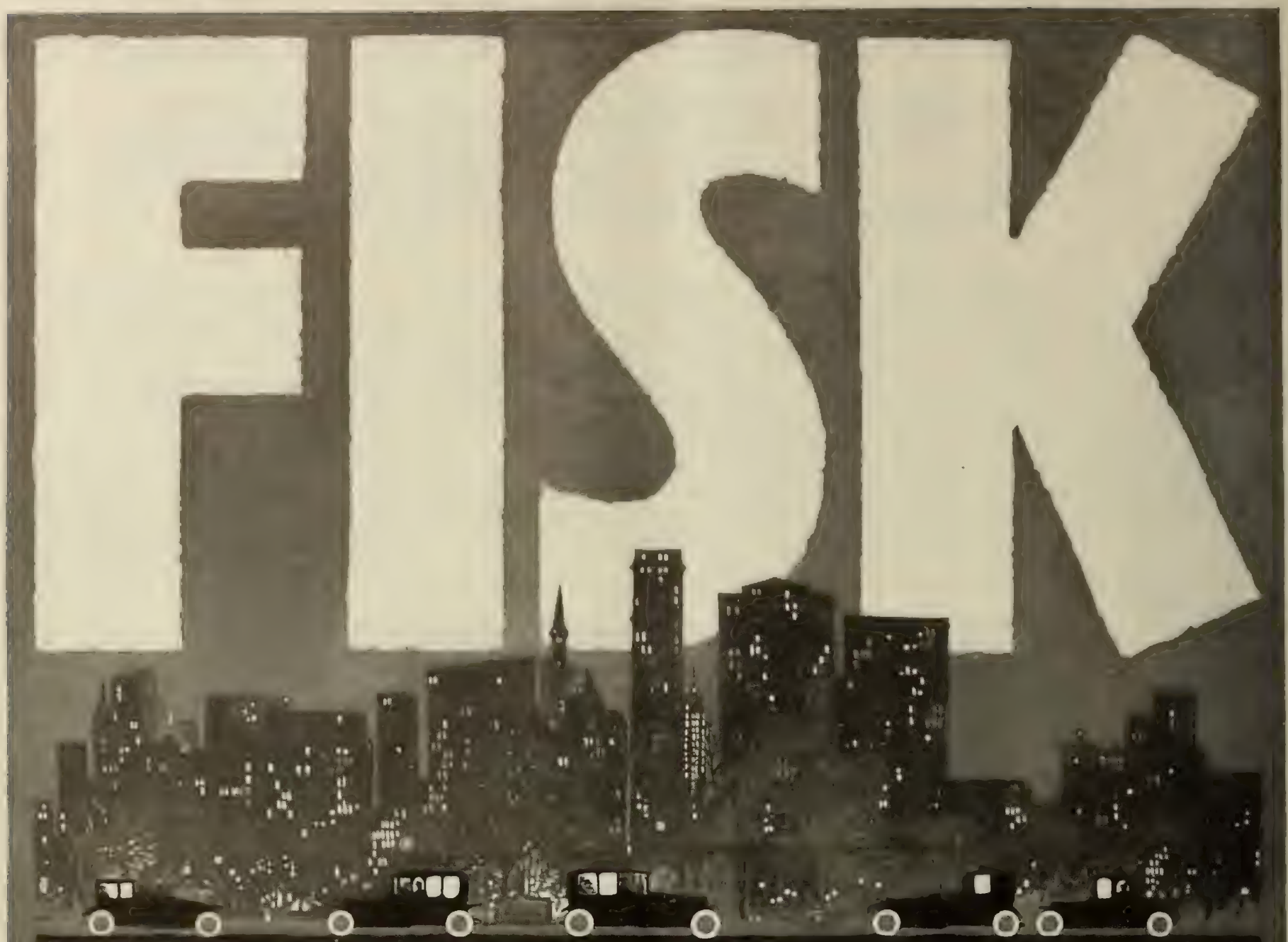
However much a man may know about motoring and motor cars in general, he never knows what the Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling System adds to the comfort, the pleasure and the safety of motoring *until he drives the Franklin Car himself.*

For the man who is looking for the car that will do the most for him, and wants to be shown—there are just two classes of men to talk to about the Franklin Car: Franklin owners and Franklin dealers.

They know the Franklin. Often they have owned and driven other cars as well. They can give you the facts about the Franklin Direct-Air-Cooled Car in comparison with other cars—a comparison that is growing more and more important to the motorists of this country every day.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Touring Car $1950, F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Actual Scale Weight, 2080 pounds.



FISK

A word that dominates. A word that is coming to mean good tires to everybody.

A word that means honesty and business integrity.

A word that means Tire Service absolutely in a class by itself—unapproached anywhere.

A word that means free tire-help, free advice and free instruction at more than one hundred Direct Factory Branches throughout the United States.

(Continued from Page 50)

oak table in the center of the room, flanked by two chairs.

"Before we begin to work," she said, "I want to give you something."

She lifted her pocketbook from the narrow box couch along the yellow-papered wall and from it took out six one-dollar bills.

"There's six dollars of what I owe you," she said, coloring a little as she handed the money to him.

"But why," he asked—"why are you giving me this back now?"

"I've got to," she replied with a note almost of passion.

He stood frowning down at the money.

"But how did you get this money?" he demanded as he stared into her clouded hazel eyes. Then, noticing her deepening color at that question, he realized that he was once more making a mess of things. "What I mean is, it—it must have taken sacrifices to ——'"

He did not finish the sentence.

"I got it honestly," she said.

And it was Widder's turn to flush.

"I mean we simply mustn't lose time about making that counterfeit bill right. I can't rest with that hanging over us! And by to-morrow night I expect to have the other six dollars."

"I'm going to make it right!" announced Widder with his shoulders back. She seemed to tap undreamed-of reservoirs of valor in the cobwebbed gloom of his will. "And it's going to be made right before I see you again!"

The light that leaped into her eyes as she stood looking at him was not that of relief. It seemed to be more the radiance of triumph, though Widder failed to understand just why she should seem to take pride in his belated arrival at any such decision. The minds of women, he concluded, were inscrutable to mere men.

"And now we can begin your letter," she said, apparently to hide her embarrassment. "But you'll have to tell me first what you've already written."

Widder handed her his letter from the Tweedie Paint and Chemical Company of Brooklyn.

She read it over thoughtfully. Then she sat down behind the typewriter on the oak table.

"Why, this looks distinctly encouraging," she said. "Did you go and see Mr. Tweedie, as he asks?"

Widder acknowledged that he had not gone. He failed to explain, however, that his visit had been postponed, from time to time, because of the saddening consciousness that his clothes had seemed too shabby to confront a paint magnate. Instead, he enlarged a little incoherently on the general tendency of manufacturers to "milk" the ideas of an inventor or to keep you waiting month after month without taking any action. And to verify this claim he handed her his second letter, from the Damant Chemical Company of Newark.

She read it through, still frowning.

"I can't see much promise in this," she acknowledged. "But this other Tweedie letter makes me feel that they are at least interested. Yet, even if they're not, aren't there other firms we can apply to? If this fireproof paint of yours is a good thing, won't it command attention?"

"There are plenty of fireproofing processes already on the market," Widder explained.

"Then what is the advantage of yours?"

"Mine can be manufactured from ten to twenty cents a gallon cheaper than any of the others I know of."

"Then wouldn't theater owners and hotel builders and railroads and ship companies, and all that sort of thing, be interested in getting hold of it?"

"But builders and shipping men won't touch a thing like that on their own hook. They go to the big supply concerns for all that material."

"Concerns like this Tweedie Paint and Chemical Company?" she inquired.

Widder nodded.

"Then isn't this," she said, taking up the letter again, "a chance which we haven't followed up?"

Widder acknowledged that it might be.

"Then why can't we reopen the matter with them and make an appointment?" she suggested. "And if nothing comes of it, why can't we get hold of a business directory and make out a list of the big paint makers and apply to them systematically?"

Again Widder half-heartedly agreed with her. It was of no use, he knew, trying to explain to her that an inventor, on a mission such as this, should be as spick and span as a traveling salesman, should bristle with the promoter's earmarks of prosperity. Yet, as he stood there, the somewhat bewildering thought suddenly occurred to him that by digging in, by digging in tooth and nail, he might make enough to invest in a new hat and coat. Then he sighed audibly, for he knew the hat and coat would have to be accompanied by shoes and gloves and trousers without fringe about the heels.

But Alice Tredwell did not propose to let him linger with his regrets. He felt, as she took up her paper and quietly asked him just how he wished his letters worded, that she was too fine and feminine for these humdrum matters of business. Yet it shamed him a little to find that she was more eager for the accomplishment of the sordid affair in hand than he was. So he gave all his time and thought, during the next hour, to the weighty task of construction. He found it hard at first to blow his own horn, as he expressed it. His initial effort at dictation, accompanied by much surreptitious mopping of his moist forehead, tended to be both apologetic and incoherent. By the time he had reached his third letter he was less uneasy. With his seventh and final epistle a firmness came into his voice and a note of finality into his phrasing. When they were all duly signed and folded and sealed in their envelopes Widder felt that it had been a momentous night.

"You're tired!" he said as he sat watching the girl put the cover on her typewriter. There were shadows under her eyes and her face looked pinched.

"Yes," she acknowledged. "I didn't sleep very well last night. I was thinking about you and your suitcase. And I've been thinking about it all day."

Widder, who had risen from his chair and taken up his hat and coat, felt his shoulders weighed with a fresh burden of guilt. He had given her a sleepless night.

"What do you think I ought to do about it?" he asked.

"I think," she said, looking across the little oak table at him, "it would be safest if you brought that suitcase here and left it with me."

Their glances locked.

"Do you think I would use any of that money?"

"No, I don't think you would. But I don't like to think of it there, for so long as it's there it means danger to you."

Widder laughed.

"I could throw it out of the window, or burn it up, or drop it off the Hoboken ferry, or slip out and leave it on a garbage can. But not one of those things seems quite right, does it?"

"What would happen if you gave it to the police?"

"They wouldn't believe me. They'd probably take my finger prints and shadow me for the rest of the winter!"

"Yet that seems the only honest thing."

"I'd rather do that than shunt the risk on you."

She seemed to be following her own line of thought.

"But the police would never question a successful man, a man of business, a man who was clearly engaged in honest work."

"That's just the point. I'm not a success. I'm a peddler, a floater. They'd cut off my license quick as a wink if they thought I had counterfeit within a mile of me."

She sat in a brown study. "Then we'll have to wait," she finally said.

"Wait for what?"

"Until you are a success!"

"Will I be?" he asked.

"Of course," she asserted.

"Then you'll have to help me," he said with a boldness that made him catch his breath.

"I wish I could," she replied with her studious hazel eyes on his timorous face. Then she turned and gathered up the letters, holding them out to him. "It's made a great difference, knowing you," she said with an impersonal candor that only added to Widder's confusion.

The making of fine speeches was something quite foreign to him. He felt many things, but nothing that he could express in words. So he backed awkwardly away, after taking the letters from her, with his mind reaching frantically for speech like a strangling swimmer reaching for a life raft.

"Good night!" was the most he could gulp out as he backed into the hallway and felt for the stair banister.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The spoken recommendation of travelers who have stopped at Hotel Sherman is our greatest source of new patronage.

HOTEL SHERMAN
CHICAGO

Rooms with bath $2.00 upward.

The Ice Skating Exhibitions in the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, are responsible for the present revival of Ice Skating throughout America.

Randolph Street at Clark,
The center of the city's life.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

The Evolution of Writing

Absorbingly interesting is the evolution of writing.

Graven on stone, impressed on bricks, scratched on bone, painted on papyrus and traced on scrolls, the story of the whole advance of civilization has been perpetuated.

Hardly less romantic than the story of development from mallet and flint to the steel pen is the development of the pen itself.

The first crude pens were made by a London stationer in 1803.

In 1858 Richard Esterbrook, an Englishman himself, and a small band of workmen established at Camden, N. J., the first pen plant on American soil. The development of pens here, from the early crude product to the present state of perfection, is less picturesque, is infinitely more vital, for it has benefited more people each year than the whole writing population of earlier periods.

It takes over two hundred million Esterbrook Pens every year (an unequaled production) to meet the nation wide Esterbrook demand.

There is an Esterbrook shape and point for every preference.

Send 10c for useful metal box containing 12 most popular styles, including the 048 Falcon, the most popular pen in the world.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Company, 72–100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook Pens

Ask for them by Name and Number

The $100,000 Man Who Went to School Again

THIS is an inspiring story of a big-minded business man. Some men regret that their training in business is not *complete*. Some men never even realize it. This man realized it, but he did no regretting. Despite his wide experience, despite his huge income, he left his business for a year while he *learned the fundamental principles* that were back of his income and back of his experience, so he could *control* them. The problems he had to solve in his business were far more complicated than those listed below. If any man cannot answer them, however, he should let the story of this business genius sink in.

By comparison of a series of financial statements, can you tell whether the business is going as it should, and then put your finger on the weakness or strength shown . . . . ?

Do you know what facts to get in order to figure the percentage of its sales that a business can afford to spend for advertising ?

Can you answer a letter of complaint so as to satisfy the complainant and yet preserve the firm's prestige . . . . ?

Do you know how to satisfy a bank as to your deserving a loan . . . . . ?

Do you know why most inexperienced promoters fail in trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes . . . . . ?

Can you build up a safe, yet efficient series of collection letters . . . . . ?

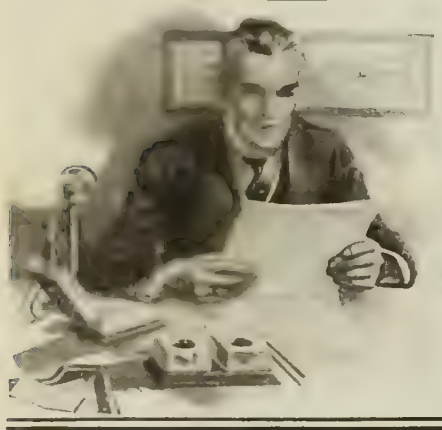
Many Big Men Doing the Same

The brainiest men in America today are doing what he did, for exactly the same reason he did it. The only difference is that they do not now have to leave their business as this man did. Instead, the Alexander Hamilton Institute now brings this business training right to their desks or their home reading tables.

The Advisory Council

Judge Gary, Chairman of the U. S. Steel Corporation; Frank Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank; John Hays Hammond, the great engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, compose the Advisory Council.

The motives that prompted 34,942 men to this action; how they are profiting by it—and how *you* can profit—are explained in the free book, "Forging Ahead in Business." To get it clip the coupon below.



How Men Make Good

34,942 men in all have enrolled. What our modern Business Course and Service has done for its subscribers will probably never be known in its entirety. But daily there filter into the headquarters in New York many intensely human stories, showing how men are helped.

One day you hear of a brilliant lad of twenty-two, in a big New York bank, rising to a $9,500 job, and giving credit to the Institute for his success.

The next day a factory manager writes that the Course has just helped him save his firm $7,000 a year and that "a fair slice" of this went to increase his salary.

The next day a man in a Western concern tells how he saved the firm $37,000 a year *by one suggestion*, and what happened then to *his* salary.

These are only typical cases. There are literally hundreds of them described in the 128 page book, "Forging Ahead in Business."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
139 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" FREE

Name_____

Business Address_____

Business Position_____

Now, son, try standing on your own legs a little.

The School of Self-Reliance

"SCHOOLS," said Mr. Proctor, "should draw a boy out of his shell. I wish there was a school that would give my boy self-confidence."

"There is such a school, Mr. Proctor," said Mrs Jackson. "My boy has attended it for three years and I must say that it teaches the lesson well."

"I have never heard of it," said Mr. Proctor, in surprise. "Where is it?"

"Have you ever noticed the kind of boys that sell *The Saturday Evening Post*?"

"Why, no; I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Proctor, in astonishment. "Are they different from other boys?"

"My son sells *The Saturday Evening Post*," replied Mrs. Jackson, "and The Curtis Publishing Company is the school I refer to. Before he began to sell *The Post* he was as timid as your boy. Now he has confidence in himself and is tempered with a courteous manner, which I attribute to the Curtis work."

SOONER or later your boy must rid himself of the habit of blind reliance upon the decisions of others. Some time he must acquire independence in thought—he must see and think for himself.

If you want to give your boy the equipment he needs to succeed in business—confidence, fearlessness and persistency—start him selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. It has helped thousands of other boys and will help your boy.

We shall be glad to send everything he needs to start, including a booklet telling what other boys have done, and a handsome book of Prizes which are given to boys in addition to the money earned.

BOX 235, SALES DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 5)

and report early in December, in Washington, a few days before Congress went into session.

I had difficulty in getting rid of them. They wanted to sit round and tell their troubles. For a collection of self-pitying patriots I give the guerdon to a gathering of statesmen who have just been rolled in defeat. They weep into their highballs, shed tears over the misconstructions the press and the public put on their motives. There isn't one of them, of course, who isn't devoting his greatest efforts to the amelioration of the economic and civic woes of the people—to hear them tell it—and the truth of it is that politics is ninety-nine and nine-tenths selfish interest and the other one-tenth party interest. The rest of it goes to the people. There may have been an unselfish politician somewhere, but I never met him.

I shooed them out, for I wanted to be alone. Before I left home I had sent a wire to Pemberton Key, the Democratic leader in the Senate and a good friend of mine. I asked him if by any chance he would be in New York about the time I was to be there. He replied that, oddly enough, he intended to visit the metropolis on that very day, and quite casually put in his hotel address.

I telephoned and told Key I was on my way to see him. He said to come right up to Room 337, and not to ask for him at the desk, as he hadn't registered, not caring to have any reporters bothering him. When I joined him Key was smoking a big cigar and reading a novel.

"Hello, Bill," he said. "Glad to see you. Condolences over your defeat, of course, and all that sort of thing, not unmixed with a few apprehensions over our victory. We've been out so long, you know, that I fancy we'll run amuck."

"To the victors belong the spoils," I said, unable to think of anything less commonplace.

"Yes, and the spoiled, too, reverting for the moment to what you have been doing all these years to those tariff producers of yours."

"You're welcome. If you can get more out of them than we have you will sublimate the squeeze."

He laughed and handed me a cigar. Key smoked the biggest and the blackest cigars used by any man I know. The doctor told him he must cut down to three a day, so he had some built according to his own specifications, each one as large as four ordinary cigars.

"Go ahead," he said, holding out a match. "Light it. You need a sedative after what happened to you and your grand old party."

"Pem, what's the plot?"

He laughed again.

"The plot, my dear Bill, is no plot at all. Of course, as you are well aware, now that your degenerate and depraved and selfish and criminal hold on this government has been broken, and is to be replaced by the lily-white and beneficent and extremely pure control my enlightened and patriotic party will exert, it is up to my immaculate party to make good some of the pledges by virtue of which this great reform was accomplished."

"I suppose you will revise the tariff?"

"Bill, your prescience does you credit. We'll revise the tariff. Indeed, I may say that for your purposes and in your estimation we'll practically ruin that tariff of yours."

"You aren't figuring on being too drastic?"

"Drastic? Why, Bill Paxton, we'll be as drastic as hell. You know it too. Why do you come pussyfooting round here and hoping we won't be too drastic? They elected us on the proposition that we would revise the tariff and revise it downward, and we're going to do it."

"Can't you ease up a little here and there?"

"Not a smidgen! These tariff barons had a chance last summer to show their substantial faith in us as conservers of the prosperity of the nation. How many of the interests contributed, do you think? Just one, and that one did so only because the cagy gentlemen in control always give to both sides so they will never lose out at court. The interests were too sure. They played the tightwad with us. But the common people came marching to the front and they stuck us in. So now we are going to rasp the husks off that bunch of interests and leave them without a shred of covering against the cold winds of what will be an extremely long and hard winter for them."

I stayed there for half an hour, probing him as to the sincerity of his protestations, and went away convinced that he meant what he said. Then I returned to my hotel, called in some newspaper boys I knew, and gave out a statement in which I predicted that the opposition would proceed at the earliest moment to the radical revision of the tariff, pointed out what this meant to the manufacturer and the workingman—decreased prices, owing to the competition of pauper labor in Europe and elsewhere, and lower wages—prophesied an era of financial disaster, unemployment, hard times and soup kitchens, and went to a show.

Next morning some of the papers, especially those of my own party, had given prominence to my gloomy predictions, labeling them as the wise although depressing utterances of a man who ordinarily knew what he was talking about; and I was much pleased.

"There, drat you!" I said, shaking my fist in the general direction of lower Broadway. "Chew on that for a while, and then I'll give you some more."

That afternoon I went down to a cabin I had in the South to get some trout fishing—not, of course, that I wasn't fishing before I went; but I wasn't after trout in New York. I was fishing there for sharks.

v

I STUCK right beside that trout stream for two weeks. I didn't get a letter or a telegram. I had given orders to my secretary to tell no one where I was, and accomplished the rather difficult feat of eluding my family. I had a cook, and a guide with whom I played cribbage after supper, and I spent my early mornings in fishing and my afternoons in profound reflection.

I elaborated the idea I had in mind, which was to form myself into a promoting company under the general name and style of Warwick, Limited. I decided I would hold all the stock and all the offices, and especially the purse. I went rather carefully over a list of men I had set down as tentatively qualified for directorships, but there never was a minute when I conceded to any person whatsoever a share in the prime responsibilities of the job. I determined to be supreme, and had no doubt of my ability to carry my program through.

After the tenth day, when things were quite clear in my mind, I had the guide go over to the nearest village and send a wire to Pliny Peters asking him to gumshoe up to my camp. Pliny Peters was my pride and joy. He was a sort of twelfth carbon copy of Machiavelli—as discreet as he was noiseless and as bold as he was cautious. He had a marvelous capacity for skating on the thin ice of trouble without breaking through, and he moved about the country so expertly and so secretly it always seemed to me he must proceed underground. That was curious, too, for Pliny wasn't what you would call a common sort of person as to looks. He was tall and gangling, and had a pair of large blue eyes that protruded in such a fashion as to give the impression that he was in a constant state of astonishment and apprehension over the strange things he saw. He looked a good deal like a pallid horse, with his high, narrow forehead, his long, triangular chin, and his general expression of mild virtue. One ear was flattened against his skull and the other stuck out like the mainsail on a sloop. He had long arms and long legs and was thin as to flesh. When he sat down he wound his scraggy legs about one another and his prehensile fingers together, and in general assumed a colorable imitation of a dish of spaghetti.

His one obsession was that he would die poor, and his one passion was for the hiving up of money in order that this calamity might be averted. He was reasonably honest, and knowing that he was constantly engaged in enterprises that at least smacked of irregularity, he always looked as if he was expecting some one to come up behind him, tap him on the shoulder and say "Come with me!" Politically it was Pliny's creed that the end justifies the means. Vocally he was the prototype of Uncle Lemuel Sterry. Pliny rarely spoke above a whisper.

(Continued on Page 57)

Preparedness

Men may differ about preparedness for war, but all of us believe in preparedness for most things.

It is preparedness that sends the runner over the tape ahead of his rivals. It is preparedness that enables the advocate to sway judge and jury with his logic. It is preparedness that enables the manufacturer to outdistance his competitors. It is preparedness that has made the General Roofing Manufacturing Company

The Big Gun in the Roofing Business

The General's preparedness consists of the three largest and best equipped roofing and building paper mills in the world.

Each is a complete producing unit, manufacturing the full line of the General's products. Each is advantageously located in the territory it serves, has cheap fuel and favorable transportation facilities.

The General buys raw materials in enormous quantities and far ahead. This means favorable buying and the pick of the market.

With manufacturing so perfected and cheapened, the highest quality is produced at the lowest cost.

This preparedness enables the General to make one-third of all the rolls of roofing used. All over the civilized world you will find

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Roofing

The quality of roofing cannot be determined by looking at it, or by twisting or tearing. Its durability cannot be tested except in actual use over a period of years.

Contrary to popular belief, roofing does not wear out—it dries out. *CERTAIN-TEED* Roofing is especially made to defeat this process of drying out, as it is thoroughly saturated with our properly blended soft asphalts and coated with a harder blend of the same material, which keeps the soft saturation—the life of the roofing—from drying out. These products are prepared under the supervision of our board of graduate chemists, and are the result of long experience in mining, refining, and blending of these materials. This produces a roofing pliable, yet durable, and absolutely impervious to the elements.

CERTAIN-TEED Roofing is made to hold "its place in the sun" for 5, 10, or 15 years, according to whether it is 1, 2, or 3 ply respectively. Behind this guarantee stands the responsibility of the world's largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills. Past experience has proved that our guarantee is conservative and that the roofing will outlast the period of the guarantee.

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Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Atlanta Houston London Sydney

Three men lunched together. They discussed cars—and disagreed radically. Yet within the month each had become the owner of an—

Oakland

Because Oakland Principles mean more than the type of motor

"I believe in eight cylinders," said the first.

"But more than that I believe in Oakland High Speed Eight. I could have paid more for a car than I did for my Oakland Eight and would have done so if I could have gotten greater value.

"My first glance at the Model 50 decided me as to appearance. Then I satisfied myself as to the construction. I discovered that in spite of great strength, the weight was kept to a minimum. I sat in the car; I found comfort. My wife, who had never been a confident driver, handled the car with ease. I entered my order."

The purchaser of the Six put it this way:

"I wanted a Six—light, strong, economical. I wanted a moderate price. I insisted on good looks, a name that could be depended upon, a real motor (not less than 30 to 35 horsepower) and a generous seating capacity. You'd say I couldn't find it. But I did, in the Oakland 32. And the price was only $795."

8	6	4
Model 50	Model 32	Model 38
$1585	$795	$1050
7-Passenger Touring	5-Passenger Touring 2-Passenger Roadster	5-Passenger Touring 2-Passenger Roadster 2-Passenger Speedster

5
Leading Oakland Superiorities

Great Strength with Light Weight
Low Center of Gravity with Usual Road Clearance
High Speed Motor with Great Power
Flying Wedge Lines with Least Wind Resistance
Economy with Luxury

The man who bought the Oakland Four said:

"You fellows can talk all you want about your sixes and eights, but I don't need anything more powerful, more flexible, more satisfactory than my Oakland High Speed Four. It is just what I want and exactly fills the bill."

All Three Were Right—

each one satisfied his desires with an Oakland.

Various tastes require different types of motors. It is not the number of cylinders that counts in motor efficiency—it is the mechanical excellence, the power, the flexibility—The Name behind the motor. No other car offers such a variety of types. "There is an Oakland for you." Write for catalogues and thumb nail booklet, "How Charlie and Mary Decided."

All Models Can Be Seen at the Chicago Show

Oakland Motor Co., Pontiac, Mich.

"Sturdy as the Oak"

(Continued from Page 54)

On the second morning after I wired for Pliny he appeared in the cabin as noiselessly and as mysteriously as if he had come up through a star trap in the floor. He tiptoed round the room, looked in the cupboard, shut the door, and then told me he was glad to see me.

"What's up?" he whispered.

"Many things, Pliny," I answered. "But before we go into the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union let's have some breakfast."

We ate trout and waffles and bacon and hot bread, and all the time Pliny kept a watchful lookout to make sure that no prowling member of the opposition had an ear to a chink between the logs. After Pliny had finished, and had lighted a cigar, he leaned over and said:

"I saw that statement of yours."

"Did you? What did you think of it?"

"It's all right—fine; but you ain't going far enough."

I made no reply. I knew Pliny would continue. He puffed secretively at his cigar for a minute or so, and then he leaned over again:

"Ain't going far enough—not half. You're fishing for small fry. Got to get the whales; that's it—got to get the whales."

Then he lapsed again into silence.

"Whales? What whales?"

Pliny swept one of his long arms about comprehensively.

"All of 'em," he said. "Every darned one."

He got up and walked about the room again, tried the door and made a thorough examination of the lean-to.

"Boss," he said as he hitched his chair nearer to mine, "what's the use monkeying with the little ones? No use at all. You know's well as I do that there's only a certain amount to be curried off these tariff people. Not sufficient. Not by a darned sight! You put out a warning to these manufacturers and these protected babies, and that's all well and good, but you can't win this game with white chips. Can't be done. Got to get blue ones and yellows. Yellows, for choice."

"Well," I replied, after Pliny had diminuendoed to a ghost of articulation, "it may be you are right, but I don't quite follow you. Where's this school of whales you are talking about?"

"New York, Chicago, Boston—Wall Street, La Salle Street, Milk Street—any other street where these captains of high finance hang out. Trusts, you know, and bankers and railroads and all those whales. No use trying to grab it all from cotton mills and sugar plantations and lumbermen and shoemakers and steel-rail gents, no use at all. Got to rip the hides off the gents that own these gents that own these cotton mills, and so forth. Understand?"

"I surely do."

"Bankers," Pliny continued, chewing nervously at his cigar and looking as if he expected to see the American Bankers' Association march into the room and roar in concert at him "What's that?" "Bankers—trusts—corporations—whales. The big boys. Those are the gents—bankers. Say, friend of mine was talking to a railroad president the other day—big one—influential—just passing the time of day, and he says to him: 'Must be great to be a railroad president and have all that power.'

"Well, say, he let a yelp out of him you could hear a mile. 'Power!' says he. 'Where do you get that power delusion? Where do you get it?—with me sitting every morning at nine o'clock on the doorstep of some banker waiting to see what he will let me do that day. Forget it,' says he. 'The banker is the man who runs this country and everything in it,' says he.

"So there you are. Bankers run everything. Can't be denied. Big bankers run little bankers. Biggest bankers run big bankers. Furnish all the money for the trusts. Finance the corporations. Hold the railroads up. Run them all. Listen: What does every last one of these multi boys do after he gets his upholstery of money? Buys control of a bank and starts a trust company. They know where the percentage is in this game. Consequently they are the ones that will get it in the neck after the opposition comes in, because if it wasn't for us letting them expand the way they have been doing they'd never get farther than buying commercial paper and foreclosing mortgages. Very lenient with them we've been. Sherman Law's got enough dust on it to fill an hour glass big as the dome of the Capitol. Opposition will sting them. Push that along. Then collect from them for campaign to put us back and promise them when we do get back we'll let up on them.

"Only way to get after a multimillionaire so he feels it is to take some money away from him. Only thing they think about is money. Only thing they know is money. Only thing they reverence is money. Take it away from them and they holler their heads off. Make it plain to them that you can and will help them keep what they've got and get some more, and they'll put up all right; especially if the opposition trims them some, which is what is going to happen."

"Pliny," I said, "you interest me."

"Huh, you know all this yourself! Only you think maybe it wouldn't be clubby to soak them so long as you've been playing with them all these years. Got to be done, senator; got to be done. No two ways about it."

"How much money do you think we will need to put our man over next time?"

"How much can you get?"

"Oh, I don't know—a couple of millions, maybe."

"Pish!" said Pliny. "Wake up! We used that much in the last campaign and got trimmed to a tatter. Couple of millions! That won't buy the postage stamps. Ten maybe."

I looked at him in amazement. He was talking of millions as if they were last year's bird nests.

"Senator," he said, waving both arms, "your ideas about money are primitive, rudimentary."

"So it seems."

"Archaic, prehistoric. You think you are back in the iron age the way you talk. This isn't the iron age, it's the gold age. That's it—gold age. Ten—maybe fifteen—slathers of it; and say ——"

"What?"

"Get it right now, while they're scared."

VI

PLINY went clandestinely to catch some trout and I sat on the porch and smoked and thought over what he had said. He was right, there was no question about that, the tariff producers were fruitful in their way; but I doubted if more than a million—if that much—could be squeezed from them. When I reflected over it, however, I recalled the movements for forming great trusts and corporations, for combining railroads, and for various other exploitations that were projected or were under way, and I saw vast possibilities.

The exploiters could expect no deference from the opposition. They had not been shrewd enough to provide for that. They were in for a period of harassment and probably bad times. It was my part to take them up on the mountain and show them the lush legislative lands that I and my friends would control—provided they did their share. I felt that I could construct a fair and workmanlike rainbow of hope for exhibition purposes, and I again was grateful that fortune had thrown Pliny Peters across my path and that I had had sense enough to appreciate him and use him.

The versatility of Pliny was amazing. His ambition, save for the accumulation of enough and he already had more than enough, although he wouldn't admit it—to save him from starvation when old, was centered in being on the inside with me. I found him when he was a correspondent in Washington for some small newspapers in the West. I am Middle Western myself, and he began coming to me for news. He was well informed on current topics, and we gradually grew into the relation of disseminator and disseminatee. Whenever I had anything to put out for the gladdening or the guidance or the gulling of the public, I used Pliny.

He had a way of going into the Press Gallery and in his ultra-mysterious manner dropping a few hints, here and there, of things I wanted promulgated. He had a fine news sense, and he always steered the news-hungry correspondents in the right way. There was nothing press-agenty or crass about Pliny's methods. He didn't write out stuff and hand round flimsy. What he did was to make a most important and consequential communication out of everything he had to present, and in order to lull suspicion that he might by any chance be acting in my behalf, he used to lambaste me unmercifully in his papers and make sure that the boys in the gallery saw the clippings of these attacks. Once or twice he came so close to penetrating my

Plate K1007 Kohler enameled one-piece sink, with right-hand drain-board

The KOHLER trade-mark appears on every piece of KOHLER Enameled Plumbing Ware. It is incorporated in faint blue in the enamel, at the point indicated by arrow.

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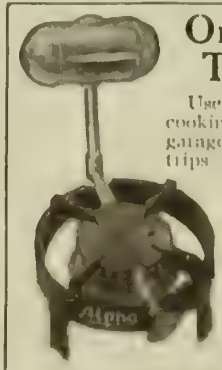

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If you could look at the spark plugs in *all* the new motors as they leave their makers' shops you would find four Champions to one of any and all other kinds.

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John Dane gave up, and sold his farm for $2200

And the man who bought it got his money back in two seasons.

For 20 years John Dane failed to make a living on 64 acres. He tried corn, truck and other crops that he could have sold in a good market four miles away. But the farm did nothing except sprout seed.

The new owner took it in the winter. Although there was no rain from May 10th to September 1st, he produced and fed $1800 worth of silage to beef cattle—the first good crop that farm had borne in 20 years.

And that first summer he increased the fertility so much that the next season he got the whole purchase price back.

And he's made a living, plus, ever since.

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well-indurated inner sensibilities that I remonstrated with him.

"Look here, Pliny," I said, "you are getting a little too personal in that stuff you write about me."

"Shucks! Think what I might say if I had a mind to."

Well, that was an angle of it I had not considered, and I let him use his own judgment. Still I do maintain that the time he excoriated me for changing my vote on that railroad bill was not fair, for he knew very well I had orders from New York to do it. But he only laughed.

"Now they won't suspect me when I put across that yarn about the lieu-selection act," he said, "and your irrigation friends who want to trade that slug of the Rocky Mountains they have got for that valley can get action."

That came about, and that, in connection with many other similar episodes, cemented me to Pliny. He returned about noon with a few trout which he had given to the guide to carry. Evidently he had a fear a game warden might pop out of a bush at him and tell him he had violated the fishing law, or something like that. We had dinner. Pliny talked confidentially of trivial things. However, I knew by his actions that he had more to say than he had said. So I waited patiently.

After a time he spoke.

"Something more I want to talk about," he said so softly I had to strain my ears to catch his words.

"What?"

"Candidate."

"Pshaw, Pliny, it's too early to talk about candidates. We've got to see how this thing lines up before we can discuss personalities. We have plenty of good timber, and it may be a man will develop in the next four years who will be stronger than anybody now in sight."

"Shucks!" Pliny commented. "You wait for a man to develop, and when he does somebody else will grab him. Develop him yourself. No sense in waiting. No sense in not picking out our man right now. Look 'em over. What do you think? Who's your choice? Name a few names. Do it now."

"Well," I said, more to please him than anything else, for I was firmly of the opinion that it was too early to be thinking of a candidate, "there are Nason and Sinclair and Turnley and Wharton and Ross ——"

"Shucks!" said Pliny.

"And Sisson and Tuttle ——"

Pliny stopped me with a peremptory gesture.

"Dead ones! All of them dead ones! Get a live one. Why rob the catacombs?"

"Perhaps"—and I tried to blight him with sarcasm—"perhaps out of your omniscience you can tell who is the right one."

He nodded and smiled.

"Sure," he said. "Surest thing you know—Jim Rogers."

"What?" I shouted. "Not James Jason Rogers?"

"You bet! He's the man. Right geographically. Old soldier—'comrag, comrag, ever since we was boys'—in all the secret orders—never in a scandal—plumb steady as a party man—good speaker—not too old—not too young—just right—in public life—always for the old flag—strong with union labor—friend of the nigger—Jim Rogers."

I hadn't considered Rogers, but it hit me like a thunderclap that Pliny was right. I summed up Rogers in my mind and he didn't fail anywhere. He was a member of the House and had been for fourteen years. He had a perfect record for a candidate. There was nothing spectacular about him to detract from his availability in the eyes of the dull and dreary populace who must elect him. He never made a joke in his life, and therefore could not be held as frivolous and unworthy of the suffrages of the severely intellectual giants who do the bulk of our voting.

His habits were correct, and this insured him the consideration of the impeccable proletariat of the country. Further than that, as Pliny said, he was from the right state, geographically and politically. He had an economic reputation. He was in the Civil War. In all other respects he had kept rigorously in the middle of the road, and he had a handshake that was a benediction and a smile that was an absolution. Moreover, he had been defeated in the general disaster, which made him most available, as he would have no chance to do anything or say anything he shouldn't in the House and would give him time for campaigning and advertising trips.

"Jim Rogers," I repeated. "By jinks, I believe you're right!"

Pliny didn't answer. He had walked out on the porch and was whittling a stick.

"Pliny," I said after I had joined him, "the more I think of it the better that suggestion seems. I wonder where Rogers is."

"He'll be here to-morrow."

"He'll—be—here—to-morrow!"

I felt my eyes blinking and knew I was suffocating.

"He'll be here to-morrow? Who told him to come?"

"I did."

A sort of red haze enveloped Pliny as I looked at him whittling the stick. I didn't know whether to hit him on the head with a chair or pat him on his bony back. After I got my breath and began seeing normally again, I said:

"You've got a hell of a nerve, asking Jim Rogers to come up here and see me in circumstances like these."

"Oh, I dunno. Jim's a good fellow. There's no harm in letting him catch a few fish, is there? There's plenty in the creek. Besides, if you don't throw the net over him someone else will. You take it from me that Jim Rogers will come mighty close to gathering in that nomination. He's got the bug too. All he needs is a little encouragement. Now what's the use of your Warwicking round if you haven't got somebody worth Warwicking for? Seems to me that about the zero in politics is being sponsor for a man who is defeated for a nomination."

There was virtue in Pliny's remarks.

"I suppose there will be opposition."

"Sure," whispered Pliny comfortably; "but if you get a running start on them you'll have a good chance to win. Besides, if you go out and put the clamps on these money boys you'll have the funds. And if you get busy in the South you'll have the delegates. You can sew up the National Committee, if you go about it right, and that will give you the age when it comes to seating delegates. And with you leading in the Senate and knowing Pem Key the way you do, you can turn a few tricks there. All this game needs is money."

"Pliny," and I did reach over and pat him on his bony back, "as to my knowledge of the need of money and as to my intention of getting it, your perspicacity does you proud."

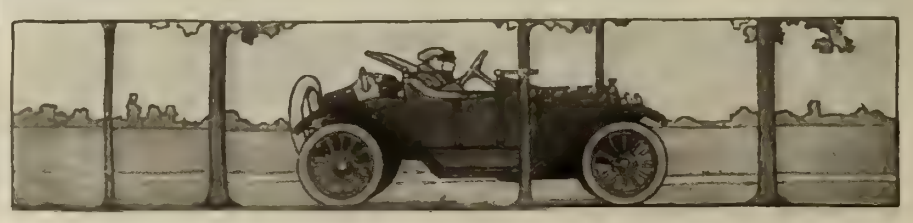
"All right," whispered Pliny; "Jim'll be here in the morning."

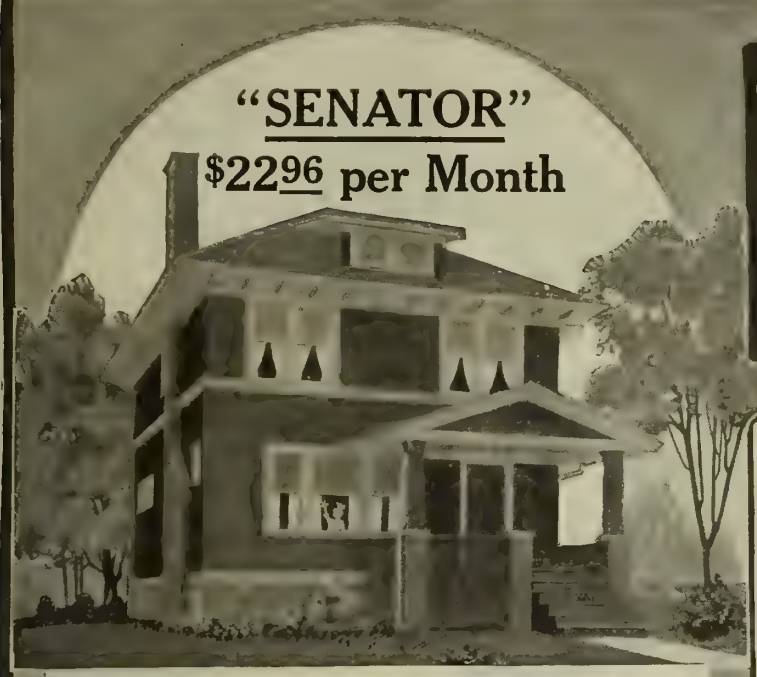
We sat on the porch all the rest of the afternoon and talked about James Jason Rogers. Pliny was enthusiastic—for him. We went carefully over the weaknesses of Rogers—which were not many; and the availabilities of him—which were reasonably numerous. We thought up every sort of campaign assault that could be made against him, discounted them all so far as we could, and contrived counters and defenses. By supper time it was all settled, so far as I was concerned. James Jason Rogers was the instrument with which I intended to pry my way back into power. He was the medium for my plan. He was the meal ticket for my party, for my friends, for myself.

"Pliny," I asked, along that evening, when we were watching the big blaze in the fireplace, "will Jim Rogers obey orders?"

"Obey orders?" and Pliny came as near to shouting as I ever heard him in all the years we were associated. "Why, senator, he'll anticipate them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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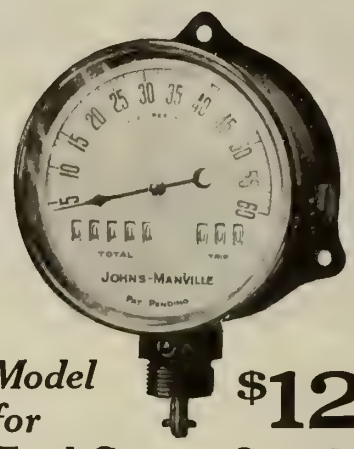

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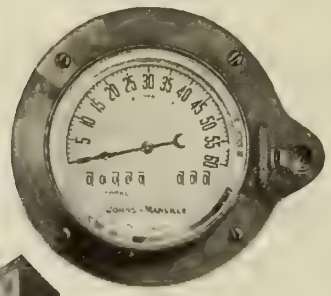

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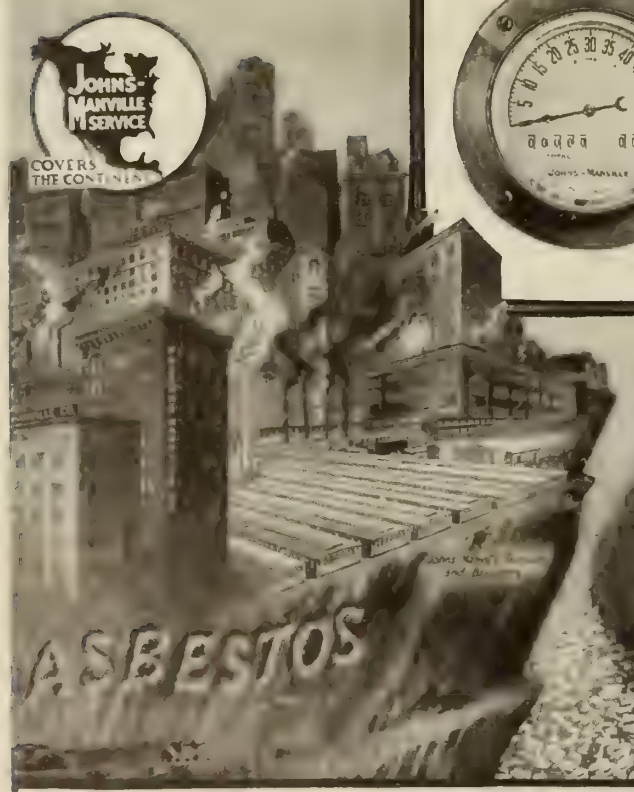

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THE HONORABLE OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 18)

fair to Sobieski to say that his chivalrous attitude toward his American wife did not arise from her prospective millions. That much, at least, for the blood of kings.

They went to Paris. They went to Warsaw, which is the most lifelike miniature of Paris ever painted. They went to Cracow, and visited the estates that once boasted of a Sobieski for a master—a broad, undulating plain like a map, with two high plateaus of oak trees, great dots of blue-green; a river zigzagging crazily through it, like a lizard making for cover; two dun villages like birds' nests.

"And you are going to reign over this soon," Sobieski said to her; "you are going to be the lady of the great house, the little mother of the people." And he watched her carefully through his shrewd gambler's eyes.

"Oh, how wonderful!" she enthused.

For a moment she thought of the drab ironworks across the water, the red flame and blue shadows of it, the tang of hissing iron. She remembered the high, solemn moment on the parapet of the works; but she flicked it out of her mind as one flicks away an impertinent fly. And Sobieski, seeing all this, smiled.

At Paris they met Bugnot de Bounode, the Gascon journalist with the green cat's eyes and the cat's mustache.

"America," he began viciously, "is like a grocer's warehouse, since you ask me what I think." She had not, but Sobieski, the cunning devil, had. "Tin cans to be sold for tin money. Gray, deserted, morose, an indefinably evil smell. Hysteria of work. Hysteria of amusement. Bad form. Very bad form!"

He paused and looked about him. Sobieski grinned.

"I will take New York, for example. It looks as if it had been flung together by a jerry-builder. Oh, yes, there are exceptional houses, I admit. But in the main. Build higher. There's more money in it. Everything suggests money, suggests shopkeeping. Even the names of the streets. Fifth Avenue—fifty dollars. Forty-second Street—forty-two cents. Bad form! Very bad form!"

He smiled his slow Gascon smile, which people who knew him distrusted more than his acid, stabbing tongue.

"Even your superlative grace and charm, my princess"—he chuckled inwardly—"much guilt though it may remove, cannot cover up the sordid, shameful ugliness of it."

Sobieski rose and stood beside his wife.

"We are taking her away, *mon ami*," he said blandly, "and there will be nothing left to redeem it."

And, little by little, Edna, Princess Sobieski, began to react to a sensation of shame. Everybody seemed to say or to hint the same thing, or to keep silent with a friendly tolerance that suggested more than the most biting words. She had once seen the workmen at the iron plant paid off on a Saturday morning—a crew of blue-jumpered, grease-marked, hard-faced athletes taking piles of green bills and dirty silver through a window in a shabby wooden box. She considered it interesting at the time. There was a feeling of pride in the idea of handing out their bread and butter to those grim, iron-bodied men; but now she remembered it with a feeling of shocked shame, with a sense of ignobility, as though she had been connected with the keeping of a pawnshop or the sale of second-hand rags.

In the attitude of everyone she met she sensed a covert insult. The European pauper, it seemed to her, looked on her wealth as a social leprosy. The huckster's loin, they seemed to sneer! And she took it all with a shamed head. She might have turned on them and told of the epics of great manufacturers. She might have told them of her own father, who was the servant of his people, whose ideals were the ideals of a great poet, whose actions were the actions of a good king. She might have told them of the solemn vow on the parapet of the ironworks. She might, if she had been a strong woman, if she had been in soul her father's daughter, have reduced them to shamed silence, to a humming admiration. Ah yes, but if she had been in soul her father's daughter, if she had had his iron in her eye, they would never have spoken to her as they did. And Sobieski would never have smiled.

October had come round again. The red moon was rising. Already they were about to return to New York. The year's honeymoon, for which Harbord had paid royally, was at an end. The ironmaster wanted them home. From the balcony of their hotel they could see Paris like a vast lyric poem, a thing of silver and faint blue.

"The old Sobieski house on the Rue de Ponthieu," Sobieski said easily—"they will sell it to us, Edna. I want you to have a look at it to-morrow."

"But, Jean ——" she said. She flushed with embarrassment.

"Yes?" He waited.

"A house here; and the castle at Cracow! You remember father wanted us to live over in New York. He doesn't want us away from the works."

"I think we can attend to that," Sobieski laughed confidently. He threw his cigarette into the street. He watched it as it fell in a straight red line.

"Your father, Edna," he continued, "is a trifle old-fashioned and doesn't understand these things. He's a fine old chap, best in the world, but his horizon is limited. We must make him see, you and I, that all that's out of the question."

He paused for a moment and watched her surreptitiously. She drank in his words with her eyes fixed hypnotically on the laughing streets below.

"There are my people in Poland to whom we owe a duty," he said, "and we've got our duty to society here also."

"Yes," she nodded. "Of course," she added in a second.

"We have got to make him understand, and you've got to help me do it, Edna."

He threw his hand out in one of his occasional wide gestures.

"This is the place to live. You can't live by the works. It would be like living in a shop."

"That's right," she agreed.

"You'll help me explain to him, Edna? You understand?"

"Of course I will," she said. "The idea was ridiculous. We'll make him see that."

▼

THERE is a personality of towns as well as a personality of people. There are towns that are vacuous; towns that are alert; towns that are prim; towns that are lazy. Perhaps it is only that the spirit of the population filtrates into the stone and mortar as it does into their own bone and muscle. Perhaps it is something else. The Romans had a "genius of the place" to explain it. At any rate, Leonardsville is strong, dependable, serious. You see that in the quiet strength of the houses, in the firmly paved streets. There is nothing pinchbeck about it, nothing frivolous. It has an object in life. The stores go in for no meretricious advertising. The dwellings are mellow. There is the right admixture of shadow to light. There is no space wasted. There is no crowding. Where trees are wanted trees grow. But you can give it no name suggestive of its model quality. It stands for no cheap label. It is Leonardsville.

At one end of it—in the south, to be exact—the ironworks stands out like a fortress, a fortress that is continually in action, for from the dun buildings surrounded by the great walls there is the flash and roar of exhausts, the throbbing of mammoth hammers, the vague thunder of furnaces. You pass from the roadway, which is full of ruts, into a courtyard, elaborately cobbled and scrupulously clean, through a huge iron gate. Here and there are piles of nuts and bolts, like ammunition stacked against an attack; iron casks of water; an occasional anvil; parts of engines laid in the court on their way to or from the foundry.

Three times a week John Harbord came to the works Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The other days he spent in New York, visiting occasionally at the Church Street office. When it was fine he came in his car, for he enjoyed the fresh air pouring into his face on his hour-and-a-half drive. With a quick, firm step he jumped down and went into his office. You might have taken him for a man in his prime if you had not noticed the shell-like arteries on his hands.

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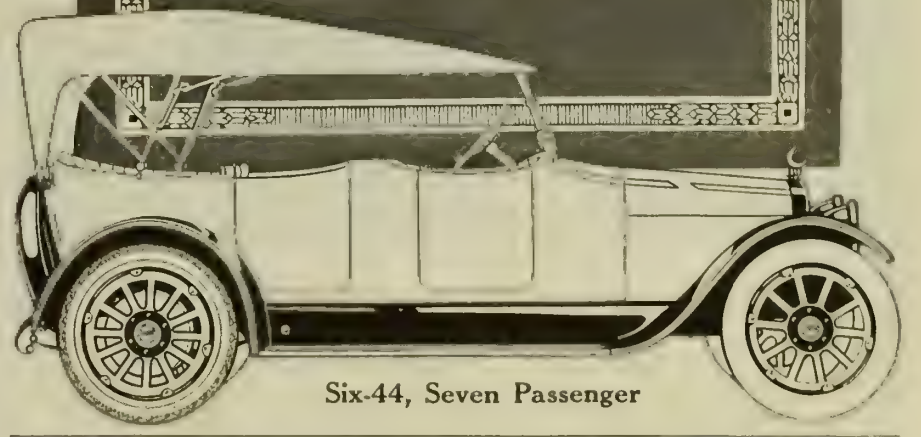

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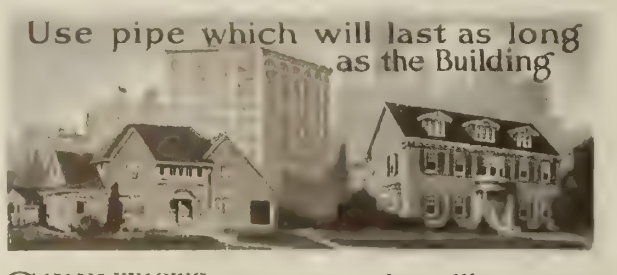

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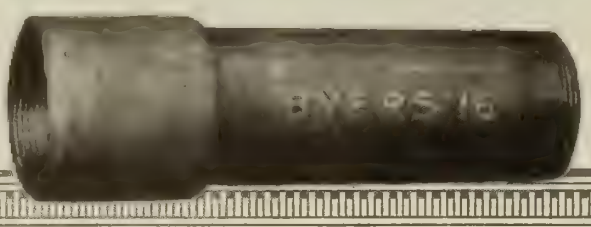

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But on this Monday morning he was not curt, he was expansive. Miss Ertle, the calm, finely built woman of forty who was his secretary and who knew as much about steel as an artillery officer, permitted herself the luxury of smiling as he came in. Brennan, the square-faced assistant manager, relaxed the tenseness of his customary frown.

"Ah, the desk has come!" said the ironmaster.

In the cluttered, dingy brown office, which years of use had worn to a faint brown, the great shining mahogany table, glass-topped, and the swivel chair struck a note that jarred. It was an opulent, a royal piece of furniture, worthy even of the augustness of the Sobieski name. The ironmaster examined it with attentive care, as though it were a piece of complicated machinery. He passed his hand appreciatively over the glass.

"He ought to be able to work well there—eh, Brennan? Eh, Miss Ertle?"

Brennan smiled in answer, the smile of the master mechanic who accepts no statement until it has been proved, a doubting, reserved smile; Miss Ertle a little sadly, the smile of a woman of forty who understands all the pathos and disappointment of this world.

John Harbord could hardly tear himself away from the desk. He sat down in the chair and looked out through the two windows in front of it on the stretch of green meadows in the distance. He looked at the pillar of wall that divided the windows from each other with an expression of regret. He had bought, from a dealer whom he had instructed to search for it, a steel engraving of the third John, King of the Poles. He would have liked to hang it in that place for Sobieski to look at, and to be, as it were, inflamed by. But he judged—and quite rightly, too—that it would be something out of place. He had a great, innate sense of delicacy, had old John Harbord. That portrait would have thrilled his romantic soul. He rose with a laugh, a little shamefaced.

"That'll be all right," he said curtly.

Brennan swung round on his chair. One look at Brennan and you knew what he was. He had a square, determined jaw; black gimlet eyes; the hard face of a mathematician; the two perpendicular furrows between the eyebrows that denote concentrated thought. You could see immediately that he was a workman who was also a college graduate. The experience in his eyes placed him in the late thirties. He was afraid of no man and expected no man to be afraid of him.

"When is he coming to work?" Brennan demanded in his direct, metallic manner.

"We mustn't rush him to it too quickly," Harbord smiled. "They'll be home tomorrow. We'll make a start in about a week."

"You want me to coach him up in the work?"

"We'll do it together, Will. You'll have to do most of it—I'm getting too old and I want to rest." The ironmaster drew a sheaf of letters toward him and Miss Ertle took out her pencil and stenographer's pad. Brennan still looked at the ironmaster, with the furrows in his forehead standing out like ridges.

"I'll coach him all right," Brennan snapped, "only ——" He swung about to his desk.

"Only what?" Harbord asked.

"Oh, nothing," Brennan answered.

The ironmaster chuckled.

"You'll have to look out for your laurels, Will," he laughed.

They both looked at him, the assistant manager and the secretary, with a little sadness in their eyes, the fear of disappointments and disillusions from which even their loyalty and affection could not shield him. They had each understood John Harbord's idea, and they had each turned it over in their minds night after night and day after day, viewing it from all angles. The glamour of romance and high purpose had not blinded their eyes. They found no virtue in his plan—Brennan, because he distrusted theories and knew iron and men; Miss Ertle, because she was a woman of forty, and accordingly wise.

VI

IT CUT Sobieski's heart a little to see the delight of the ironmaster on their return. He knew what was in John Harbord's mind, and he shrank from smashing the man's illusions—Sobieski was not a bad soul at bottom, and he knew how it would hurt. It is cruel enough to take something away from a child, but it is infinitely more cruel to take it from an old man whose days are numbered. In Sobieski's hard philosophy it was every man for himself. He believed that the old man's ideals were, to say the least, quixotically foolish. It was the fault of his surroundings. And, besides, it would be quite possible, he felt, to arrange a sort of compromise for the present. He wanted to get back to Europe quickly, he wanted to spend the winter in Paris, and this stay in New York was an irksome experience to him. To Edna it was a rough waking hour between golden dreams. Sobieski had decided to wait patiently a little while, but every hour he became more and more eager to bring the matter to a definite conclusion.

They had been home four days now—a flurry of calls, shopping, engagements, theater had occupied them until now, but the rush had become too much for Edna—she expected her child to be born in January—and they had stayed at home that Thursday evening. It was the first time since their arrival that they had had a chance to discuss things with the ironmaster. They sat together in the warmly lighted drawing-room, a miracle of interior decoration in mellow gold and rose, which old John Harbord had spoiled by filling with the things he liked: with pictures in live color, steel engravings of his favorite heroes, huge cushioned armchairs, books scattered everywhere, an address presented to him by the men.

These things jarred Edna. They had made her mother, who had more taste than she, supremely happy.

John Harbord settled himself in his easy-chair and watched the yellow flame play over the log in the grate. He was happy—one glance at his face would show that. Edna sat at the piano, picking out with difficulty an air from a current comedy. Sobieski moved uneasily about the room, taking up books, putting them down, looking at engravings. There was a restless fire in his brown eyes and in the toss of his tawny hair. His elaborate, angular evening clothes stood out in sharp contrast to the baggy dinner jacket and black tie of the ironmaster.

"We've got a desk for you down there already," Harbord broke in irrelevantly. He was permitting a flash of his own thoughts to escape him unconsciously. Sobieski stiffened. Edna stopped playing and looked at him. The moment had come. Sobieski leaned forward and picked up a book.

"That's awfully good of you," he observed. "It'll be a good thing to have when I run down occasionally."

The ironmaster laughed.

"You are not going to run down occasionally. You are going to work there every day. I'm going to start you next Monday."

Sobieski's detached interest showed in his face. Underneath his carefully tailored clothes his body was rigid and tense.

"That's hardly possible," he said. "We'll be leaving for Europe in November."

The ironmaster stood up. His face was set in serious lines.

"I understood," he began, "that you were going to handle the works after I was gone, on the lines I laid down to you."

"That's ridiculous, father," Edna broke in. "You can't expect ——"

She stopped suddenly. She felt as she often felt when an electric storm was coming up on the horizon, a sense of fear, an agitation, a suspense waiting for the vast atmospheric masses to crash together and lightning to cleave downward. Sobieski was speaking; his voice was as suave as when passing a compliment.

"Of course, I understood it," he was saying; "but I can't be expected to look after the details. Managers can do that. In a broad sense ——"

"I expect you to look after everything," Harbord thundered. A shadow, like a liquid stain, was passing over his face. His eyes shot beams of steel light. "I expect you to work for your living like everyone else in the plant."

The time had come, Sobieski thought, to be direct and forceful, to show himself master of the situation.

"That's out of the question," he snapped curtly.

John Harbord looked at him for a long minute. The expression of forcefulness passed from his face, and in place of it there came the look of a man who is trying to grasp something, trying to understand.

(Continued on Page 65)

Mr. Courtright Hawley, of North Dakota, earns about
$5000.00 EACH YEAR
from Curtis work. Of course he gives all his time.

Miss Marie Yerkes, now attending a well-known college,
EARNS EDUCATIONAL EXPENSES
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SPARE TIME TURNED INTO DOLLARS

More than a million and a half subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN will be ordered during 1916.

We will pay you liberally in salary and commission if you will look after this business for us locally. We need new representatives everywhere.

A few hours of your spare time each week will bring you an extra five dollars, and will teach you the methods by which some full-time workers now make $5,000 a year.

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AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 231

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George C. Calkins, of California, in spare time, earned
$230.00 IN ONE MONTH
We need more men of his caliber in every locality.

Mrs. C. A. Thomas, of Missouri, is planning to buy
A HOME OF HER OWN
with her profits on subscriptions secured in spare hours.

Mr. Chamberlain, of Wisconsin, finds his spare time both
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His town is small but his earnings are large—and growing.

Virginia Tobacco

1740 and 1916

Reprint of a tobacco advertisement, published in England about 1740.

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OVER a span of three centuries, since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced pipe smoking, Virginia tobacco has held first place in the esteem of Englishmen, probably the world's most fastidious smokers. By them Virginia tobacco is preferred even to Turkish.

In DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco is the choicest of choice Virginia—a tobacco that has been under cultivation and improvement for 300 years.

DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco is THE brand of VIRGINIA, specially prepared to suit the taste of American smokers—to suit YOUR taste.

However expensive a tobacco you may be accustomed to smoke, we unhesitatingly recommend a trial of DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco. It has a freshness, an aroma, a "life" that only the best "Virginia" possesses.

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S MIXTURE is also packed in attractive 8 oz. glass jars, convenient for den or office, which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Duke's Mixture Granulated Tobacco 5¢

(Continued from Page 62)

Then suddenly, so suddenly and unexpectedly that his daughter and Sobieski took a step forward as if they feared collapse, he went weak. His knees trembled and his eyes became blank, and little drops of perspiration stood out on his head. He reached for the back of a chair.

"I'm all right," he said shortly.

Sobieski walked toward him. His tone was conciliating.

"And then, *mon beau-père*," he said easily, "there's Edna's child. We want him to be born in Poland, or in the old family house in Paris whose foundations are on Polish earth. We must go over. He can't be born anywhere else. He's a Sobieski."

"He's not a Harbord," said the ironmaster.

They were all silent for a moment.

"Now, don't you see?" Sobieski made a little appealing gesture with his hands, as though he were advocating common sense. Edna broke in.

"Don't you see, father?" she seconded.

The ironmaster nodded weakly.

"Yes, I see," he said.

He walked toward the door slowly. They made no effort to stop him. They both sensed that he had been hit hard and had best be left alone. Halfway to the hall he stopped.

"I suppose you'll be wanting some money," he observed.

Sobieski winced and walked toward the fire. He did not want to talk about it. The old man, he felt, should be more tactful. He said nothing.

"I see," the ironmaster repeated. He left the room.

He made his way upstairs to the big, comfortable bedroom that had been Anne Harbord's and his, and he sat down, trying to understand what had happened. It seemed to him that the cold, wintry gale of fate was blowing and he standing naked and defenseless before it, when before he had been enjoying the odorous warmth of a spring day. They had gone back on him. They had committed the unspeakable evil of treachery. His whole life he had given over to a work, and now, with quitting time at hand, he saw it gone for nothing. The temple he had reared to his high god they were for using as a house of revels. And he was old and could not build again. He understood Sobieski now. One glint of the Pole's eyes had told him as much as though he had seen a weapon. The Pole had no sympathies with his ideals, no understanding, no intention of carrying them out. He had given his prince's blood for the plebeian's money, and now he wanted the consummation of the bargain. But the ironmaster had been no party to it; he had seen things differently. There was no moral obligation on him to pay.

He looked at the matter again, because he wanted to do justice to everybody as well as to himself and his people. Sobieski wanted his son to be born a Pole. He could understand that. But was it true? And he decided bitterly it was not. It was merely an argument, brazen in its injustice, for John Harbord wanted Edna's son to be born in the Harbord house under the glamour of the Harbord dream. Why, he reflected bitterly, he would even have to buy the Pole's house for the child to be born in! They wanted his money, his property, he knew now—this Pole, who had no claim on it beyond marrying his daughter, and this daughter, who had inherited nothing of him or of Anne Harbord. They wanted to take it away, to spend it in Paris, in Warsaw, in Baden-Baden—anywhere except in the place it was made. They had no right to it. What of the people by whose panting lungs and tired muscles it had been made, for whom John Harbord felt he held it in trust? What of them? he asked fiercely. What of them? Suddenly, with a great throb of poignancy, he realized how old he was, and how helpless. What could he do against them? Should he go back to the drawing-room and plead? That would not do, he decided, willing though he was to sacrifice his dignity for his dream. He had seen that determined glint in Sobieski's eyes and he knew nothing was of use against it. He could threaten, and browbeat, and possibly reduce them to terms; but after he was dead, what was to hold them back then? The thought of Edna filled him with a spasm of rage, and he cursed her violently, forgetting himself for the moment. She had committed the unpardonable sin. She had done parricide. It was no use pleading with them, threatening them, coercing them. That was no good, he said over and over again hopelessly. That was no good. No. No good at all.

Down in the drawing-room Sobieski leaned on the mantel and gazed into the fire.

"It hit the old gentleman hard," he said, and he was sorry for him. "It hit him hard. But I never thought he would give in so quickly."

VII

THEY had heard nothing of the ironmaster for a week when Sobieski got a brief message to bring his wife to the works on Saturday at noon. They knew he was at his club in the evenings and in the daytime at the Leonardsville plant, but Sobieski was becoming worried. He was afraid he would have to search for him and reopen the issue again; but the message reassured them. It was typical of the old man to request them to come to the ironworks. He felt more at home there than in his house on Madison Avenue, certainly more so than in the shining office on Church Street. Perhaps, Sobieski thought, he was going to argue with him again, to try to persuade his son-in-law to follow his plans, as he had done once before solemnly in the shadow of the plant. More likely he was going to hand over everything to Edna—it would be there he would like to transact such business.

"I wish he wouldn't drag us down there every time he feels like it," Edna was grumbling. A hard frost had been out and the hoar still lay in minute crystals along the countryside. The tires of the car crunched as they ground into the road.

"That's all right," Sobieski said lightly. He could afford to meet a few of the old man's whims. He whistled lightly as they spun along.

They drew up before the great gate of the courtyard and Sobieski saw with surprise that it was full of workmen. They milled like cattle in the small inclosure. They watched Sobieski and Edna Harbord with independent stares as they made their way through the yard, but they paid little attention to the pair, for they were talking, arguing excitedly, making free gestures. Their voices rose like the hum of a mill. Their dark, grimy features and muscled shoulders suggested that all the concentrated mental and physical strength of the town was gathered there. From their jumpers came the heavy tang of oil and the hard taste of metal. What were they doing there, Sobieski asked himself suddenly, when they should have been working? Their presence disturbed him. It disturbed his wife too.

"Jean!" she said suddenly. "He's dead!"

Sobieski's heart gave a jump. The old man had killed himself—he had killed himself because his child and her husband had betrayed him. Sobieski tore the office door open with a hand that shook. No, he was wrong, thank God! John Harbord was there. But was everything all right?

The long table that was to have been his desk had been shifted to the center of the floor, and about it sat several people, as though it were a directors' meeting. At its head was John Harbord, proud, exultant, it seemed, a faint red flush on his cheeks showing up dramatically against the silvering black of his hair and beard. Beside him sat Brennan, the grim assistant manager of the works, and a little farther down Miss Ertle sat, busy with a paper covered with the hooks and angles of shorthand. There were other men there, workmen of the expert type, with the light of inspiration playing over their sharp features, and others, manifestly executives by their heavy jowls and grave eyes. Opposite each other, toward the end, Sobieski saw the brown Vandyke and eagle nose of a famous surgeon and the chiseled features of the Bishop of Utica. The quick hum of the workmen's conversation outside came to them like the buzz of a power house.

"Come here, Edna," Harbord said.

He raised a packet of papers. He was ignoring Sobieski. The pair of them advanced to the bottom of the table, and stood there, feeling like prisoners before a bar of justice. As he looked at the men present Sobieski saw that they were laboring under some form of emotion. Their eyes were glistening and their hands fidgeted. Occasionally they raised their heads, and a sort of dumb admiration passed over their faces as they looked at John Harbord. Sobieski tried to concentrate his thoughts, to understand what the scene meant, but the hum outside, now broken often by an unrestrained cheer, distracted him.

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THE 1916 Velie Six with this new winter top brings closed car luxury within reach of every buyer of a light Six. The top is put on in a few minutes, making the car an enclosed type of sedan effect, with warmth and comfort for the coldest or stormiest weather. Electric lights. Drop windows. Whipcord trimmed. Perfect workmanship. Both summer and winter tops are included at the price, $1240.

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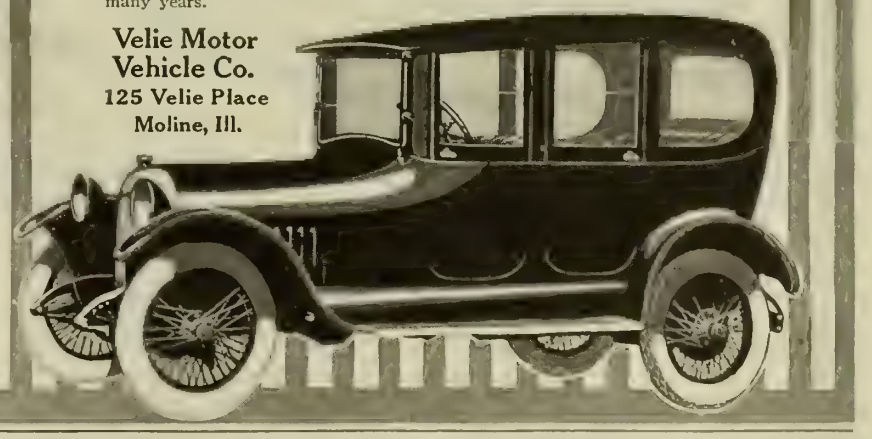

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Box 236, Educational Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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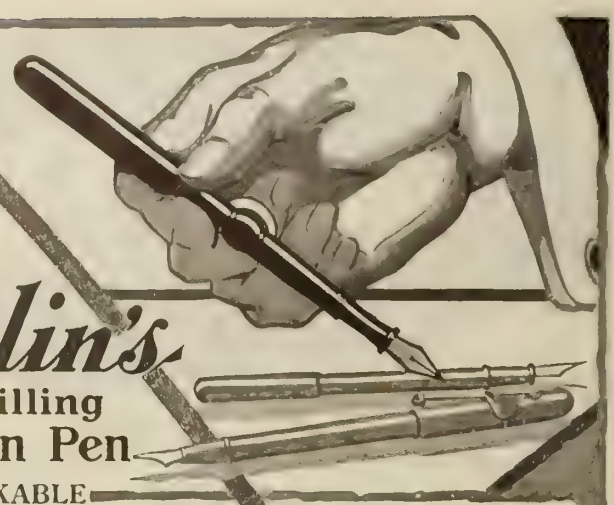

YOU will concede the utility and convenience of a pen that is *always* ready to write—that fills itself in 4 seconds—that suits your hand exactly—that can't leak or blot—that is too simple to get out of order.

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Either it does these things or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., 293 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

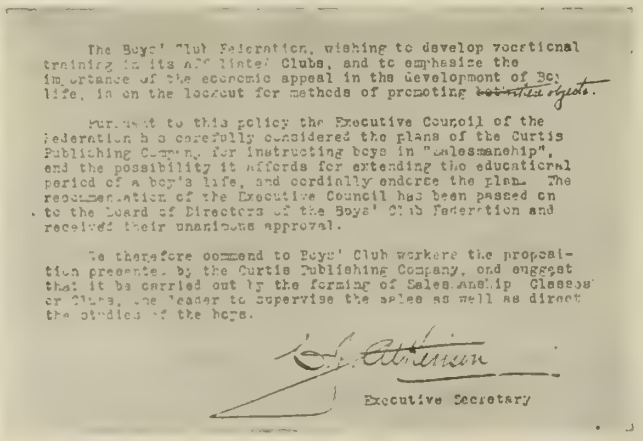
A Vocational Plan for Boys' Clubs

The Executive Secretary of The Boys' Club Federation requested an appointment for a conference with us, as soon as he heard of our Vocational Plan.

After an analysis of the plan's educational value and of its practical helpfulness to boys, the Secretary urged us to make our offer open to all of the affiliated clubs, and a few days later the plan was

Endorsed by the Board of Directors of The Boys' Club Federation

who authorized the publication of the following announcement:



The Boys' Club Federation, wishing to develop vocational training in its affiliated Clubs, and to emphasize the importance of the economic appeal in the development of Boy life, is on the lookout for methods of promoting boys' rights.

Pursuant to this policy the Executive Council of the Federation has carefully considered the plans of the Curtis Publishing Company, for instructing boys in "Salesmanship", and the possibility it affords for extending the educational period of a boy's life, and cordially endorse the plan. The recommendation of the Executive Council has been passed on to the Board of Directors of the Boys' Club Federation and received their unanimous approval.

We therefore commend to Boys' Club workers the proposition presented by the Curtis Publishing Company, and suggest that it be carried out by the forming of Salesmanship Classes or Clubs, the leader to supervise the sales as well as direct the studies of the boys.

Executive Secretary

EVERY BOYS' CLUB WORKER who is interested in keeping boys longer in school and in preparing them for life should investigate our Vocational Plan. If your club has more than twenty five members, in a town of more than three thousand inhabitants, we will, upon request, send a Special Representative to confer with you. There will be no charge. Or full particulars will be sent by mail. All inquiries should be addressed to

Vocational Section, Box 233

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Here is your money, Edna," Harbord was saying evenly—"bonds, mortgages and shares—eighteen thousand dollars, money your mother had saved and had earned by investment. It will bring you in about twenty dollars a week—and you can't realize on the capital. That is all."

She looked at the papers in a dumb, blind sort of way. It was evident she did not understand. Sobieski would have to ask for an explanation. He felt hot with the shame of it all. Harbord was looking at him keenly. He felt the eyes of the physician and the ecclesiastic inject acid into his skin.

"But I don't understand," he said. "My wife doesn't understand."

"That is all the money she has in the world," Harbord explained; "twenty dollars a week. I am giving it to her."

"But this is ridiculous," Sobieski snapped.

He turned away.

"Why all this comedy?"

His teeth bit his lips. He was savage at what he thought to be the light, melodramatic revenge of the ironmaster, the shaming of him before these strangers.

"There are many women in this town, Sobieski," the ironmaster replied, "who handle large families on less. Edna is no better than they are. At any rate she has all she can get from me. I have none to give."

The bishop looked at Harbord with his eyes pursed. The manager was grave. The secretary looked up with moist and shining eyes. The doctor smiled grimly in his beard. But there was purpose beneath all their looks. Had it not been for the dingy office, with its glaring lithographed calendars, its dog-eared reference books, its chipped yellow furniture, its iron copying press, the group at the table might have been statesmen in a capital founding a new dynasty.

Sobieski looked through the window at the silvered countryside without. It seemed cold and forbidding, grim, relentless, an enemy that gives and expects no quarter. Sobieski blazed into sudden passion. His wife looked at him with a face that had gone white as lime.

"You are mad!" he stormed. "You are raving!"

The physician raised his eyes. They were slightly amused. They gave Sobieski the sense of cold insult.

"You can do nothing on that score, young man," he said cynically. "He is sane, quite sane."

Outside the hum of the workmen rose to a clamor.

"Bring him out!" they were shouting. "Old John! We want Old John!"

Harbord rose. He put his hands on the table. He leaned forward.

"Jean," he said solemnly, "I offered you everything. You have had your chance. You lost it."

His brows knit together. His jaw tightened.

"One year ago I told you what I wanted you and Edna to do. I wanted you to take care of my people. I wanted someone to look after them when I was gone. You promised me you would. You refused a week ago."

The humming outside rose and fell in great sound waves that resembled the incoming of a spring tide. At times the ticking of the old yellow clock on the wall was distinct. Again sound buffeted the windows and doors like a high wind.

Above it all the voice of the ironmaster rose high and distinct, with the clear ring of fine metal:

"You want money. I have no money. The money I had was by virtue of my position. I had the use of it. So would you have had. But it belongs to neither of us. Providence and the work of the men below put it in my hands. It was there to care for them if times became bad—to give them work if there was no work."

Somebody without was addressing the men in brazen accents that seemed like the bass to the old man's tones. The crowd roared like near thunder.

"But you would have taken it and spent it on fine houses and on fast horses. You would have spent it abroad. There was no warmth in your heart for my people, no understanding."

He paused for a moment.

"I gave it back to them," he concluded simply.

"You gave it back?"

Sobieski looked dazed. It was as if Harbord had announced himself as savior of the world. The listeners at the table were like carven figures.

"I gave it to them to build hospitals for themselves, to build libraries, to give college scholarships to their sons, to manage themselves under the trustees. They will get higher wages—not much, but enough for more happiness and comfort. They at least will not misuse it. They know how hard it is to get."

A foreman mechanic slipped through the door. He fumbled with his cap.

"The men want you, Mr. Harbord," he spoke. "They want to thank you. You can hear them calling."

There was a vast tramping of feet outside in the yard.

"Speech!" they were shouting. "Speech! Speech from Old Iron!"

"I'll be out in a minute, Cameron," he answered.

"That's all," he finished simply. He took his hat, brushed it carefully and prepared to go out.

"I am going to say good-by to my people," he told them; "and then I am going to rest until my time's here."

A great sense of shame and degradation swept over Sobieski as he stood there. It seemed to him that before all these people, before the whole world, he had been stripped to the leanness of his soul. He had been shown forth as selfish, as treacherous, as base.

To-morrow the news would go sweeping through the capitals of Europe that the plebeian ironmaster had disinherited his princely son-in-law. What would people think? he asked. They would probably think right.

A new flush mounted to his cheeks, and he looked at Edna Harbord's white face with unseeing eyes. The ironmaster passed by. She took a step forward.

"Father!" she gasped.

The ironmaster swung about to her. His face grew pale.

"Ah, Edna," he said slowly, "if you had called on your father for help when they were betraying him, it would be different to-day."

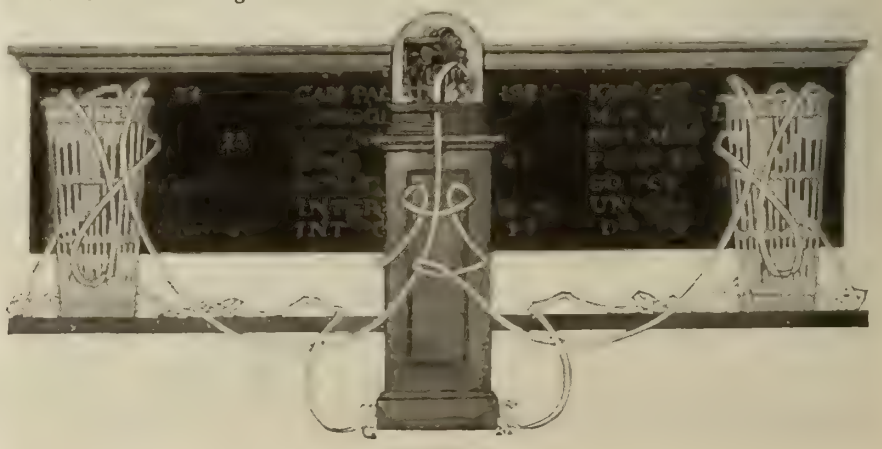
He left the room. The others sat about the table as if turned to stone. Suddenly the bishop rose. He murmured something. Sobieski thought he was condoling with him.

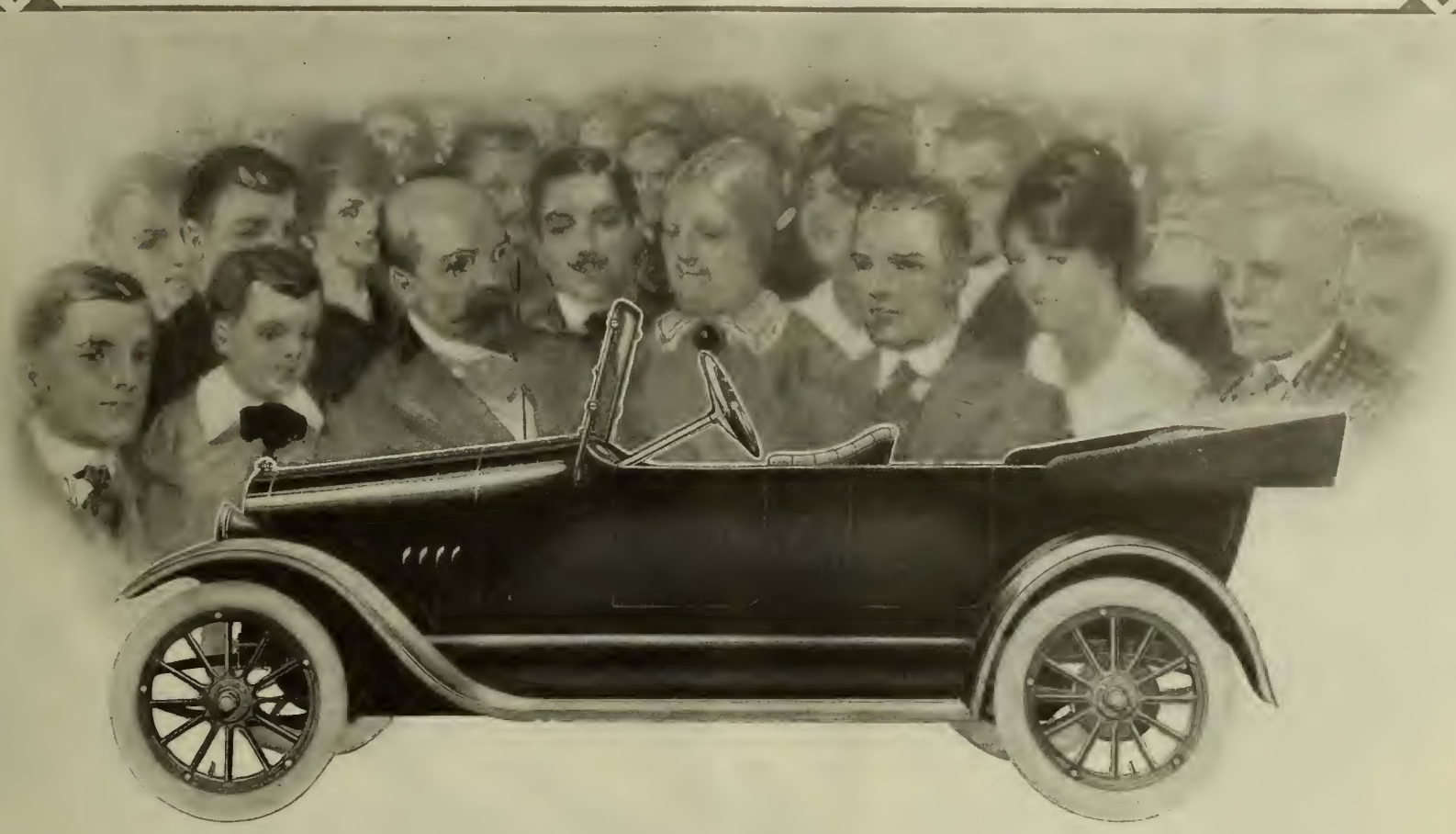
"What did you say?" he asked, looking sharply at the bishop.

The bishop's eyes were like ice. His voice cut.

"I was quoting of Tyre," he said. His voice rang out true and proud: "Of 'Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.'"

A vast explosion of voices told them that the ironmaster had stepped out among his people. They swung out in a rushing current of sound, billowing, swelling, rising as a pillar, like some mighty organ playing a Gloria.





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Power was another important thing you asked about. Well, the Briscoe Twenty-four has a long-stroke motor with a 3⅛-inch bore and a 5⅛-inch stroke. It's the same motor, refined and improved, that gave such wonderful service in the 1915 Briscoe which sold at $785 and weighed 2250 pounds. The Briscoe Twenty-four, ready for the road, weighs under 1750 pounds. You'll be surprised at how far a gallon of gasoline will carry you, and you'll learn some new things about tire wear.

And you wanted an *up-to-date, easily-handled* car. The Briscoe Twenty-four has an absolutely dependable two-unit starting and lighting system. The head-lights have dimmers; the tail-light is next to the license bracket. There's a real one-man top that it doesn't take a Samson to operate; and there's a tilted eye-saver windshield. Demountable rims, too—no hard work to change tires.

Reliability—that was another thing you brought up. The Briscoe Twenty-four is the product of a $6,000,000 company, with big plants that make all its parts under its own inspection. And everything in the car, down to the smallest screw, has been given harder tests than you'd give it in a lifetime, before it was approved.

There are a lot of other special features, too. For instance, the Gearless Differential. That eliminates ninety per cent of skidding and side-sway. In soft going, power is always delivered to the wheel on solid ground—the loose wheel doesn't spin.

Write today for your copy of catalog of *your* car and check it up closely to see whether we have incorporated everything *you* want

Briscoe Motor Company, 110 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

DEALERS: This new Briscoe model makes the Briscoe "a line of three leaders." For the Briscoe De Luxe Eight 38 at $950 and the De Luxe Four 38 at $750 have won wide popular favor. We want complete dealer representation in all open territory—and if you're the right man we have the right proposition for you. You can readily see that quick sales will follow the securing of the agency. Write today.

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PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

FIRST and foremost, let us remind you that the Paige Fairfield "Six-46" is a *tried* and *proven* success.

It isn't necessary for us to "claim" that this handsome seven passenger car will render unfailing service day in and day out.

It isn't necessary for us to "claim" that it is staunchly built—mechanically efficient—superbly designed.

All of these things have been definitely established by thousands of American people who own the "Fairfield"—people who have selected it in preference to all other light Sixes on the market.

When you buy a Paige "Six-46" today, you are buying a car that has passed the experimental stage. You are buying a car of *known* quality—*known* ability.

In a word, the "Six-46" is an eminently *safe* automobile investment.

It is a good car—not merely because we say so, but because its owners have conclusively established this goodness in the gruelling tests of more than a year's actual road work.

Other "Light Six" makers are now introducing 1916 models. Some of these makers feature new designs—new power plants—new engineering theories.

In the course of time, these innovations may prove thoroughly practical in every way.

But until that time comes—until these cars have been thoroughly "tried out" in actual service—the prudent man will be inclined to buy the car with a tangible record of accomplishment behind it.

As it stands today, the Paige "Six-46" is a thoroughly *finished* product. By carefully studying the combined experience of owners, we have been able to proceed intelligently in perfecting this car until it has been brought up to the current day—the current hour—of six cylinder elegance and luxury.

In our opinion, no more efficient six cylinder power plant can be produced and every feature of the car throughout is in keeping with the high mechanical standards.

Above all, the Paige "Six-46" is a "sensible" car.

While there has been considerable talk about excessively high speed motors, we flatly refuse to support any such propaganda.

Paige motors are built to *endure*, and we believe that it is impossible to reconcile excessively high speed with minimum wear and tear on working parts.

It is our policy in the Paige factory to build safely and sanely. The cars that we market are *established successes*—not experiments.

On this basis, we enjoy—and shall continue to enjoy—the absolute confidence of Paige owners and Paige distributors the world over.

Fairfield—"Six-46"	$1295
With detachable winter top, complete	1545
Fleetwood—"Six-38"	1050
Cabriolet	1600
Sedan	1900
Town Car	2250

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Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

The Fairfield "Six-46," $1295

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